ATLANTIC COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY
INCORPORATED MARCH 30 1915

974.9 H469j 1

Heston

Jersey waggon jaunts. v.1

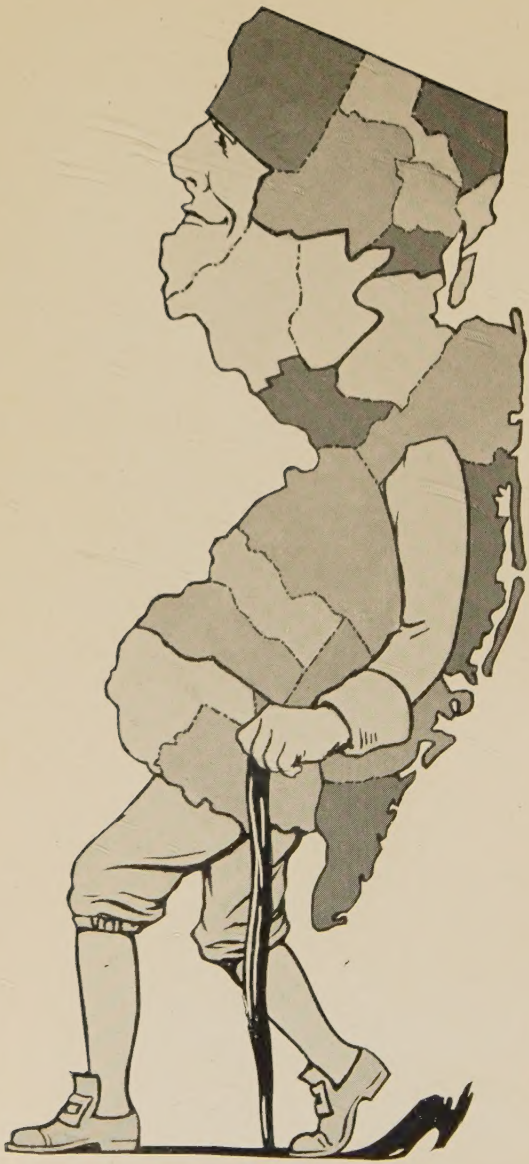
468371

BOOK NO. 974.9 H469j 1 | ACCESSION 468371

SAN FRANCISCO PUBLIC LIBRARY

VITA SINE LITERIS MORS EST

FORM 3431 20M 2-39



GRANDFATHER

"None know him but to love him;
None name him but to praise."

JERSEY WAGGON JAUNTS

NEW STORIES OF NEW JERSEY

By ALFRED M. HESTON

Life Member New Jersey Historical Society; Honorary Member Monmouth Co. Historical Association and Atlantic Co. Historical Society.

Two Volumes

VOL. I

Printed and Bound by Sinnickson Chew & Sons Co., Camden, N. J.
Published and Sold by Atlantic County (N. J.) Historical Society.

1926

OTHER WORKS ON NEW JERSEY BY ALFRED M. HESTON

"Absegami: Annals of Eyren Haven and Atlantic City"—two volumes
"Slavery and Servitude in New Jersey."
"Defence of Fort Mercer."
"Queen of the Coast."
"Hand Book of Atlantic City."
"South Jersey: a History"—two volumes.
"Joseph Bonaparte, Gentleman"—a Manuscript of 500 pages.

Publication of the Bonaparte Monograph is optional with Walter J. Catlett, of New York, who purchased the manuscript for his collection of Napoleana.

974.9
H469j
1
468371

3 1223 00740 9692

Copyrighted 1926 by Atlantic County Historical Society.

PATRICIA

Whose Cheery Appeals
at Bedtime
"Tell me about your Grandfather"
Occasioned many Anecdotes of the Long Ago
and
Suggested the Writing of these Stories of an Imaginary
Grandfather
With the hope that if they but Awaken
in the
Breasts of Jerseymen
As much Interest as the Grandfather Stories
Awakened in the Mind
of his
Granddaughter
To Whom this Volume is Dedicated
then the
Efforts of the Author
Will have been Abundantly Requited

(86)

96
102

CONTENTS

Jaunt No.		Page
	Grandfather	9
I.	Pippin Cuts a Caper	19
II.	Cranky People and Crooked Things	29
III.	Push Chairs and Pedigrees	36
IV.	Old Watches and Old Stagers	40
V.	Bridges and Bugs	46
VI.	The Geyser and the Mud-Puddle	51
VII.	The Sparrow, the Worm and the Cabbage	56
VIII.	Flying Bullets and High Flying	63
IX.	A Feast of Reason and a Flow of Soul	71
X.	A Glass of Madeira	81
XI.	Another Glass of Madeira	86
XII.	How Grandfather Lost His Cue	91
XIII.	Garden of Eden in New Jersey	96
XIV.	Husking Bees and Country Frolics	106
XV.	Tallow Bits and Candles	112
XVI.	Jug Taverns and Charcoal	120
XVII.	Mount Misery and the Gore of Battle	126
XVIII.	In the Palace of a King	129
XIX.	John Woolman, the Quaker Socrates	139
XX.	Secret Springs and Secret Things	151
XXI.	Two Capons and a Big Fat Hen	160
XXII.	Odd Doings by Odd People	163
XXIII.	The Indians and the Whites of Absegami	171
XXIV.	Cronies Ashore and Cronies Galore	180
XXV.	Beach Parties and Quaker Dances	190
XXVI.	Toryism the Last Refuge of Scoundrels	195
XXVII.	Traditions and Stories of the Indians	203
XXVIII.	The Stormy Petrel and Sleepy 'Possum	209
XXIX.	Pure Religion and Undefiled Applejack	219
XXX.	"One Point Must Still be Greatly Dark"	226
XXXI.	Courtship of Elizabeth Haddon	229
XXXII.	Old Ironsides and Industrial Training	240
XXXIII.	Coaches and Stage Waggons in New Jersey	247
XXXIV.	First Families of Eyren Haven	253
XXXV.	Scattered Pearls and Cast-Out Devils	258
XXXVI.	Atlantic City's High Spot of Civic Betterment	273
XXXVII.	Memorable Wrecks of the "Craig" and the "Crystal"	280
XXXVIII.	Rattle of Flints and Tattoo of Ramrods	286
XXXIX.	"Bullets a-Whizzin' an' Cannon Balls a-Sizzin'"	295
XL.	Mystery of Satan and His Pitch Fork	302
	Jersey Pippin	308

ILLUSTRATIONS

Frontispiece—Grandfather

	FACING PAGE
Walt Whitman's Tomb and Old Milestone	16
Linden Hall, Home of the Murats and Frasers	32
New Jersey Home of an Exiled King	48
John Woolman Tea House	64
Joseph Bonaparte and Daughters	96
Old Fort Nassau Monument	160
Commodore Charles Stewart	192
Atlantic Avenue in 1857	256
Old Whitall House, Red Bank	288

GRANDFATHER

THE frontispiece is a good likeness of Grandfather. If dear old Nancy Tucker were alive, she would say: "It's a right smart picture." After burying four husbands—one at a time—and just before her last marriage, Nancy said of her fifth husband: "He's a right smart old man." As a native of Tuckerton and therefore a daughter of the sod, she knew and we know, too, that New Jersey can produce men of wisdom, men of strength, men of lengthened days. That's why we have Grandfather with us to-day. He's a right smart man, in spite of his years and the crook in his back.

Grandfather is smart, not only in the sense of being active to the last degree, but smart, also, in the sense of being well-dressed—his twenty-one suits of clothes as fine as his equipage; smart, too, in mental attainment, which last named accomplishment is not surprising, seeing that he is head-master of a university and two colleges; also any number of seminaries and academies, with an educational system unsurpassed by that of any other sovereignty in Uncle Sam's domain.

When Grandfather suggested an introduction, with some account of "whence he came and whither he goeth" —calling to mind the naive remark of Priscilla Mullens to John Alden, the Annalist, said: "Speak for yourself, Grandfather." Accordingly, he says:

"I was two hundred and sixty years old in the year of grace 1924, and am much older than Methuselah, of whom we read in the Bible: 'All his days were nine hundred and sixty-nine years, and he died.' Please note those three words, 'and he died.' The patriarch must have counted every moon as the beginning of a new year and in that way he made himself about twelve times as old as he would be considered in our day. By a simple calculation, I find that all the years of his life were

eighty—and then he died! Thus, you see, I am more than three times as old as Methuselah, and I'm not dead yet.

"In my time I have come in contact with men of distinction, some of whom have been great travelers. Indeed, I have done some traveling myself, especially since the roads were made passable, about 1775, by the removal of the stumps. The stumps were not a serious obstacle when most of the traveling was done by horseback, but when carts and gigs were introduced they impeded travel, and more so when the gigs gave way to post-chaises and barouches. I recall two unfortunate deaths on account of stumps. A brief account of one is found in the Pennsylvania Gazette of September 13-20, 1739. It reads: 'We hear from Gloucester County, in the Jerseys, that on Saturday last one John Matson was riding in his cart; the wheel passing over a large stump, overset the cart on him and killed him on the spot.'

"A similar accident occurred on the main road between Bordentown and Amboy twenty-six years later, when the stage waggon was upset. A New York news item of August 15, 1765, reads: 'On Tuesday of the week before last'—you will notice how the news traveled in those days—'one of the Bordentown stage waggoners, named Bliss, on returning home from Amboy ferry, endeavored to get before one of the other waggons, and turning out of the road for that purpose, run against a small stump, by which he was flung out of the waggon, and the wheel going over his head, crush'd it, instantly, and kill'd him, without his speaking a word.'

"In those two news items you see evidence of improvement of the roads between 1739 and 1765. In the first case it was a large stump in the middle of the road that caused the cart to upset, while in the other case the stump was small and not directly in the road, but off to one side. Even as late as 1775, the roads of New Jersey were seldom passable without damage and difficulty.

"The road over which the stage waggoner, Bliss, was traveling, at the time of his untimely death, is the same highway over which one Owen Dellaman enjoyed a monopoly as a common carrier for a few years, or until the provincial legislature revoked the privilege. Governor Andrew Hamilton, before his retirement in 1702, had given Dellaman the exclusive right to haul freight over the road from Amboy to Burlington, and in 1707 a number of people petitioned Governor Cornbury to revoke the privilege, claiming it was a violation of the statute against monopolies. Cornbury refused, saying: 'By this arrangement everybody is sure, once a fortnight, of an opportunity to send goods, and the waggon, instead of a grievance or a monopoly, is the means, and no other, by which a trade has been carried on between New York, Amboy, Burlington and Philadelphia, which was never known before.' New Jersey can pride herself in the fact that the remonstrance of 1707 was the first movement against monopolies in the provinces. As Cornbury was unpopular, I got rid of him the next year and the privilege was revoked in 1710.

* * * *

"When I was a young fellow of about sixty, in 1723, a laddie named Benjamin Franklin passed my way. He was seventeen years old and was going to Philadelphia to work in a printing office. He said he had taken passage on an open boat, called a wherry, from New York to Amboy. It was a windy day and the water in New York Bay was boisterous. When night came, to prevent the boat from being cast on the Long Island shore, they dropped anchor, were tossed about all night, and did not reach Amboy until the next day. The following morning, being the third day from New York, Franklin crossed at Redford's Ferry to what is now South Amboy and set out afoot for Burlington, over the same road that Cornbury, the monopolist, had designated as a waggon route for freight, and on which the stage waggoner was killed forty-two years later.

"Franklin stopped over night at what he called a 'poor inn,' and the next day walked to Dr. Brown's inn, where he spent another night. On the fifth day he walked into Burlington and was disappointed on learning that the Saturday boat had already sailed for Philadelphia. The next boat would not leave until the following Tuesday.

"Fortunately, on the river bank, he found men with a row boat. They intended rowing to Philadelphia and he joined them. The party reached Philadelphia on a Sunday morning, between eight and nine o'clock, Franklin having done more than his share of the rowing. Recalling this trip, years afterwards, Franklin said: 'When I reached Philadelphia I had one Dutch dollar in my pocket. This, with one copper shilling, I paid to the men and having worked my way down the river, I considered that I had paid too dearly for my passage.'

"Naturally, as a traveler, even before the days of Franklin, I have seen many changes in the manners and customs of our people. This is especially true of places of public entertainment. In my youth, and even at an earlier period, in England, they called these places hostels. That's how we get the dictionary word hostelry. Later on, the English people called them inns, while Americans called them inns and taverns. That's how we got the term inn and tavern license into our New Jersey laws, referring to places where liquor was sold, before prohibition went into effect on January 16, 1920. Every inn and tavern, according to law, was required to provide accommodations for man and beast, but ninety per cent. of the licensed places had no such accommodations—not even for the man who made a beast of himself by over indulgence in liquor.

"Some one, perhaps a lexicographer, eliminated the s from the word hostel and thus originated the word hotel, designating a place of public entertainment, of which there are now more than seven hundred in Atlantic City

and nearly as many more in the other New Jersey cities, as a whole.

"A certain Dr. Alexander Hamilton, who lived in Annapolis, Maryland, passed through New Jersey, on his way to Boston, in 1774. He afterwards presented his itinerary to an Italian of distinction, visiting in this country, who took it with him on his return to Italy. There it remained for 150 years, when it was shown to a citizen of Pennsylvania, traveling in Italy, who made this extract therefrom: 'In July, 1774, I took a horse about five in the afternoon, crossed the ferry of Delaware about seven o'clock and a little later arrived at Trenton. I put up at Elijah Bond's, at the sign of the Wheat Sheaf. Two gentlemen of the town came there and invited me into their company. One was named Cadwallis (evidently a mistake for Dr. David Cadwallader) a doctor in the place, and, as I understood, a fallen-off Quaker. He gave me the character of the constitution and government. The House of Assembly, he told me, was chiefly composed of mechanics and ignorant wretches, obstinate to the last degree.'

"In another place the old diarist said: 'Amboy is a very old town, being older than the city of New York; having a good harbor, but small trade. They have here the best oysters I have eat in America. In the Jerseys the people are chiefly Presbyterians and Quakers; and there are so many proprietors that share the lands and so many doubtful titles and rights that it creates an inexhaustible and profitable pool for the lawyers.'

"Had Shakespeare lived a hundred years later and could he have traveled through the provinces in colonial times, he would not have written: 'Shall I not take mine ease in mine inn?' for in those days uneasy lay the man who paid for a night's lodging in a New Jersey tavern. He was never sure of having the bed to himself. The truth is, the people of to-day have no idea of the inconveniences and privations of those who stopped over night at public houses a hundred years or more ago. Quite

often, in rooms assigned to weary travelers, the beds were infested with insects. Most likely, the Psalmist had them in mind when he wrote of the 'pestilence that walketh in darkness.' Alas! there were creeping things in the beds!

"I recall an incident that came under my notice about the time Jefferson was passing through New Jersey on his way to the inauguration of Washington on April 30, 1789. Before reaching Trenton he had stopped over night at a well known tavern in Pennsylvania, called the Crooked Billet, and having to pass the next night in New Jersey, he was concerned about the bed in which he would have to sleep. If infested, he must needs have his sleeping bag repaired, as in getting out of it that morning he had torn the neck band. I could give him no assurance of immunity from the insects, but as a precautionary measure, advised him to avoid the poor inn at Jamesburg where Franklin had passed such an uncomfortable night at an earlier date. I told him he might find comfort at Elijah Bond's Wheat Sheaf, in Trenton, but he assured me he wished to proceed further than Trenton before nightfall.

"Jefferson showed me the contraption he had devised for self-protection in traveling, saying he had used it many times successfully in Virginia. It was a kind of cheesecloth sleeping bag, into which he crawled at night, tying it with a string about his neck. In this way he was safe from attacks of the most persistent of the night crawlers. Only his freckled face and sandy hair were unprotected, and as he wore a night cap, according to the custom of the times, the attacks of the pestiferous insects were confined to his face.

"Jefferson's experience was not unlike that of other travelers in his day. If you will turn to some of the old-time diaries, you will find accounts of similar experiences. They were a part of the joys of travel. The favorite remedy was to avoid the beds and sleep outdoors or on the floor. Washington tried this, but confessed

that it was simply exchanging one discomfort for another. Most travelers removed as few clothes as possible, but this did not obviate the danger of carrying away with them, in their clothes, some of the pesky night crawlers. To avoid this, Washington resorted to the expedient of stripping, while Jefferson devised the cheesecloth protector. In an old diary Washington described his experience, on one occasion, in this wise: 'I striped myself very orderly and went into ye Bed.' This he quickly regretted, so he got up and put on his clothes again. Then he wrote: 'Had we not been very tired, I am sure we would not have slep'd much that night.' The next day, therefore: 'We cleaned ourselves, to get rid of ye game we had catched ye night before.'

"Of course, when Washington wrote 'striped' he meant 'stripped.' His book education was meagre, especially his spelling and grammar. Considering the family estate—eight thousand acres and many slaves—a good schooling should have been forced down his throat, so to speak. As his father had no scruples in regard to human bondage, he should have sold a slave or two and given George a better training in the rudiments. Washington himself was quite sensitive regarding his lack of education, and on one occasion, when it was suggested that he write his memoirs, he said: 'Consciousness of a defective education and want of time unfit me for such an undertaking.' In offering this suggestion his friend had in mind the distinction he would bring to New Jersey as the scene of some of his greatest triumphs. Not the least of these was his victory of December 26, 1776, whereof Lord George Germain said, some years afterwards, addressing Parliament: 'All our hopes were blasted by that unhappy affair at Trenton.' I assured Washington that New Jersey had still another claim upon him—a claim that would be emphasized in his memoirs—referring to his Trenton-Princeton ten days' campaign, which a military genius, Fred-

erick the Great, said was the 'most brilliant of all military achievements.'

"Washington was also sensitive with respect to certain personal blemishes. On his way to the inauguration, midst the glamour of that occasion, he could not veil his pock-marked face, but by refraining from laughter he managed to conceal his dental defects.

"Rich as he was, Washington was sometimes hard-pressed for ready cash. To meet the expenses of his trip to the inauguration, in 1789, he had to borrow money on a note, which, of course, he paid, when due. That is more than I can say of Daniel Webster, favorite son of Massachusetts, who was always in debt and never particular about how or when he made payment. Unfortunately, there are a few such men among the high-ups of New Jersey.

"It is not commonly known that on account of his teeth, which had been defective from comparative youth, a blemish of which he was extremely sensitive, Washington assumed the guise of sedateness. He never laughed in the presence of strangers, but among friends he was perfectly at ease and would laugh heartily, especially after the wine had been passed around freely. During his trip across New Jersey, in the spring of 1789, among comparative strangers, he was able to preserve his accustomed dignity and gravity and therefore had no occasion to laugh and show his teeth, as Roosevelt so often showed his in stressing a point. Nor is it commonly known that when Stuart painted Washington's portrait his teeth were all gone and the artist inserted cotton between the gums and lips to make the mouth look natural.

* * * *

"Speaking of portraits—the Annalist has called your attention to my picture. He says it is to serve as a frontispiece in a book, which book, he adds, is to be a journal of travels in New Jersey. In my youth, everybody traveled astride a horse or by stagecoach—except-

WALT WHITMAN'S TOMB

OLD MILE STONE, CAMDEN

See p. 79

ing the few who could indulge in the luxury of a private equipage. It was so in England and also in the provinces. I recall an interesting story of a long horseback ride by one of my sons, whose return was awaited with much the same interest as Miles Standish awaited the return of John Alden. Thomas Clark lived at what was known as Clark's Landing, on the south shore of the Mullica. His first wife had died, and after a period of grief he began to think of a second marriage. There was neither spinster nor widow in all that region to whom he could pay court, and he bethought himself of one whom he had known in Saybrook, Connecticut, whence he had migrated about 1720. She was a woman somewhat younger than the deceased Mrs. Clark.

"The lonely husband told his eldest son to get astride his best horse, go to Saybrook, with a led horse, and bring back Ruth, that he might marry her. The obedient son, then about eighteen years old, feared not the consequences of a step-mother nor the dangers of traveling alone through unbroken forests to a strange country. He finally reached Connecticut and found Ruth, to whom he proposed marriage for his father.

"The youth was more successful than John Alden, for Ruth answered 'yes' to her proxy proposal. The two traveled horseback, by easy stages, to Clark's Landing, and in due time Thomas and Ruth were married. They lived together until her death in 1745. The husband died in 1752. While in Saybrook young Thomas fell in love with the beautiful Sally Parker, whom he afterwards married. As a bridal gift she received from Thomas a set of 'guinea gold beads.' Years afterwards those beads were an heirloom in the family of the Porter sisters, of Atlantic City, descendants of Thomas and Sarah Parker Clark. The elder Thomas Clark's descendant in the fourth generation barely missed becoming President of the United States. Beauchamp Clark, shortened to Champ Clark, was elected to Congress from Missouri twenty or more consecutive times and was Speaker of the

House of Representatives during the later years of his life. In 1912 he was a candidate before the Democratic convention at Baltimore for the Presidency. It was a Democratic year, but the nomination went to Woodrow Wilson by a narrow margin. Champ Clark was the son of John Hampton Clark, born in old Egg Harbor, and John was the grandson of the lad who went to Connecticut and brought home a step-mother. My Son will tell you—"

* * * *

The Annalist, impatiently: "Speak for yourself, Grandfather."

Grandfather, benevolently: "God bless you."

JERSEY WAGGON JAUNTS

I.

PIPPIN CUTS A CAPER

GRANDFATHER is different from other old men; yet, in his relation to the cunning old stagers he is like the proverbial two peas in a pod. Frankly, Grandfather is reminiscent. He is also a stickler for certain proprieties of speech and action. For instance, backbiting is common among ill-bred people. This Grandfather condemns and says the backbiter is an assassin of character, against whom a decent person has no defence.

Again, he hates sycophancy, disloyalty and ingratitude, and as an armor against these evils he advises others to read the fifteenth Psalm and the Sermon on the Mount, yet he himself rarely reads those choice passages of scripture. Sometimes he says "damn it," yet condemns the use of that expletive by others. He demands of others implicit obedience to State laws, yet violates those laws himself with impunity. In short, he reserves the right to do as he pleases, on the plea that he is the State!

Again, though more than two hundred years old himself, and habitually his own driver, he insists that a licensed driver should not be more than one hundred years old.

Again, he detests dropping the "g" from words ending in "ing," and carries his devotion to that seventh letter of the alphabet to the extreme of spelling "waggon" with two g's. When the Annalist ventured to remark

that the Century Dictionary spells it with one g, the old man said, sharply:

"Were you ever in Salem?"

"Yes."

"Know any one there?"

"Used to; their names are now mostly graven on tombstones."

"Ever know Bobby Sinnickson?"

"Never knew Bobby, but I knew other Sinnicksons. I knew Sinnickson Chew, too. He was born in Salem, but lived in Camden a great many years."

"Yes; a useful citizen of New Jersey. To know him was a privilege, but you should have known Bobby Sinnickson."

"My misfortune; I never knew Bobby."

"He was a great character in his day; prided himself on his spelling and whenever any one disputed his word, he offered to prove it by the dictionary. If the dictionary did not agree with him, he would close the book with a slam and say: 'Damn the dictionary!'"

"Have a care, Grandfather. You're swearing."

"Am I? Well, that's what I'm saying now about this new Century way of spelling waggon. Damn the dictionary!"

"Other American dictionaries spell it with one g," remarked the Annalist.

"Do they? Well, they're wrong. My old friend, Dr. Samuel Johnson, greatest of all the lexicographers, spelled it with two g's, and what was good enough for Johnson is good enough for me. Washington also spelled it with two g's and what was good enough for the Father of our Country is good enough for your Grandfather."*

*The old man had previously noted that in 1753 a small dictionary was published anonymously by John Wesley, founder of Methodism. On the title page was this *nota bena*: "The author assures you he thinks this the best English dictionary in the world." Johnson's dictionary appeared seventeen years later. It was the first dictionary in which the meanings of words were illustrated by quotations. His jibe at the Scots, in the definition of "oats," read: "A grain which in England is generally given to horses, but in Scotland it supports

"Johnson may have been your friend, but he was unkind to Americans," suggested the Annalist.

"In what way?" he asked.

"In his 'Life of Waller' he said: 'Benjamin, the eldest son, was disinherited and sent to New Jersey, as wanting common understanding.' That was a slur on Jerseymen. Then, speaking of Americans, it was unkind for him to say to Boswell: 'They are a race of convicts and ought to be thankful for anything we allow them, short of hanging.' "

The old man frowned.

"Many of the early emigrants were poor redemptioners," he said, "and among them were a few criminals, but for the most part the redemptioners were worthy men. Occasionally, in the early days of New Jersey, the positions of master and servant were reversed. The latter, on obtaining his freedom, would rent land, and by dint

---

the people," to which a witty Scotchman replied: "And where will you find such horses and such men." In verification of Washington's manner of spelling "waggon," Grandfather quoted from a letter he wrote on the day of the massacre at Hancock's Bridge, March 20, 1778, a night attack of which he then had no knowledge, being in camp at Valley Forge. Washington wrote to General William Smallwood, commander of the forces on the lower Delaware: "I thought you had eight pieces of Cannon at Wilmington. I would nevertheless have you send two pieces with the Waggons belonging to them to Camp." Grandfather added: "If Wesley and Johnson and Washington won't do as authorities, how'd you like me to tell you what a Jerseyman, my old friend, Billy McCarrall, said on March 23, 1773 —very day, by the way, on which the spelling, 'Absequan,' was used for the first time in reference to our beach. It was in the will of Frederick Steelman. On that date McCarrall advertised that he had 'fitted a Stage Waggon to go from Great Egg Harbor to Philadelphia once every week; to set off from Ann Risley's at Abseekam'—notice how Ann and Frederick differed in the spelling of Absecon—'on Monday morning, to go by Thomas Clark's mill'—ancestor of Hon. Champ Clark—'thence to the Forks of the Mullica, thence to Blue Anchor, thence to Long-a-Coming and Haddonfield, to arrive at Samuel Cooper's ferry on Tuesday in the afternoon.' The fare was one and a half pennies per mile; for 'laying out cash for dry goods and other articles, one penny per shilling.' This was the first stage line between Cooper's Ferry, now Camden, and towns on the coast of old Egg Harbor. The time by stage waggon, one way, was a day and a half—sometimes two days. The train time is now less than an hour. Airplanes beat the trains. Soon there'll be regular flights by plane between Philadelphia and our Playground of the World, Atlantic City."

of prudence and industry become a freeholder. His sons would marry the daughters of his former master, and there are families in New Jersey to-day, reputable and rich, whose ancestry goes back to the days of servitude, whose progenitors were bond servants, whose inherited seal is the L. S. on a bond of indenture and whose only coat of arms is an axe and a grubbing hoe, a pick and a spade."

"Then Johnson was mistaken?"

"Great men sometimes make mistakes. The man who never made a mistake is a misfit. Johnson may have done me an injury, but he was kind to others and I forgive him. As good old Bishop Jeremy Taylor once said: 'Remember a kindness; forget an injury.'"

That ended our discussion on spelling, and as it was at the beginning of our jaunt, the Annalist offers it as his excuse for spelling waggon with two g's.

* * * *

I shall never forget the first day's outing with Grandfather. It was May time and the fields of New Jersey were abloom with clover. The lilacs were tossing in the winds and the yellow cowslip, with braided locks, was walking by the road in green attire. In and out, among trellises and arbors, the wistarias were hanging in lavender clusters and the air was sweet with their perfume. In the woods the laurels were bursting their buds; Spring, indeed, was putting on her gayest attire. Grandfather was trying out his new car—his six cylinder Jersey Waggon, on the wheels of which he had painted his insignia, the colors of New Jersey, the hub in deep blue against a delicate shade of pink. The rims of the wheels were buff. In that way Grandfather displayed the colors of New Jersey—dark blue, light buff and pale pink.

Stroking the near side of his waggon, as a horseman strokes his horse, kicking the tires with his foot, to make sure he had plenty of air, and taking the lid off at "Cape May," to measure his gas, the old man stepped to one

side of the road or avenue in Woodbury, (our starting place)—almost in front of the home of Frank H. Stewart, president of the Gloucester County Historical Society—stepping into the road he gazed admiringly at Pippin.

"Lovely to behold!" said he.

"She's a pippin, all right," said the Annalist.

"When hard pressed, *some* pippins can cut capers," said he, with a wink of the eye. "We'll see what *our* Pippin will do to-day."

Quickly, joyfully, alertly—Grandfather stepped inside; the Annalist followed obediently.

"Ho! ho! Now we're off," said he, pushing a button marked "Hohokus," the name of a town in Bergen County. It is Pippin's goer. Grandfather, of course, was at the wheel, while the Annalist, note book in hand, shared the front seat with him.

Our luggage—being of English birth, Grandfather adheres to the English substitute for baggage—our luggage filled the rear seat and lopped over on the floor. We had scarcely started, when Grandfather, recalling a trip from the Palisades to Washington's Crossing, seemed enthused with the prospect of an outing in the lower part of his province—an outing that promised to be even more delightful than that of the previous year. Our destination was Atlantic City.

* * * *

Speeding by the fields of clover,
The old man said:
"In my time I've been a rover—
Up and down the State all over,"
Still on we sped,
The while he said:
"How nice to live in Jersey, and moreover,
How nice to sniff the Jersey clover."
Still on we sped,
The while I said:
"How nice to be a rover, and moreover,
How sweet the fields—the fields of Jersey clover."

We traveled northward as far as Westville and then cut across to Mount Ephraim, whence we passed southward to Chew's Landing and Blackwood, both on the

Black Horse pike. At Blackwood the old man turned east toward Clementon. Presently, we reached the White Horse pike. He had taken this roundabout course to see a "bit of the country whose inhabitants Lafayette had once described as among the bravest of Americans," but chiefly to make a short stop at Chew's Landing. He told of the old inn at this place, built by Jeremiah Chew, in 1745, and of an exciting incident following the British evacuation of Philadelphia in June, 1778. About that time Lieutenant Aaron Chew, of the Gloucester Militia, decided to visit his parents. His presence was disclosed to the retiring redcoats and the inn was surrounded. After considerable musketry fire, he was captured and taken to New York, where he was imprisoned until exchanged two years later.

This intrepid young Jerseyman, said Grandfather, played an important part in the organization of St. John's Episcopal Church at Chew's Landing, in the closing days of 1789, when a subscription list was passed around. In August of the following year (1790) the roof being then "raised," the building fund was found to be exhausted. Lieutenant Chew, who had rendered valuable military service, thereupon volunteered to solicit aid from his associates in the Continental Army. His success is evidenced by twenty-nine subscriptions, totaling forty pounds, headed by Washington, and including Governor Paterson, Charles Carroll, of Carrollton, General Dayton, John Marshall, Frederick Augustus Muhlenberg, Elias Boudinot, George Reed, William B. Giles and other men of prominence.

* * * *

Grandfather is a stickler for the original names of towns and water courses. He even condemns the substitution of "Egg Harbor"—a *fowl* name, he says—for the more rhythmic Eyren Haven. He is bitter in his criticism of those astute citizens of Pleasantville who would change the good old "Shore Road" to "Main Street," with all its suggestions of rusticity.

During the World War he fairly raved if any one mentioned "Berlin," the name of a town in Camden County. "We used to call it Long-a-Coming," said he, "and it ought never to have been changed. Long-a-Coming has a meaning of its own. When Colonel Thomas Proctor's artillery was making its cautious trip from Philadelphia to the Forks of the Mullica, in 1778, to guard the munitions at Batsto and reinforce the militia at Pleasant Mills, the men became thirsty. Being told there was good water ahead, they quickened their march, but it seemed as if they would never reach that spring. 'Keep on going and you'll come to it,' said a farmer aggravatingly. Finally, one of the vanguard shouted: 'Here we are; it's come at last,' whereupon a thirsty soldier shouted back: 'It's long-a-coming.' I tell you, Son, I don't believe in giving up good old names for newfangled words."

"As a matter of fact," he added, "Long-a-Coming got its name from a similar incident in connection with a number of shipwrecked sailors in 1750. They traveled afoot from Absecon Beach to a point afterwards known as Sailor Boy, now Elwood, and after a drunken frolic, lasting several days, they proceeded toward Philadelphia. Becoming thirsty, they longed for water and were thankful when they came upon a spring to which they were so long-a-coming."

* * * *

As we were speeding southward on the White Horse pike, Grandfather told of a journey he once took in a two-horse waggon. It took him more than a month to go from Powles Hook, now Jersey City, to Phillipsburg; thence, following the course of the Delaware, to Cooper's Ferry, now Camden; to Woodbury, to Heston's Glass Works (now Glassboro), Squankum (now Williamstown), Fislerville (now Clayton), Swedesboro, Woodstown, Salem, Bridgeton, Millville, Buckshutem, and on to Cape May; thence northward along the coast to Tucka-

hoe, May's Landing, Absecon, Tuckerton, Bricksburg (now Lakewood), and Shrewsbury; thence across the northern counties to Sussex. In that way he made a circuit of his province, sometimes over roads full of stumps and all in one month. To-day, with proper train connections, he could make the same trip in one day or with an automobile in two days.

"I thoroughly enjoyed that jaunt," said Grandfather, "although it took me about three weeks to go from Cold Spring, near the Cape May flats, to the Kittatinny Mountains. In those days no one ever dreamed of a waggon other than one drawn by horses, although certain people, with highly imaginative minds, predicted the time when carriages without horses would go and men would fly in the air, like pigeons, you know. Of course, there was that flight of the imagination by J. T. Trowbridge, who wrote a poem called 'Darius Green and His Flying Machine,' in 1867. He said, years afterwards, that when he took that flight of fancy he had no idea man would conquer the air in his own day."

Just then Grandfather did something that sent his speedometer ahead ten miles. Pippin's speed was perceptibly increased. "Ho, ho!" said he; "cutting capers already! Give a trotting horse the reins and he will go. We'll give Pippin the reins, too." Our speed was now forty miles. "Time was," said he, "when you could see a horse-drawn waggon making fairly good time—say four miles an hour—across the country to Tucker's Beach, when beach parties were in vogue. Now, when I join the crowd of pleasure seekers in their new style Jersey Waggons, I am amazed at the change that has taken place in an ordinary lifetime."

* * * *

As we approached Hammonton he insisted on going in a direction that was decidedly wasteful and roundabout, if one measures time by the clock and regards a straight line as the shortest distance between two points. Not so with Grandfather. "Time and distance count

not," said he, "when I have a pleasant duty to perform. I must call on my dear old friend, A. J. McKeone, at his delightful place on the banks of the Nescochague." Accordingly, at Hammonton he steered Pippin to the northeast and in twenty minutes we were at Pleasant Mills. Of this visit nothing will be said now. Grandfather's story of Sweetwater and the Forks of the Mullica will be told at some length in another chapter.

Turning southwest, after a delightful hour with Mr. McKeone, Charles F. Green, superintendent of the paper mills, and Henry Tapken, of Egg Harbor City, all estimable citizens of Atlantic County—not forgetting the hospitable daughters of Mr. McKeone—leaving these delightful people, Grandfather steered Pippin toward the old Catholic cemetery. There, among the trees, we could trace the foundations of an old church. We stopped long enough to copy the inscriptions on two tombstones—good people whom a dear friend long since loved and lost awhile. They were the parents of Joseph F. Fralinger, sometimes called the Taffy King of Atlantic City. He is passing the sunset of life at his country seat, "Rockhurst," Schwenksville, Pa., excepting a season of recreation, during the snow months, at Miami Beach, Florida.

Soon we were in Egg Harbor City, whose vineyards gave proof of careful pruning. The fruit trees were radiant in their spring bloom. Here and there we saw what seemed like a sea of daisies, a floating patch of crimson clover or a golden haze of buttercups. Grandfather observed these things, even as he kept his steering wheel well under control. "Spring is the most delightful season of the year; give me the Spring," said he. Being of a different opinion, the Annalist called to the Muse and answered the old man in rhyme.

> Give me the days when vernal bloom illumes the soil
> And Nature hangs her fertile blossoms on the trees—
> The days when Mother Earth awaits the gardener's toil
> And Flora spreads her mantle in the April breeze.

Give me a cottage white, with windows op'ning wide,
To catch the breezes of a pleasant summer day;
A grove of trees, where birds their nests may hide,
And fields of wheat and corn and fields of new mown hay.

Give me a garden fair, with every kind of rose,
Marigolds and asters, the feathered columbine,
An arbor where the honeysuckle grows,
A corner where phlox and golden poppies shine.

Give me, when dank autumnal frost is on the ground,
When apple trees are bare and harvest work is done,
When maples shine like gold and ripened nuts abound—
Give me the woods to roam, from morn till setting sun.

Give me, when bleak and snowy days of winter come,
The open chimney grate, a fire that's burning low,
A poker and a pipe—ah! then I'm going some.
Going fast with musings, as I watch the embers glow!

"Going some is slang," said Grandfather. "I dislike slang."

"True," said the Annalist; "but you're going some yourself. A moment ago you gave Pippin more gas. You are now beyond the speed limit. You're breaking the law, Grandfather!"

"No matter," said he. "That's a State law. I am the State!"

II.

CRANKY PEOPLE AND CROOKED THINGS

ONE of Grandfather's conceits is his devotion to purely English words and his hatred of foreign pronunciations. He has often said that words should be spelled as they are pronounced and pronounced as they are spelled. When the Annalist reminded him of certain English surnames, whose pronunciation is as much like their spelling as Indian Choctaw is like Irish brogue, he asked, bluntly:

"What do you know about Choctaw?" Pausing a moment, he added: "Choctaw and Irish! Chinese and Scotch! Nothing so good as plain English and the plainer the better. Take that familiar hymn by the good Cardinal Newman, 'Lead Kindly Light.' It is a model of good English. All but twelve of the one hundred and thirty-one words are monosyllables and all but six are words of Saxon origin. Then take that word p-o-t-p-o-u-r-r-i—why don't they say pot-pie and be done with it? That is what it is in English, when used in the sense of something to eat, and it's nothing more than a literary ragout when applied to disconnected stories.

"Plain English won't do," he continued. "Some literary cuss says we must say po-po-re—in French. In plain Jersey idiom, it's pot-stew; it's hash!"

"I don't like that word hash," said the Annalist. "Call it pot stew if you will, although I don't understand your objection to potpourri."

"As Johnson says, 'I've found you an argument, but am not obliged to find you an understanding.'" He thus indicated his desire to end the matter then and there.

* * * *

Our stay in Atlantic City was to last eleven days—all too short for Grandfather—but he consoled himself

with the remark: "One taste of healthy pleasure whets the appetite for more."

He selected Haddon Hall as his stopping place for two reasons. First, the name of "Haddon" brought up pleasant recollections of Elizabeth Haddon, the young woman who founded Haddonfield in 1702, whose father, John Haddon, was descended from the original owners of Haddon Hall, in England. The story is delightfully told in the book, "Dorothy Vernon, of Haddon Hall." Grandfather passed much of his time in Vernon Hall, a large recreation room at the sea end of the hotel.

His other reason for selecting Haddon Hall was on account of the name of Leeds. One of the owners is Henry West Leeds, descended on his mother's side, from the family of Benjamin West, the immortal painter, and on his father's side a lineal descendant of Daniel Leeds, who held a number of important offices in West Jersey. With the promise that he would some day tell more of this Daniel Leeds, the Annalist did not press for a story about the man who called himself a "student of agriculture."

Henry West Leeds is the owner of a well-kept farm of more than four hundred acres near Westville, Gloucester County. He calls it Locust Grove Farm, by which name it was also known in the days of his great grandfather, Samuel Clement, the first owner. All of these Clements are descended from Gregory Clement, a member of Parliament and one of the judges at the trial of Charles I, from whose son James, Duke of York, Grandfather's parents received their title to New Jersey. For his part in that judicial proceeding, Gregory Clement lost his head under circumstances that shocked the sensibilities of fair minded people in England.

Gregory's property being confiscated by the Crown, his son, James Clement, emigrated to Flushing, Long Island, in 1670. Another son fled to Holland, where the name was changed to Clemens. From him came Samuel L. Clemens, whose pen name was Mark Twain.

Subsequently, four of the sons of James Clement settled in old Gloucester County and became useful citizens. One of these was Samuel Clement, who, in 1765, was appointed to survey and determine the boundary line between the "river" townships, Woolwich, Deptford, Gloucester, Waterford and Greenwich, and the "ocean" townships, Galloway, Egg Harbor, and Hamilton, the last three constituting the present county of Atlantic.

"For many years," said Grandfather, "the ocean townships received small consideration, having only small settlements in the woods and homes for the whalemen on the coast. Still, on account of disputes between the assessors, it was necessary to determine boundaries. Samuel Clement did this with great care and returned a well executed map to the Court. Another member of the Clement family, also a surveyor, was John Clement, of Haddonfield, for many years a lay judge of the Court of Errors and Appeals, one time president of the New Jersey Historical Society, and author of numerous pamphlets and books on New Jersey, one of which, an autograph copy, may be found in a special collection in the Atlantic City Public Library. In connection with David J. Pancoast, of Camden, and Henry B. Fowler, of Haddonfield, Judge Clement determined the disputed boundary line between Burlington and Atlantic Counties in 1885. In their report to the Supreme Court they gave all of the disputed territory to Atlantic County."

* * * *

Grandfather was quite severe in his criticism of certain things brought to his attention in Atlantic City. He remarked that the politicians can make or mar a city, and as an instance of the making he cited the Boardwalk and a so-called politician who had more to do than any one else with the making of that supreme attraction. That politician's name was Edward S. Lee, now deceased.

"Mr. Lee," said Grandfather, "was in politics for the good of the public. He was State Senator from

1902 to 1907, and procured the enactment of a new charter for Atlantic City. As a memento of that important event, Governor Voorhees presented him with the pen with which he attached his signature to the charter act."

But for Mr. Lee's energy, as a councilman, the first up-to-date Boardwalk would not have been built. In the planning of it he had the able co-operation of John W. Hackney, city engineer. That elevated structure was dedicated on July 8, 1896, when the last golden spike was driven by the wife of Mayor Franklin P. Stoy, in front of Brighton Park. Mayor Stoy was another politician whose ambition was to serve the people and not himself. Some years later, in 1911, when the Boardwalk was being repaired, the golden spike was removed and presented to Mrs. Stoy, who in turn presented it to the public library.

"The politicians who mar," the old man went on to say, "may entrench themselves in power and bring disaster." He called to mind an official, who sent out damaging statements through the newspapers, which, if generally believed, would have destroyed the city as a family resort. "One of his deliverances," said Grandfather, "was this anomaly: 'Virtue is vice tired out.' It was a reflection on every virtuous man and woman in Atlantic City. The proper answer to that kind of talk is found in one of the wise sayings of Johnson to Boswell. Referring to an enemy of virtue, Johnson said: 'If he thinks there is no distinction between virtue and vice, when he leaves our homes let us count our spoons.' "

At that moment, brushing away a fly that had lit on his nose, Grandfather observed: "Molasses will catch more flies than vinegar. A smile will win over harsh words. I suppose that fly got away because I was harsh on your ex-mayor."

Pausing a moment, he continued: "Politics is a strange business, especially in New Jersey. Friendship or enmity, abuse or praise, do not come into consideration. The friend of to-day may have been the enemy of

LINDEN HALL, HOME OF THE MURATS AND FRAZERS

See p. 83

yesterday; or he may be the despoiler of to-morrow. The turning down of a friend or the violation of a principle does not affect those whose eyes are fixed on the main chance. Abuse of a good man is popular—if it serves as a means to an end."

"Is the body politic getting worse or better?" queried the Annalist.

"Better," said he. "There were some shocking doings at elections in colonial days. I recall an election in Burlington, among the peaceful Quakers, about 1736. There was much contention among the electors, with reaping of characters and using of canes in a hostile manner on one another. Those peaceful Quakers must have been ashamed of themselves, for two years later, in October, 1738, there was another election, of which you may read an account in the American Weekly Mercury of October 19th. It says: 'This day came on the election of two members to serve in General Assembly for the County of Burlington, upon which a contention arose between the electors of the upper and lower parts of said county, that occasioned the election to be continued for three days, during which time it was conducted by the leading men in such a candid and peaceful manner as gave no occasion for reflection on each other, nor was there any more reaping of characters, or using of canes in a hostile manner on one another, being sensible that such a practice is inconsistent with the freedom which ought to subsist in our elections. Therefore, they did fairly choose Mahlon Stacy and William Cook."

"The political boss was doomed," observed the Annalist, "when the nineteenth amendment went into effect on August 26, 1920, whereby the women obtained the right of suffrage. They will bring about an era of good in politics."

"Not until they become masters of their own minds," said Grandfather. "One of their own number, Mary Roberts Rinehart, a prolific writer and a woman of keen intellect, says, sarcastically: "The people like to be

bossed. It's the only thing they know. They wouldn't be happy if it were otherwise."

* * * *

Grandfather has a good recollection of dates and names. He had no sooner told of that Quaker fight in Burlington than he recalled what old Dr. James Thacher, of Barnstable, Mass., said in his Military Journal of the Revolution. It seems that a French officer applied to General Knox, Washington's Secretary of War, for a government job. Knox was surprised, for the applicant had distinguished himself by his violent language against Washington. Taxed with this, the ingenious Frenchman replied: "O, I meant not'ings; I t'ought it was populaire." Dr. Thacher added that the Frenchman got his job.

* * * *

Our stay in Atlantic City extended from May 15th to the 26th. On the morning of the second day Grandfather mentioned four events of moment in the history of New Jersey, all of which happened in the month of May.

"Why not call your story a potpourri?" suggested the Annalist.

"A pot stew," said Grandfather, with a wink of his Kittatinny eye.

Seated well forward in a balcony, overlooking the Boardwalk, and mindful all the while of the breakers as they came rolling in with unerring regularity, he said:

"On May 26, 1668, the first General Assembly of the Province of New Jersey met at Elizabethtown. The session lasted until the 30th. Among the first laws passed was one providing that every male, from sixteen to sixty—and here I quote from the act—'shall be furnished, at their own cost and charges, with good and sufficient arms, and constantly maintain the same.' Failing to comply with this act, the offender was to pay one shilling the first week, and two shillings every week

thereafter. That law was passed to protect the settlers against wild animals and drunken Indians."

"It's contrary to law, in these times, to carry fire arms or fire water," said the Annalist.

"The only wild animals left is the deer and of Indians there are none," said Grandfather.

"Another act," said he, "passed by that first General Assembly, provided that if any child above the age of sixteen years should smite or curse his father or mother, except for his own safety, he was to be put to death. If that law were put in force now, I fear there would be a few juvenile executions in New Jersey. It is noteworthy that on the same day, May 26th, but eighteen years later, the settlers of old Gloucester County, pursuant to the authority of the West Jersey Assembly, granted on May 15, 1686, to establish a Court in Gloucester County, met and adopted what is sometimes called a county constitution. The Assembly had authorized the inhabitants to hold court alternately at Newton and Red Bank, and had appointed William Warner sheriff and John Reading clerk. This county was duly created by the Legislature, in 1694. The persistent efforts of Edward Byllinge to assume the government of the province and the firm resistance of the proprietors caused much confusion among the emigrants and delayed the development of the province. It is a significant fact that Gloucester was the first and perhaps the only county in which the colonial judges wined and dined while holding court."

"Who paid for their liquors?" queried the Annalist.

"The litigants," said Grandfather. "I wonder"—just then, pulling out his watch, an old fashioned key winder, he said: "It's lunch time. We'll finish our pot-stew after lunch."

III.

PUSH CHAIRS AND PEDIGREES

LUNCH over, Grandfather suggested a ride in a chair tricycle.

"You mean rolling chair," said the Annalist.

"No; that's a misuse of our mother tongue," said he. "Yonder waves roll in and the ivory balls are rolled on a cushioned table. The kitchen maid has her rolling pin and the bowler rolls his wooden balls. Children roll their marbles and women roll up their hair at night. The drummer beats a roll, the baker serves us with rolls for breakfast and the soldier sends out a roll of musketry, but wheeled vehicles do not roll. My Jersey Waggon doesn't roll, does it?"

"No."

"Then there's the thunder. It rolls, too. Also the years roll—they roll by, and—O, well, maybe the chair tricycle rolls, too, when the man back of it pushes. Why not call it a push chair?"

"Good—very good," said the Annalist. "Many people think the rolling chair a good thing and perhaps that accounts for the common saying: 'It's a good thing; let's push it along.'"

"A push chair! So mote it be!" said he; "that's better than rolling chair. An old friend of mine, Ralph Thoresby, a Yorkshire Presbyterian, records how he and his cousin, about 1680, bought each a pair of black silk rolling stockings, and the gifted Fenimore Cooper, who, as you know, was born in Burlington, in one of his books, refers to a section of land as rolling, on account of some fancied resemblance to the swell of the ocean. There is a hint of some kind of a rolling chair far back in the days of Ovid, of which Dryden makes this translation: 'By slow degrees he gathers from the ground

his legs, and to the rolling chair is bound.' If so, he preceded, by nineteen hundred years, the man who introduced the push chair in 1896. The first of the push chairs was seen on the elevated Boardwalk that year. Of course, long before that time there were wooden chairs for invalids. In those days, for a well person to be seen in a push chair on the Boardwalk would have invited the question, 'Who's your doctor?' As to that first rolling chair, the awkward fellow who exposed himself on all-fours must have amazed the old Romans as he moved along, with his legs tied to a rolling chair. Think of any one getting into a rolling chair nowadays on all fours! Better to have the legs tied down, than stuck up on the dash-board."

"You mean wind-shield; not dash board."

"No; leg shield is better."

His reference to Thoresby and Yorkshire suggested the name of Leeds, chief city of Yorkshire, and the old man was reminded of the fact that in Atlantic City there are many people of that name, most of them descended from Jeremiah Leeds, the first permanent inhabitant of the island, whose adverse title dates from 1795.

"Your Leeds families come of good old stock," said he. "Jeremiah Leeds was descended from Thomas Leeds, who, with his three sons, came over from England, about 1676, and settled in Monmouth County. Thomas was a lineal descendant of Thomas de Leeds, the originator of the Leeds family, who lived in the town of Leeds and was born about 1150. I don't know when he died, but Thoresby says he was living in 1184. He was the second son of Peter fitz Asolf, who owned lands in Leeds. The lands were inherited by Peter's eldest son, Adam de Birkin. Adam and Thomas married sisters, Matilda and Constance de Caux, daughters of Robert de Caux and Sybil Basset. This Robert was the son of another Robert, born about 1075. The first Robert de Caux was the son of Geoffrey Alselin, who was probably the son of Asa. Geoffrey was a contemporary of

William the Conqueror. Adam de Birkin deeded his lands in Leeds to his brother Thomas, who thereupon became Thomas de Leeds. That was the beginning of the Leeds family in England and America. It was about the year 1175."

The Annalist inquired as to the ancestry of the two brothers, Adam and Thomas, sons of Peter.

"Peter fitz Asolf," said he, "married Emma, born about 1090. She survived her husband and died in 1165. Peter was the son of Asolf or Essolf, hence the name, Peter fitz Asolf. Peter's father was born about 1060."

"Who was Asolf's father?" queried the Annalist, knowing that the Leeds family in New Jersey would like to extend their family chart backward to the time of the first Adam, if possible.

Quick came the answer: "Tell me the name of Cain's mother-in-law and I'll tell you the name of Peter fitz Asolf's grandfather."

Not wishing to show his ignorance of the Adamic family tree and being unconcerned as to Cain's marital venture, the Annalist volunteered no information about Mrs. Cain. Presently, Grandfather said:

"Don't know, do you? Well, let's talk about that some other time. Now we'll have our chair ride."

Accordingly, he engaged a man for two hours. When the pusher began pushing, Grandfather pulled out his watch to note the time of starting. The Annalist had been waiting for an opportunity to examine that old watch, without presuming on the old man's willingness to gratify his curiosity. "May I look at your watch?" he asked cautiously.

Saying nothing, the old man handed him the time piece. He examined it with the greatest care, knowing how highly Grandfather prized it, even above his coat of many colors, for the reason, as was learned afterwards, that the watch is more than twice as old as the coat.

The dial was inlaid; that is, the hours were indicated by Roman numerals, inlaid with gold. The fourth hour had the customary IIII instead of IV. Grandfather remarked that this had been the custom of all clockmakers since the year 1370, when Henry Vick, to humor a French king, had made the substitution.

IV.

OLD WATCHES AND OLD STAGERS

GRANDFATHER'S watch bore the name of Benjamin Norton Cleveland as maker and beneath the name was the date—1790. He said it was the year Cleveland began making clocks, watches and silverware in Newark. Cleveland was born in Southold, Long Island, in 1767, and was the son of Joseph Cleveland, whose father was named Ichabod. Benjamin Cleveland was a well known citizen of his day. "His store," said Grandfather, "was on the east side of Broad Street, about four doors north of Market."

Seeing the Annalist's interest in these reminders of the past, he continued:

"My first watch was made in Switzerland. It was repaired twice; first by a Mr. Durand, at Short Hills, who mended Washington's field glasses, during the Revolution, and a second time by Jacob Maus, who was a watch and clock maker in Trenton in 1780. The fact that this Cleveland watch is still running and keeping good time is proof of the kind of watchmaking done in Newark when I was a young fellow of 126. Benjamin Cleveland, by the way, was of the same line as that distinguished son of New Jersey, Grover Cleveland. Their ancestor was Moses Cleveland, who came from Ipswich, England, in 1636, and settled in Woburn, Mass."

While still admiring the old watch, the Annalist glanced aside, on his left, and saw the head of the negro pusher extended around on his side of the chair. At first he thought the pusher had his eye on the time piece, but a second glance showed that he was gazing intently, perhaps longingly, at Grandfather's silver knee-buckles, conspicuous on account of the way the old man had his legs extended and crossed toward the other side of the chair.

The curiosity of the pusher caused him to steer the chair off the regular running space for push-chairs—and bump into the heels of Walter Ross McShea, a well-known citizen, walking ahead on the herring-bone surface, in company with Harry B. Cook, an active hotel proprietor. An alert policeman recognized the distinguished occupant of the chair. He bowed and made obeisance as we passed. Then he motioned to the pusher to get back in line. Grandfather's supereminence—either that or the wink he gave the policeman—saved the pusher from arrest.

"That's the time political pull saved a son of toil," said the Annalist.

"It's the time I put one over on John Hackney," said he.

"'Put one over' is slang."

"Not always," said he, resourcefully. "If I put one leg over the other, like that, it isn't slang; it's relieving the leg. Anyway, I'll say for Hackney"——

"You mean John W. Hackney, the city engineer?"

"Yes; I'll say for Hackney that he's a good fellow and a good official, but I told him when he was laying out these chair runs, in 1916, to be sure and make them wide enough, so that two chairs, going in the same direction, might be like ships that pass in the night, of which Longfellow writes, so beautifully, in his poem about our Jersey girl, Elizabeth Haddon. I said to Hackney that the occupants of chairs could then speak to each other in passing, but he said that was the very thing they wished to prevent, as it would interfere with the rights of pedestrians. Hackney remarked: 'Here in Atlantic City we reverse that famous Dred Scott decision about the negro having no rights which the white man is bound to respect, by insisting that the Boardwalk pedestrian has some rights which the negro pusher is bound to respect.'"

"True," said the Annalist, "but on election day it takes many thousands of the white man's dollars to recognize the rights of the 6000 colored voters, male and

female." The old man did not deny that statement. Taking the watch, he placed it carefully in the top pocket of his breeches, beneath his silken belt, and a moment later reached down into another pocket and pulled out an old coin. Handing it to the Annalist, he said:

"That's a rare coin. It's a Patrick's half-pence." The story is worth telling: "On May 18, 1682, the Legislature of West Jersey passed an act providing that Mark Newbie's half-pence, called Patrick's half-pence, should pass for current pay of the province. Newbie was one of the earliest settlers in old Gloucester County. He established a bank of issue in a log cabin near the present city of Camden. It was the first bank of issue in America, if we except the mint house established in Boston in 1652. Newbie had come over from Dublin, sailing from Ireland on September 19th and arriving at Elsinboro, Salem County, on November 19, 1681. It took him just two months to cross in what the papers of that day advertised as a 'pink.' Newbie brought with him a large number of Irish coins, which had been outlawed as a legal tender by act of Parliament. He had bought them up on a venture, knowing that New Jersey and other provinces were without coins of their own. Arriving in old Gloucester, one of his first acts was to seek legislation that would permit him to place his coins in circulation. There was a proviso in the act, requiring security that he would change the half-pence for pay equivalent upon demand, and that no person should be obliged to take more than five shillings in one payment. As security, Newbie gave three hundred acres of land near Newton Creek."

* * * *

Reaching Ohio Avenue, the old man directed the pusher to stop. He admired the architectural beauties of the Marlborough-Blenheim, connected by a bridge, or rather two bridges, across the highway, and said the hotel got its name from the first Duke of Marlborough,

whose birthday was the same as his own—June 23—though the Duke was the senior by fourteen years, being born in 1650. "For his victory over the French and Bavarians, in 1704," said Grandfather, "the English nation built a palace in Oxfordshire and called it Blenheim, after the town or city in Bavaria where the Duke won his laurels. Either by accident or design, the enterprising White brothers, John, Charles and Allen, made their building, with its hypenated name, of the same dimensions, horizontally, as the Marlborough-Blenheim palace in England; that is, 320 feet east and west and 190 feet north and south. I said horizontally. Vertically—O, well the Whites have ascended so high that the old Duke, if he could come back to earth, visit Atlantic City and ascend to the top floor of the hotel, he would exclaim: 'This must be heaven!' "

Adjoining the Marlborough-Blenheim, on the west, Grandfather noted the Hotel Dennis under reconstruction and said that when finished it will have far more bathrooms than were in the whole United States when Nathan Stratton, member of Congress from South Jersey, interested himself in having the first bath tub placed in the White House back in the forties.

"If it hadn't been for the indefatigable Tom Corwin, Senator from Ohio, the measure would have failed," said he. "I'll tell you all about bath tubs some other time.* Speaking of Ohio and seeing those bridges across Ohio avenue, reminds me of a man who was born in New Jersey, but settled in Ohio, who brought eternal glory upon himself by opposing Chief Justice Taney in that Dred Scott decision, mentioned a while ago. John McLean was then a member of the Supreme Court of the United States. In his decision Taney brought upon himself a shade of ignominy from which he never after-

*Walter J. Buzby, owner of the Dennis, has lately purchased the country home of the late General Lewis T. Bryant at Linwood. In that tree-embowered home Mr. Buzby has more tubs than President Fillmore had when he got his first White House bath tub in 1852.

ward recovered. It clung to him until the day of his death, October 12, 1864. No doubt, right here in Atlantic City the high school boys and girls of to-day mention his name with derision in discussing American history.

"Buchanan's election in 1855 and Taney's decision in 1857 brought the slave-holding power of the South to the zenith of its power. The greatest speech that Abraham Lincoln ever made—not excepting his famous utterance at Gettysburg—was during his Senatorial canvass in 1858 against Stephen A. Douglas, when he and the Little Giant made a joint canvass of the State of Illinois, and when Lincoln made Chief Justice Taney's decision in the Dred Scott case the basis of his remarks, vehemently protesting that it was not true that the negro had no rights which the white man was bound to respect. Lincoln did not win. He carried the State of Illinois, but through a gerrymander he lost the Legislature. He was reserved for higher things. The Dred Scott decision was reversed by public clamor and not by a decision of the supreme tribunal of the country. The people arose in their sovereign might. Lincoln was made President. The vote of New Jersey was divided—four for Lincoln and three for Douglas. The slave-holding power was crushed to earth, never to rise again. Justice Taney's decision remains in the law reports of the country; yet no man has the audacity to refer to it as a law of the land."

* * * *

About this time, as we were passing a street end, Grandfather noticed a cloud of soft coal smoke coming from a portable engine, such as is used in making street repairs. He had been reading in the Atlantic City Gazette-Review of a threatened coal strike in Pennsylvania, and seeing the smoke, he remarked: "With millions of tons of coal stored in the mines of Pennsylvania, every once in a while the papers give out a news item that there is danger of a coal famine, because the miners will not dig the coal out of the ground."

"Think of that," said he, "and then recall the fact that one hundred and thirty-five years ago, on May 15, 1789, the first tariff bill was passed by Congress. In its enactment Elias Boudinot, of New Jersey, was quite active. The members from Pennsylvania, now the greatest coal producing state in America, opposed a duty on coal, which they wished to import as cheaply as possible, to aid in the development of their iron ores. They were jealous of the bog iron works in New Jersey, some of which were located within the borders of Atlantic and Burlington counties. This South Jersey bog iron was then in competition with the ores of Pennsylvania, and without free coal, New Jersey might surpass Pennsylvania in the output of iron! Anthracite coal was not discovered in Pennsylvania until a year later, and it was that first tariff bill that stimulated the discovery. In 1790 Nicholas Allen, prospecting in the Blue Ridge, discovered hard coal. At first the people in that region were timid about placing it in their Franklin stoves or fire places, lest it explode. I recall that a similar fear was expressed by certain people in Atlantic City in 1889, when an ordinance was before the City Council providing for electric cars on Atlantic Avenue. Timid people rebelled; they were afraid the cars would shoot out electric sparks and scare their horses. The fact is, my Son, one of the city editors, an advocate of electricity, was punched in the face by an irate citizen, whom he had ridiculed for advancing the foolish idea that the steel rails would send out sheets of fire."

"Speaking of coal," he added, "that quaint historian, Gabriel Thomas, writing in 1698, said he had noticed the color of the Schuylkill water. It was similar to that of the streams of Wales. From this he surmised there must be coal beneath the top soil of Pennsylvania; yet it took our Pennsylvania friends nearly one hundred years to realize the truth of that statement. Gabriel blew his trumpet in 1698, and the Pennsylvanians heard it in 1790."

V.

BRIDGES AND BUGS

THE colored pusher was still pushing energetically and we were still sailing east by nor'east—on the Boardwalk. We had yet to our credit more than an hour of the specified time, and Grandfather had signified his desire to extend it to three hours.

He had scarcely finished his edifying talk on coal and iron, when a gentleman passed whom the Annalist recognized as a well-known Philadelphian, studious by nature, but with a wife known as a social butterfly. Grandfather did not see him. The Annalist remarked, "There goes your friend, Dr. Bug."

"You mean the biologist," said he.

"I call him bugologist. He is buggy in his brain."

"His hobby is insects," said Grandfather. "He has an upper room full of them, but is not buggy in his own upper story. Of course, I think he is taxing his brain too much with insects. Yet you can hardly blame him. There is a fascination about entomology. Read the book by that old Italian—Fabre of the Insects, as he was dubbed by Edmond Rostand—and you will agree with me. He tells of the peculiar habits of insects. Nothing so dramatic as their loves and their battles, which usually end in catastrophe, the female eating the male alive! Think of that and then picture the fate of Dr. Bug!"

"Doesn't Holmes, in his breakfast table talks, say something about insanity being the logic of an accurate mind overtaxed?"

"Yes," said Grandfather.

"If the doctor is overdoing the bug business, then he must be buggy; he's crazy!"

"Don't forget that Holmes adds: 'Stupidity often saves a man from going mad.' Better be crazy than stupid. Some critics are stupid." This he said with an emphasis on "critics."

It was a well-deserved thrust. The Annalist was speechless.

Grandfather continued: "This morning, at the hotel, Dr. Bug was telling of swarms of butterflies seen in Atlantic City in September, 1922. He said they were the beautiful insects known as milkweed or monarch butterflies, and are the only kind that migrate. During the summer months they fly north and in the early fall they start south, going as far as Brazil for the winter.

"As they flocked southward, on that September morn, the strong ocean breeze blew them into the city. The Boardwalk was then decorated with bright colors, in honor of a Masonic reunion at the shore, and the butterflies, apparently mistaking the decorations for flowers, had swooped down upon the visitors in bewildering numbers.

"There's a beautiful sonnet on the butterfly, by the way, written in 1855 by a Jerseyman, Henry W. Herbert, at his Newark home, The Cedars, where he wrote twenty-three of his hundred or more books, including nine volumes on field sports. Not far from The Cedars was the home of Ray Palmer, who, in 1830, wrote that inspiring hymn, 'My Faith Looks up to Thee.' Herbert's pen name was Frank Forester. In his sonnet he says of the butterfly and immortality, as I recall the lines:

Forth to thy bright existence of an hour,
Thou painted meteor—floating on the stream
Of summer sunshine, drinking from the beam
New youth, new beauty from the perfumed flower!
Thou type of endless life, thou sign of power,
At morn a reptile writhing in the gloom—
The dust of earth; at eve a living tomb;
Again a spirit blest in Eden's bower.

Like the true sonneteer, in his closing minor lines the poet unfolds his major lines in this wise:

What of the sons of Adam? Do they soar
In virtue's clear security, or creep
Through tears and labor to the dusky shore
Of cold obstruction and mysterious sleep,
Thence, at the trumpet's peal, to burst on high—
Never to sorrow more, nor doubt, nor die?

"Herbert was the son of an Episcopal clergyman. He was once described as a poet of vivid imagination, a successful novelist and an accomplished critic. Speaking of bugs and butterflies, the man you call Dr. Bug is a well-informed Philadelphian, especially on insects. He told me he knew where to get a specimen of a rare papilio, the brimstone butterfly, and was going to Philadelphia in the morning, but would return in the evening on the bridge train—I mean the bridge across the Delaware above Camden, over which the first train was run to Atlantic City on April 19, 1896."

"They selected a memorable day, April 19th, for the opening, for it was the anniversary of the battle of Lexington," observed the Annalist.

"Yes, and another decisive event in American history happened on April 19th, in which New Jersey played a negative part. It was on April 19th, 1784, when Jefferson proposed to exclude slavery from all the Southern and Western States admitted after 1800. The effect of that would have been to confine slavery to the southeast corner of the country. The measure was lost in Congress by one vote. Had John Beatty, a New Jersey delegate, been present (and he wanted to vote for it, but was detained by illness) the history of this country would have to be re-written. Most likely, the Civil War would have been averted."

"All of which shows that trifles make the sum of human things," suggested the Annalist.

Continuing, the old man said: "Speaking of trifles, brings to mind another important event in May. It concerns a piece of paper less than an inch square. I mean the postage stamp. Congressman John Hill, of Morris County, put into effect his bill for the reduction of post-

NEW JERSEY HOME OF AN EXILED KING

See p. 134

age on letters from three to two cents, in May, 1883. His bill was the law of the land for thirty-five years, or until the World War caused a temporary increase in letter postage to three cents. Congressman Henry H. Bingham, of Philadelphia, tried hard, or rather his friends claimed for him the credit of that measure, but all the honor belonged to a Jerseyman whom the people of his day called 'Honest John Hill.' By the way, when the first post office in the United States was opened, forty years after the Revolution, the mails were carried on horseback. A letter cost 25 cents. Stamps were first issued in 1847."

* * * *

"I mentioned bridges. In 1883, on May 24, the first great bridge over the East River, between Manhattan and Brooklyn, was completed by Washington A. Roebling, of Trenton. He was the son of John A. Roebling, by whom the bridge was begun on January 3, 1870. It took thirteen years to build, yet a much greater structure, the new bridge across the Delaware, will be built in five years—so they say. While work on the Brooklyn bridge was in progress, Washington Roebling, broken down by overwork, was no longer able to engage actively in his duties as chief engineer. His wife, Mrs. Emily Warren Roebling, took up the work of supervision for her husband. On the day of the dedication, Mayor Abram S. Hewitt, of New York, said:

"'In ancient times, when great works were constructed, a goddess was chosen, to whose tender care they were dedicated. Thus, the ruins of the Acropolis recall the name of Pallis Athene to an admiring world. So with this bridge will ever be coupled the thought of one, through the subtle alemic of whose brain and by whose facile fingers communication was maintained between the directing power of its construction and the obedient agencies of its execution. It is thus an everlasting monument to the self-sacrificing devotion of woman, and of her capacity for that higher education from which she has been too long debarred. The name of Mrs. Emily Warren Roebling will thus be inseparably associated with all that is admirable in human nature and with all that is wonderful in the constructive world of art.'"

"The Roebling bridge was a wonderful achievement, but it pales before the great bridge across the Delaware,

a memorial of William Penn, to be dedicated on the day of the nation's sesqui-centennial in 1926, on July 4th. In a few years there'll be another bridge across the Delaware from old Southwark to Kaighn's Point and one from Burlington to Bristol, to meet the steadily increasing traffic by auto-waggons across New Jersey. Even now they are legislating for four North Jersey bridges, two across the Arthur Kill, one across the Kill van Kull and a fourth across the Hudson at Englewood. These things are but the fruition of a great project in transportation, begun by the Roeblings in 1870."

"Mayor Hewitt said the facile fingers of a woman maintained communication between Roebling and his subordinates. No doubt Mrs. Roebling made good use of her typewriter?" queried the Annalist.

"Typewriter!" exclaimed Grandfather. "Bless you, there were very few typewriters in those days. A crude instrument had been shown by a man named Scholes, out in Western New York, but it was not until the Centennial Exhibition, in 1876, that the typewriter was brought before the public. Mrs. Roebling did all her writing with the pen. The writing of the first machine exhibited in Philadelphia was done with capital letters, of a style which the printers of that day called Nonpareil Gothic."

So saying, Grandfather drew upon a piece of paper, in neat Gothic letters, a line of which the following is an exact reproduction:

THIS IS A SAMPLE OF THE FIRST TYPE WRITING IN 1876

"Letters printed in that style were sold to visitors in Machinery Hall for fifty cents, to be sent to friends in places remote from Philadelphia, telling them of the wonderful machine that was being shown at the Centennial—a machine that would eventually do away with pen and ink!"

VI

THE GEYSER AND THE MUD-PUDDLE

DURING all of this talk, and in fact all the while, before lunch, the Annalist had shown great interest in the old man's recital of events which seemed to be as fresh in his mind as though they had happened the day before. Grandfather was no less pleased. He said: "I like the man who bubbles over with enthusiasm. Better be a geyser than a mud-puddle."

Commenting on the millions of typewriters now in use—and the pen makers still busy—he observed: "Yes, millions of pens, most of them made by the Esterbrooks, in Camden. Their works were founded by Richard Esterbrook, who came from England, after a thorough training in pen making under Joseph Gillott. Esterbrook was a benevolent Quaker and was highly esteemed by the people of Camden. Some of his best workmen, when the pen works were started, were brought over from England."

"Those who do not own a typewriter in these days," he continued, "and who find writing with a pen too onerous, can at least find time to take an Esterbrook pen in hand and write a brief message on a post card, of which millions are now printed every year, many of them in colors."

"Some of them represent scenes in Atlantic City," observed the Annalist.

"Yes," said he; "millions of them every year, and it is worth noting that the first American post cards, authorized in 1872, were sold to the public in May, 1873—over fifty years ago; and do you know that one of the best collections of post cards and postage stamps is owned by a citizen of Atlantic County—know that?"

"No."

"Then I'll tell you. The owner is James Farish, of Linwood. His collection is well worth seeing. He has some of the first issue and also the first postal orders sold by the postmasters of Atlantic County; bought them in his own name and never had them cashed. Uncle Sam, therefore, still owes Mr. Farish the face value of a considerable number of original postal orders."

Continuing, he said: "American postal cards did not come into general use as rapidly as the sponsors of the act supposed, and it was not until the Centennial year that the total issue reached the million mark. Still, that indicated a stupendous growth in the postal business of the country, considering the fact that when Benjamin Franklin was Postmaster-General he was accustomed to lock up the mails of the whole country in a small box or chest in his office on Third Street, near Market, Philadelphia."

"Not only is Atlantic County recognized as having one of the best private collections of post cards and postage stamps," he went on to say, "but to another of her citizens I accord the honor of being the first to introduce the colored souvenir cards in New Jersey, and, I believe, the first in the United States.

"The man who introduced the souvenir post cards was Carl Voelker, of Atlantic City, who died in 1908. Mrs. Voelker had been on a visit to her childhood home on the Rhine in 1895 and brought back to this country an assortment of picture post cards, then on sale in Germany. Mr. Voelker immediately conceived the plan of introducing the picture postal or souvenir card, as he called it, in the United States. He had about ten thousand cards printed in colors, expecting that they would be generously taken up by the hotels and business people of Atlantic City for advertising purposes. Unfortunately, Mr. Voelker was ahead of his time. The people of Atlantic City did not appreciate his enterprise and the greater portion of his cards were left on his hands for many months. Eventually, however, he worked

them off at bargain prices. He well deserves recognition as the man who could see ahead of those who now recognize the great value of the souvenir post card. Although Mr. Voelker is dead, I cannot forget that his son, Carl M. Voelker, notwithstanding his German extraction, was one of the first to enlist at the beginning of our entrance into the World War. He rose to the rank of captain and did splendid work for his country. When the war was over, he continued to labor for those who suffered in one way or another on account of the misery into which the world had been plunged by one ~~William Hohenzollern.~~ It is worth noting, also, that in 1918, when Captain Voelker had command of two different companies of infantry, in the front line of action, he advanced to within a few kilometers of his father's birthplace, Niederbronn, in Alsace. It was here that his grandfather, Christian Voelker, had served under a Napoleon in the Franco-Prussian war."

* * * *

Grandfather then adverted to the early days in postal development and remarked that now, when a letter gets across the ocean by steamship in five days and across the continent in twenty-four hours by airplane, it is hard to realize the delays and hazards of the early days. He recalled an incident that occurred about the time of the Black Hawk War, in 1832, when a young man named Martin—Henry Martin—went to the frontier from Burlington County. He tarried in the Wabash region of Illinois and there met a young woman with whom he fell in love. Her parents, named Crane, opposed the young suitor and favored another man. Sometimes the daughter had two visitors the same evening, when work was over and the family gathered before the log cabin fireside. One was prosperous and middle-aged; the other, Martin, was young, poor and adventurous. The daughter engaged herself to the young man, in spite of

her parents' objections. A year or so later he went to Missouri to make his fortune. The post that came and went by stage coach brought word of him at long intervals. One letter said he was leaving for Louisiana and would write by the next post. In 1835 the letters ceased altogether. Months passed and the older suitor renewed his advances. Finally they were married and a day or two later the old lover walked in with money in his pocket and a pair of white satin slippers. He had come from New Orleans to claim his promised bride. Before setting out on his return journey he had written, but the post, it was said, had been attacked by Indians and the carrier killed.

"All that is left of that story," said Grandfather, "is a pair of white satin slippers. They belong to the bride's great-granddaughter, who lives in Davenport, Iowa. I must add, however, that there was some uncertainty as to whether the mail robbery was chargeable to the Indians or to the rabid Southerners then engaged in a bitter war against the Abolitionists."

"Why impute that crime to the Southerners?" queried the Annalist. "Never before have I heard them accused of robbing the mails."

"Then I must say again you are a poor listener. Only the other day I told you of happenings in the South about the time our young Jerseyman was writing to his lady-love in Illinois. Fanatics in the North, opposed to slavery, were demanding immediate abolition, without reference to the Constitution, the institutions of the South, the claims of the master or the fortunes of the slave. Even in New Jersey, with a percentage of negro population, at that time, three times that of New York or Pennsylvania, and, excepting Missouri, far greater in proportion than any other Northern State—even New Jersey, with nearly three times as many slaves as the combined slave population of Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecti-

cut, New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois and Michigan, was strongly tinctured with abolitionism.*

"Unfortunately, the methods of the Abolitionists were often such as to provoke resentment in the North. Meetings were held in the large cities and mobs were gathered in front of places whence they issued their printed propaganda against slavery. The opposition spread to the South. The mails thither were burdened with papers intended to excite a general insurrection, not unlike that of John Brown twenty-odd years later. Consequently post offices were broken into and mail matter was destroyed. The government then interfered and President Jackson, a pro-slavery man, recommended a law to prohibit the use of mails for the circulation of incendiary documents and letters. Congress next interfered and refused to receive memorials on the subject of slavery.

"Such was the condition of the postal service in the South and Southwest at the time young Martin, then in Louisiana, mailed his all-important letter to the young woman in Illinois whom he hoped to make his wife. Likely enough, his letter was destroyed by a Southern fire-eater who found therein a line or two in opposition to slavery, addressed to a young woman in Illinois who, we may surmise, had caught the message of freedom as it fell from the lips of a young lawyer, afterwards the great emancipator, Abraham Lincoln.

"All this, my Son, you should know, without my telling it to you again. You are a poor listener, else you would not be so indifferent to my stories. Instead of indifference, you should be bubbling over with enthusiasm. The geyser, I fear, has petered out. It is now a mud-puddle."

---

*In 1830 New Jersey had 2254 slaves; New York, 75; Pennsylvania, 403; Connecticut, 25; Rhode Island, 17; Massachusetts, 1; Ohio, 6; Indiana, 3; Illinois, 747; Michigan, 32; New Hampshire, 3; Maine, 2.

VII.

THE SPARROW, THE WORM AND THE CABBAGE

"Push chair at eight, breakfast at nine,
Farewell at ten, start at eleven."

THUS read the memo. of Grandfather the night befort he left Atlantic City. Despite his years and his eleven days of unusual activity, the old man was up betimes on the morning of the 27th and ready for the start at eleven.

In all of his leave takings, instead of "good-bye" he used the Quaker equivalent, "farewell." He did this in deference to the Quaker management of Haddon Hall, although in his contact with the guests, he had heard very few "thees" and "thous." In taking leave of Sarah W. Leeds,* the motherly hostess, he quoted the words of Burns:

"Fare thee well, thou first and fairest,
Fare thee well, thou best and dearest."

From the moment Pippin turned the corner at North Carolina and Atlantic Avenues until he crossed the bridge at Chestnut Neck, Grandfather and his waggon were objects of peculiar interest. At about a quarter before eleven Miss Anna M. Delaney, assistant city clerk, had kindly 'phoned to Absecon: "Grandfather is coming." The operator at Absecon had relayed this message to Port Republic. The effect was electric. It brought to mind another message, that of Mrs. H. M. Ogle, once a resident of Atlantic City, but at the time of the Johnstown Flood (May 31, 1889) telegraph operator near the huge reservoir. Grandfather recalled that Mrs. Ogle kept the other stations informed, as the waters rose, and when the dam gave way, she wired: "The dam is broken. This is

*Mrs. Leeds died in March, 1924.

my last message." She was never seen afterwards. Her warning to the inhabitants of Conemaugh Valley saved many lives. Without it, instead of 2187 dead, the death list might have reached 10,000.

"In recalling this disaster," said Grandfather, "it is well to note that Atlantic City contributed exactly $4,077.48 in cash, besides many cases of food and supplies for the relief of the sufferers. One of the first physicians to respond to the call for medical assistance was our dear friend, Dr. B. C. Pennington, who died December 31, 1904."

Miss Delaney's message informed the people off-shore of the coming of a man whose knee-buckles they were not worthy to unloose. Before Pippin had crossed the Grand Canal at Venice Park, the old man's coming was known, and all along the route, until he reached Absecon, there were peeking eyes and curious faces in waggons of all kinds and previous conditions of service. At Pine Hill the boulevard curves northward and presently joins the Shore Road, "laid out," as Grandfather remarked, in 1716, on his fiftieth birthday, and opened to the public on March 15, 1731.

Immediately after turning into the Shore Road and as the travelers were approaching the old homestead of Dr. Jonathan Pitney, Grandfather suddenly released his right hand from the steering wheel and gave the Annalist a vigorous slap on the knee.

"Roosevelt was right," said he, "the man who does not know about Atlantic City is not a good American citizen. He said that to a committee of citizens who went down to Washington to invite him to attend a public function in Atlantic City. Of course, he was 'de-light-ed' to accept and undoubtedly enjoyed his visit. So am I delighted. Eleven days and something doing every day!"

At our left was another road. "Follow that road," said he, "and turn to your right. In a sylvan retreat you'll find the haven of that interesting preacher and scintil-

lating lecturer, Robert Arthur Elwood, of the Boardwalk Church."

"Eleven delightful days in Atlantic City. Have you ever noticed how that number eleven figures in the annals of New Jersey?"

The Annalist confessed that all he knew about eleven was that it is one more than ten and that eleven duckets will not settle a bill of twelve dollars.

"Don't know, eh? Very well, suppose we start with Dr. Pitney, whose old home we passed a moment ago. He began writing letters, eleven in all, to the Philadelphia papers, chiefly Jasper Harding's Inquirer, in 1850, setting forth the merits of Absecon Beach as a site for a popular summer resort; also, the need of railroad communication to the glass factories in Camden and Atlantic Counties. By joining the glass interests with the needs of pleasure seekers, he argued, a freight and passenger railroad to Absecon Beach could be made a profitable venture. Dr. Pitney's letters to the Inquirer attracted the attention of such men as John C. Da Costa, Stephen Colwell, Andrew K. Hay, Joseph Porter, William Fleming and William Coffin, all of whom, however, gave more consideration to the glass interests than to the chimercial scheme of Dr. Pitney. With Cape May and Long Branch monopolizing the pleasure seekers, excepting, of course, those who chose to rough it on Tucker's Beach, the other men argued that it would be impossible to wean the people from well established resorts.

"As no one seemed to enthuse over the resort feature of the project, Dr. Pitney resolved to act on his own account. He called a meeting at the store of John Doughty, in Absecon. That meeting was held on Tuesday, February 11, 1851. Two other gentlemen attended. In that respect, Dr. Pitney was more fortunate than the man who wrote a series of articles for one of the Atlantic City papers, many years afterwards, urging the necessity of a hospital in Atlantic City. On February 11th he

penned a call for a meeting of citizens on February 12, 1897. No one responded. Nevertheless, he went ahead and organized a meeting and started a hospital. So with Dr. Pitney. When he called his meeting at the store of John Doughty, he started something. Those present were General Enoch Doughty, who owned a saw mill and about thirty thousand acres of land above Absecon, and Samuel Richards, owner of glass works above Hammonton. He was the father of S. Bartram Richards, now of Ventnor. Dr. Pitney was chiefly concerned in conserving the health of people off-shore. He owned about five hundred acres of land at Sailor Boy, now known as Elwood. Mr. Richards and General Doughty were his staunchest supporters in the seashore project, the other gentlemen being more in favor of serving the glass interests. To Mr. Richards belongs a large share of the credit, especially in the projecting and building of the railroad."

The Annalist ventured the opinion that Atlantic City owed her birth to Dr. Pitney. "It's a matter of opinion," said Grandfather. "As Harry Scull says, Atlantic City was born somewhat like Topsy. Aunt Ophelia asked the picaninny where she was born, and Topsy said: 'Miss Phelia, ah nebbah was born; ah jes growed.' Same way with Atlantic City. She just growed."

"When I first came here," Grandfather continued, "in 1859, the Irish had settled below South Carolina avenue, the Germans above, the off-shore people up town and the natives on the north side. The outsiders from Philadelphia were building houses and hotels on Atlantic and Pacific. Nobody went below Pacific. Others tried to rob Dr. Pitney of his distinction as a founder, and as a fitting rebuke Dr. Thomas K. Reed once wrote:

'Dr. Pitney's energy and perseverance in braving difficulties and discouragements are worthy of the highest praise. It is a matter of common knowledge that during the Civil War some of the so-called heroes shielded themselves behind stumps in the rear and boldly harrangued the troops to 'go in and win,' but the hero of our seashore project was like the hero of Buena Vista in the Mexican War. He

went in and won on his own account. He went to Trenton and by his courage and persistency, procured the necessary legislation. In his first effort he was foiled, but like the redoubtable Zachary Taylor, he was up and at 'em again, and at the next session of the Legislature, with the assistance of Mr. Richards, the act of incorporation was passed.'

"So it is with other projects. While one man goes ahead others cast stones at him—in the newspapers."

All the while, as Grandfather was relating these facts, Pippin was speeding toward Sea View Country Club, where President Harding and other notables had unlimbered themselves the summer before. Reaching Sea View, he stopped a while to enjoy the marine vista. Continuing his story, he said:

"Suppose we start our stories with fire! You may not like what I say but"——

"Fire away!"

THIRTEEN ELEVENS LEAVEN THIS LUMP

"Atlantic City," said he, "has one of the best fire departments in the United States. It had its beginning on January 11, 1881, as a volunteer department.

"On February 11, 1888, there was a great walking match at Madison Square Garden, New York. James Albert Cathcart, of Atlantic City, won the world's championship as a pedestrian, walking 621 miles and 1320 yards in six days. Two years later, on the same day, the skeletons of twenty-one Indians were found eleven feet under ground in opening a new street at Pleasantville. With the skeletons were found flints, arrows, flakes, a stone mill and a stone knife, all mute reminders of the long ago, perhaps the pre-Columbian days. Ten years later, on February 11, 1900, Atlantic City experienced her worst snow storm and perhaps the coldest weather in her history. There were snow banks from six to eleven feet high. The snow was twenty-one inches on a level. All traffic was suspended for two days.

"The Dred Scott decision, 'the negro has no rights which the white man is bound to respect,' met a worthy and determined opponent in a man born in New Jersey on March 11, 1785. His name was John McLean. Early in life he went to Ohio and, as a member of the Supreme Court of the United States, dissented boldly from the opinion of Chief Justice Taney.

"Another mute reminder of the past came to light on April 11, 1859. A boy digging in a garden at Princeton unearthed the silver medal struck by order of Congress for Louis DeFleury, a Frenchman, for bravery at Stony Point, on the Hudson, in 1779. DeFleury returned to France soon after the assault and the medal never reached him. It was lost while Congress was in session at Princeton.

"During the Spanish American War, on May 11, 1898, a native Jerseyman, grandson of Hon. Andrew K. Hay, one-time member of Congress, distinguished himself in a sharp fight with the Spanish be-

fore the fort at Cardenas, Cuba. He was in command of the Winslow and was severely wounded. His name was John H. Bernadou. His grandfather, Mr. Hay, lived at Winslow, and was one of the organizers of the Camden and Atlantic Railroad, serving also as its president.

"During the Civil War, on June 11, 1864, a distinguished Jerseyman, Joseph C. Hornblower, Chief Justice of the State, died. He was father-in-law of Justice Bradley, of the United States Supreme Court, whose deciding vote in the Hayes-Tilden contest, in 1877, had a far-reaching effect on the politics of the United States. Had that one Jerseyman voted the other way, the history of the United States for nearly fifty years would have to be re-written.

"The memorable duel between Hamilton and Burr was fought on New Jersey soil on July 11, 1804.

"May's Landing witnessed an appalling railroad accident on August 11, 1880, when twenty-seven persons were killed in a collision during a fog. Many of the victims were scalded to death. Thirty or more were shockingly injured.

"During the Revolution, on September 11, 1782, brave Captain Douglas, with his Gloucester and Atlantic County Militia, attacked a Tory boat at Little Egg Harbor, with eighteen Tories on board, of whom fourteen were shot or drowned.

"In 1664, on October 11th, the Dutch trespassers in New Jersey surrendered to the English and the rights of Carteret and Berkeley were thus settled for all time.

ELEVEN MORE ELEVENS

"November, the eleventh month, witnessed eleven events of more or less importance. The General Assembly in November, 1676, enacted the first Thanksgiving Day in New Jersey. In November, 1776, Washington, while stationed on a bluff, on the New Jersey side of the river, wept bitterly (the only time he was ever seen crying) as he witnessed, through his field glass, the cruel massacre of Americans at Fort Washington. The Rev. James Caldwell, a fighting Presbyterian minister of Connecticut Farms, whose wife and child had been brutally murdered by the British, was cruelly shot by the British sentinel at Elizabethtown in November, 1781. In November, 1788, Dr. Jonathan Elmer, of Bridgeton, was elected the first United States Senator from New Jersey. Trenton became the permanent capitol of the State in November, 1790. Amendments to locate the capitol at Woodbury and New Brunswick had been previously defeated. The cost of the Trenton site was 250 pounds and 5 shillings. In November, 1813, Captain Barton and two men from May's Landing, being captured by a British armed vessel, were placed on board the New Jersey, Captain Barton's vessel, in charge of a British officer. They were directed to follow the armed vessel. Captain Barton and his two men overpowered their captors and dexterously steered the vessel into the harbor at Somers Point, with the prize master and his men as prisoners. The locomotive "John Bull," arrived in New York from England early in November, 1831, and ten days later was tried out on the tracks of the new railroad, at Bordentown—the first in New Jersey. The disputed boundary between Atlantic and Burlington Counties was settled in November, 1885. This line was in dispute for almost a century. Commodore Charles Stewart, familiarly known as Old Ironsides, died at his home in Bordentown in November, 1869. As the old man lay dying a window of his room was thrown open,

to admit fresh air. Soon a little bird flew in, hopped to the bedside of the dying hero, and perching near his head, filled the room with its song. A moment later it disappeared through the window. The first City Hall, in Atlantic City, was finished in November, 1875. It marked the site of the present brick structure. A citizen of Atlantic City, Walter E. Edge, was elected Governor in November, 1916, and United States Senator, in November, 1918.

TREASURE TROVE FOR THE THIRSTY

"A cargo of tea, previously brought up the Delaware in the brig Greyhound and deposited in the cellar of a house in Greenwich, on the Cohansey, in 1774, was taken from the cellar in December, piled in a field, and burned by thirty-five men from Bridgeton and Greenwich. The participants were afterwards prosecuted, but the grand jury would not indict, because 'the accused were Whigs while the accusers were Tories.'

"For the closing month of the year, we have another record that will make many thirsty souls wish they might find certain treasure trove. Colonel Richard Wescoat, a brave citizen of old Egg Harbor, crossed to Absecon Beach on December 11, 1779, and salvaged a considerable quantity of wine from a stranded vessel. He wrote a few days later to Hon. William C. Houston, member of Congress, that he had recovered all of the wine but four or five casks, which were bilged. Some of his treasure he buried in the sand hills and woods. Who will dare deny some of the casks are still buried in the woods back of Margate?"

* * * *

During all of this recital, Grandfather had kept a firm hold on the steering wheel. Presently, he came to a fork in the road at Smithville, the one at the right leading to Leeds Point. The old man refused to heed the sign-board pointing eastward, but presently turned to the left, toward Port Republic, intending to tarry awhile at Chestnut Neck before crossing the Mullica into Ocean County, and proceeding thence to Red Bank. Approaching the causeway, at Nacote Creek, he remarked:

"Going to print all I told you?"

Somewhat abruptly, the Annalist said:

"Too much story; not enough point. It looks that way, anyway."

* * * *

Grandfather: "It all depends on the angle of vision. A sparrow on the branch and a worm in the trench will not agree on the shape of a cabbage."

The Annalist: "Which of us, taking heed, is the worm?"

VIII.

FLYING BULLETS AND HIGH FLYING

IT was apple blossom time when we crossed Swimming River where it empties into the Navesink. We hastened on, Grandfather dexterously steering Pippin through the business section of Red Bank and giving the Annalist no opportunity to get a snap shot of the many beautiful homes on Riverside avenue, with their well kept lawns sloping down to the river.

We learned that Red Bank was incorporated in 1870 and got its name from the reddish banks of the Navesink; also, that it was the home of Hon. John S. Applegate, now deceased, who succeeded an estimable lady, Mrs. Caroline G. Reed, as president of the Monmouth County Historical Association. We learned, also, that Mrs. Reed's daughter, Madame Geraldine Reed Millet, a talented artist, is the wife of the younger Millet, of Paris, who, like his father, is distinguished as an artist.

Red Bank, Grandfather said, was also the home of the late Justice Charles E. Hendrickson, of the New Jersey Supreme Court, and the late Hon. Edmund Wilson, one-time Attorney-General. He added that some of the finest people in New Jersey have their homes in Red Bank and vicinity, and it only needed a chance to look into their faces to realize that what the old man said was true. He is an excellent judge of human character.

A short run brought us to Shrewsbury, at a point now or once known as Four Corners, in one angle of which is old Christ Church. It is perhaps the quaintest and certainly one of the most interesting of the old time churches in New Jersey, not excepting the old Swedish Church, now Trinity Episcopal, at Swedesboro, Gloucester County.

The heroism of a young man living in Shrewsbury was recalled by Grandfather. On April 30, 1780, a party of Tories and negroes, led by William Gillian, from Sandy Hook, landed near the mouth of Parker's Creek. As Gillian was in the act of stabbing in the face and eyes a man named Russell, into whose house they had broken, his grandson, who lay wounded on the floor, fired and killed Gillian on the spot. Russell was killed, but his grandson survived.

Among the staunch supporters of old Christ Church, of Shrewsbury, when Grandfather was young, was Lewis Morris. This we learned from his own lips, while we stopped a few minutes to cool off the engine, due to Pippin's speed after we had passed the last constable in Red Bank. We did not enter the church to see the tablets of marble, one cut in memory of two old time rectors, Revs. George Keith and Samuel Cooke, and the other in memory of William Leeds, grandson of Thomas Leeds, who settled in Shrewsbury in 1676.

William Leeds had no children and he left his estate of more than four hundred acres to the church, for which he was duly honored with a tablet. The descendants of Thomas Leeds, by his son Daniel, are numerous in Burlington, Camden and Atlantic Counties. Other descendants are scattered throughout the country, from the Hudson to the Rio Grande and Golden Gate. Indeed, in recent years, one branch crossed the Atlantic and traversed the Mediterranean as far as the Aegean Sea, where a son of the late William Bateman Leeds, multimillionaire, is now the husband of Princess Olga, a niece of the deposed King Constantine, of Greece, his mother, having previously married Prince Christopher, a brother of the king. She was known as the Princess Anastasia and died a year or so ago. The son and his princess wife are now living in this country. Another descendant of Thomas Leeds, through his son Daniel, is Henry West Leeds, owner of the most up-to-date farm

JOHN WOOLMAN TEA HOUSE

See p. 142

in Gloucester County and two of the best hotels in Atlantic City.

The Annalist gathered these twigs from a genealogical tree while the old man was watering Pippin from a pump near the Four Corners. We were about to hasten toward Eatontown; indeed, Pippin was headed that way when a sudden thought came to Grandfather. Something he had said a moment before led the Annalist to think that two things were on his mind, to wit: the safety of Pippin and the sobriety of Lewis Morris.

Without offering any explanation, he turned about and headed Pippin toward Little Silver, so named, he said, on account of the shimmering silver surface of the river. Presently there came a jolt of the waggon, as Pippin passed over a thank-you-ma'am a mile or so south of Little Silver. This depression the old man had disregarded in his eagerness to reach Jumping Point, a good five miles beyond Little Silver. The jerky thank-you-ma'ams are not so common in New Jersey now, as before the introduction of automobiles and concrete roads. In the days of dirt or gravel roads they were a two-fold necessity, either to throw to one side the down pouring rain water, thus preventing the washing away of the road, or to rest the horses in going up or down a steep grade. With the improved roads, the practice is to place iron pipes under the concrete and by covering these with concrete preserve the highway.

"When Colonel Lewis Morris was operating the iron works at Tinton Falls," he continued, "the manufactured wares were carted through Shrewsbury and along the Rumson Road to Passage Point, where his nephew, Lewis Morris, resided, whence they were shipped to various places by boat. The name 'passage' was due to a privilege recited in the deeds, whereby the owners of vessels and beasts of burden received the right of passage to and from the wharf. In Revolutionary days it was given the name of Jumping Point.

"It was here that Captain Joshua Huddy made his spectacular escape from the Tories, who were taking him to New York. Huddy was the terror of loyalists, who made frequent raids upon the homes of patriots. An attempt was made to capture him at his home on Colt's Neck, in September, 1780, when a party of about sixty Tories, commanded by one of their most daring leaders, Colonel Tye, a mulatto slave, surrounded his dwelling, believing the guards were then off duty. Huddy, his wife and a house maid were the only occupants, but they determined to defend themselves. A number of muskets, belonging to the guards, were brought into service. These the women loaded as fast as Huddy could discharge them through different windows. The women loaded the guns so rapidly that the air seemed full of flying bullets. This led the attacking party to believe that a number of guards were defending the house.

"Huddy, by this ruse, kept the enemy at bay for some time and wounded a number of men. Just as one of the Tories was setting fire to the house Huddy got a good aim at Tye and shot him in the wrist. The flames spread so rapidly that Huddy offered to surrender, if the enemy would aid him in putting out the fire.

"After the flames were subdued and those sixty Tories discovered that they had been outwitted by one man and two women, they were so incensed that they were about to butcher all three, and were only prevented by the stern command of Tye. Meanwhile, the neighborhood had been aroused, and the appearance of the militia was the signal for a hasty retreat. They carried off Huddy as a captive to their place of embarkation at the upper end of Rumson Neck.

"Being pursued by the militia, they were fired upon as they were getting under way with their captive. In the confusion of this attack, Huddy jumped overboard and was swimming ashore when hit by a shot from the river bank. He held up his hand and shouted: 'I am Huddy!' The firing ceased and Huddy reached shore

in safety. Jumping Point is presumed to have received its name from this incident. The name of the heroic girl who aided Huddy's wife to load the muskets was Lucretia Emmons, afterwards Mrs. Chambers, of Freehold, where she died about 1822. Colonel Tye's wound caused a fatal attack of lockjaw. The patriots credited this mulatto slave with being more humane than the whites.

"Huddy's subsequent career was brief and tragic. While in command of the Block House at Tom's River, on March 24, 1782, he was attacked by a superior force of British, who made him a prisoner and took him to New York. After a trial that was a mockery of justice he was delivered to Captain Richard Lippincott, a Tory, for execution. In November, 1910, Edward Stanley Atwood, a member of the Sons of the American Revolution, at his own expense, erected a monument in memory of Huddy, near the scene of his cruel execution on Gravelly Point, on April 12, 1782."

After this recital and the promise of another story about Huddy, Grandfather turned about and headed Pippin toward Eatontown. He was silent for some time. Presently he resumed his narrative of Lewis Morris.

"In 1673," said he, "Colonel Lewis Morris came to this neighborhood from Barbados, to administer the estate of his brother, Richard, and to become the guardian of his nephew and namesake, Lewis Morris, Jr. Young Morris eventually became the owner of the iron works. They were erected by James Grover and purchased by Richard Morris shortly before his death. As a young man Lewis Morris, Jr., was inclined to be gay. His habits were convivial and he indulged in horse racing.

"You mean he was a speeder," observed the Annalist.

"That's what they would say now and I suppose we may apply the same term to the fast drivers of my younger days," said he. "Oh, yes, they were speeders, all right."

"And a racer is a speeder all right," the Annalist ventured to say.

"Exactly," said Grandfather, "and for his dissipation young Morris was indicted by the grand jury. The indictment is a matter of record and it reads: 'for running of races and playing of nyne pins on ye Sabbath day.' Think of such a record against a man who afterwards became a justice of the Supreme Court and the first Governor after our separation from New York in 1738."

"Do you think it was right to indict him for the running of races?" asked the Annalist.

"Yes," said Grandfather, emphatically. "This racing business is bad. It leads to betting and speeds a young man toward the end that awaits all who go the pace."

"What do you mean?"

"Exactly what I said—the end of all who go the pace."

"The high fliers?"

"That's what they call them in these rapid times. If Lewis Morris were living to-day, he'd be called a high flier. Appointed to the bench in 1711, he was removed in 1733 for an offence which shows that the rapid proclivities of his youth had followed him into his public life. Having failed to put in his appearance at court, the people went to his home, near Jumping Point, late one afternoon, and found him still sleeping off the effects of his previous night's dissipation. His favorite liquors were apple jack and Madeira wine. When they awakened him, he mistook the glory of the sunset for the first blush of sunrise and scolded them severely for rousing him so early. I'll admit that he reformed before he was made Governor in 1738, and died honorably while in office at Kingbury, in 1746."

"A racer is not necessarily a high flier," observed the Annalist—at which the old man scowled. A moment later his attention was diverted by a noise outside the waggon. He leaned out slightly, as if listening. The whir-r of a flying machine was heard. He kept a safe hold on the steering wheel as the Annalist continued:

"Before the days of automobiles there was no sport so exhilarating as coaching with an experienced driver

and a speedy four-in-hand. Even so good a man as Henry Ward Beecher once wrote that as a boy his greatest ambition was to be a stage driver and the owner of at least four fast horses."

"Beecher no doubt changed his mind as he grew older," said Grandfather, "the same as Lewis Morris, for in his later years Morris seemed to reform and he wrote a letter denouncing his neighbors for their immoralities."

"Hope he did not denounce them for speeding," said the Annalist. "Think of Beecher once saying—and these are his own words—'The stage driver's whip, with its long lash, was entrancing to me, and O, that final dash, for which every horse had saved some extra wind! On coming round the corner the pace which had been sparkling burst into a royal run. The speed of those horses sent the blood tingling through my veins, and I longed for the day when I, too, might be the owner of fast horses.' That's what Beecher said about speeding with horses. I can fancy myself seated beside the good man, on the front seat of his stage, as he gleefully gives the reins to his horses and urges them to a pace that is exhilarating."

During this conversation we had traveled a full two miles and as we sped through Eatontown, the Annalist observed:

"Be careful, Grandfather; you're getting beyond the speed limit. You'd better slow down, or you'll be held up by the town constable; we'll be run in before we get to Long Branch." We had already turned to the left and were heading toward Branchport.

"They won't run me in, Son. These are my roads, and I'll travel over them as fast as I please."

Just then we again heard the whir-r-r of an airplane, and looking skyward Grandfather saw the sky-flier straight ahead. He seemed to be making for Branchport.

"See me beat him to Long Branch," said Grandfather, and suiting the action to his word he gave Pippin plenty of gas. The waggon shot ahead with a bound. The

Annalist's heart was in his mouth, but Grandfather was as cool as a Burlington County cucumber. "I know something about flying myself," said he. "This is the time the road-flier below will beat the skyman above.

"Be careful, Grandfather; don't speed."

Notwithstanding the abundance of gas the old man fed to Pippin, the airplane gained steadily and was still ascending.

"The sky-flier is flying high," said he, with a frown.

"Yes, and he's leaving you a poor second in the race."

"Go to it, young fellow! I don't want to beat you, anyway," said the old man, leaning back and easing up on his gas.

By this time we were on the edge of Branchport and the 'plane was nowhere in sight.

IX.

A FEAST OF REASON AND A FLOW OF SOUL

GRANDFATHER was enjoying the outing. He was seated on a log under an apple tree, near the edge of an orchard, between Cranberry Creek and Colt's Neck, Monmouth County. Pippin was safely hitched to the ground near the fence. It was still May time—the last day of May; "exactly sixty-one years since that great battle of Seven Pines," said he, "when that brave Jerseyman, General Philip Kearny, distinguished himself by saying to his colonel: 'Go in anywhere Colonel; you'll find lovely fighting along the whole line.'" Strange to say, we could count exactly seven pines beyond the farther side of the orchard. Presently, Grandfather said:

"For lunch to-day suppose we have poetry, peaches and potatoes, oysters and strawberries, raspberries and blackberries, clams and cantaloupes, beets, apple pie, apple jack and cranberry sauce. With all those delicacies we can have a feast of reason and a flow of soul.

"Products of New Jersey, I suppose?" queried the Annalist.

"Yes. A while ago you asked me if I liked poetry. You might just as well have asked if I liked peaches or strawberries, Shrewsbury oysters or Absecon salts, Little Neck clams or Cinnaminson cantaloupes."

"Why not throw in a few brickbats?"

"Yes; Philadelphia bricks made in Trenton and Little Neck clams from Parkertown. As to strawberries," the old man continued, "those grown in New Jersey have been in demand from our earliest days. Gabriel Thomas, a careful chronicler, said in 1698 that the young people of Philadelphia crossed the Delaware in wherries to Gloucester, 'within sight of which it is sweetly situated,' to eat strawberries and cream. Thus, even in those early

days, our New Jersey strawberries were preferred above those of Pennsylvania. In recent years they have been brought to perfection by our horticulturists. One of the pioneers in that field was William Parry, of Cinnaminson, Burlington County, home of the cantaloupe, where the Jersey truckers are now growing Rocky Fords as succulent as the parent Colorado-melon.

"In England they had good strawberries many years before the coming of the first settlers in New Jersey. A certain Dr. Boteler, friend of Izaak Walton, apostle of fishing, said, about 1560: 'Doubtless God could have made, but doubtless God never did make a better berry than the strawberry.' I wonder what Dr. Boteler would say if he could come back to earth and try a box of Jersey Giants. The strawberries of to-day have reached the stage of perfection and four New Jersey counties are excelling in their production. Cumberland leads, followed in turn by Camden, Burlington and Atlantic. Two other counties combined, Monmouth and Gloucester, produce about as many as the County of Atlantic.

"A distinguished citizen of Camden, Hon. Abraham Browning, stirred the pride of Jerseymen by telling them, at the Centennial Exhibition in Philadelphia, on New Jersey Day, August 24, 1876, that our Garden State is like a huge barrel, with both ends open, one of which is plucked by New York and the other by Pennsylvania. With garden products, of course, go the field products, including potatoes, of which Monmouth raises more than the total product of the five next best counties—Salem, Mercer, Middlesex, Gloucester and Burlington. An Early Rose or Cobbler, grown in Monmouth, is as good as the best potato taken out of the soil of Long Island or Maine. Essex and Hudson make a very poor showing in potatoes. Their chief product is politicians. As a steady diet, politicians are sickening."

"Pardon me, Grandfather," said the Annalist, "may I suggest that you started to say something about poetry and now you are talking about potatoes and politicians?"

"True," said he. "As to poetry, New Jersey has produced a few poets of distinction. The earliest was Nathanial Evans, of Haddonfield, who died before the Revolution and of whom the people of to-day seem never to have heard. Then there was Francis Hopkinson, of Bordentown, signer of the Declaration of Independence, an essayist and clever poet; also his son, Joseph Hopkinson, who wrote 'Hail Columbia' for Gilbert Fox, a vocalist, in 1798.

"We do not forget Abraham Coles, a native of Scotch Plains, nor James Fenimore Cooper and his one sea song, 'My Brigantine,' nor Jeannette Gilder and the only poem she ever wrote, 'My Creed,' a beautiful tribute to her brother Richard. Then there's Arthur Cleveland Coxe, born at Mendham; Stephen Crane, of Newark; Mrs. Sara L. Oberholzer, of Longport, mother of the Pennsylvania historian, Dr. Ellis P. Oberholzer; Dr. James North, of Atlantic City; Sarah Drummond, of East Orange; Joseph F. Folsom, of Newark; Louis Ginsberg, of Paterson; Joyce Kilmer, born in New Brunswick and killed in action in the World War. At an earlier period, in the nineteenth century, we had Dr. Thomas Dunn English, of Newark, author of that delightful lyric, 'Ben Bolt.' Others of note are T. Buchanan Read, who lived for a time at Bordentown; Richard Watson Gilder, of Bordentown and Newark; Walt Whitman, of Camden, and others, not forgetting that classic poet of the Revolution, Philip Freneau."

"Freneau, the man who lambasted Washington," interjected the Annalist.

"Yes." Then changing from poetry to apples, he said: "Monmouth used to be the best apple growing county in the State, but now Burlington leads in apples, peaches, pears and cherries. Beats all how Burlington likes to beat the other counties, even in beets. Atlantic, of course, leads in grapes. Time was, before the Egg Harbor wines established a name for themselves, when they shipped their wine in casks to California. It came

back bottled as California wine. Atlantic also leads in raspberries, her crop last year being almost double that of Cumberland, the next highest. Atlantic grows more blackberries than all the other counties combined. Gloucester leads in sweet potatoes, with Atlantic a close second.

"Remember this, Son,"—this he said with pride, placing his two fat thumbs under the collar of his vest at the armpits—"New Jersey leads the United States in the production of one of the choicest viands of the earth—one of the indispensables at Thanksgiving and Christmas. The three counties of Burlington, Atlantic and Ocean grow a third more cranberries than the State of Massachusetts, famous for her Cape Cod cranberries. The people of our three counties should pride themselves on that fact. Moreover, Burlington, Atlantic and Ocean, combined with Massachusetts, grow 82 per cent. of all the cranberries that grace the tables of American homes. The Indians of New Jersey, by the way, had a legend as to why cranberries are red. That story we will reserve for another occasion."

"I suppose," interrupted the Annalist—"I suppose we can credit New Jersey with the first apple tree grown in America?"

"Not at all," said Grandfather. "The first apple tree was brought over from England in 1628 by John Endicott, afterwards Governor of Massachusetts. He is ancestor of many New Jersey families of that name in Atlantic and other counties. After Endicott's time, Governor Peter Stuyvesant imported the first grafted apple tree to New York. That was in 1647. Some grafts were taken from the parent tree by the Dutch, who had settled in Bergen County as early as 1617. The Stuyvesant tree stood for a great many years at Third avenue and Thirteenth street, New York. What was left of it was allowed to stand as a relic until 1866, when an accident ended its career of more than two hundred years. We have already seen how the first apple tree in New

Jersey was yielding enormous crops of fruit as early as 1680, principally Pippins and Pearmains, from which the settlers made excellent cider. Jersey cider, in those days, as you know, sold at ten and fifteen shillings a barrel. You couldn't buy a barrel to-day for ten times that amount. Indeed, there are Jerseymen who would give twenty times fifteen shillings for a barrel of good hard cider. It is hard to get at any price.

"Gabriel Thomas must have been a good judge of liquors, for he also wrote: 'In West Jersey there are apples, pears, apricots, quinces, plums, cherries, gooseberries, currants and peaches, from which they distil a liquor, as in Pennsylvania, much like rum or brandy, to the taste.' William Penn, you know, had his private brewery near Bristol, and the early inhabitants of New Jersey were not likely to let Penn get ahead of them in the matter of good liquors."

"Doubtless, much of the apple juice was converted into apple jack?" queried the Annalist.

"Yes, the kind of jack that was later on called Jersey Lightning—on account of its stunning effects." This he said with a sly wink of the left eye. "The real old fashioned apple jack," he continued, "had more of what is commonly called 'kick' than the other intoxicants, even Madeira, favorite beverage of Chief Justice Marshall and other distinguished men of the past—excepting Daniel Webster, who was partial to brandy.

"Speaking of Webster, I never forgave Walt Whitman for saying, with a terrible frankness, that 'Daniel Webster was more overrated than any other public man; that his political rank was never bestowed by the direct vote of the people, but through executive and legislative power; that he was always identified with anti-nationality, and consequently very popular in England.' Then, as if to add insult to injury, he was 'a cynical, bad, corrupt man—distrustful of the people, and, therefore, distrusted by them; broken in estate and fame, indebted to the brandy bottle for his eloquence and to Whig brokers for the lucre of his pocketbook.'

"Coming back to poetry, it is interesting to note that Philip Freneau's graceful lyric on the wild honeysuckle is the first genuine bird note in the spring-time of American literature. It first appeared in a collection of prose and verse, published in Philadelphia, in 1789. Its second appearance was in a new and complete edition of the poems, 'corrected by the author and printed on his private press at Monmouth, N. J.,' in 1796. Freneau has been called a rough satirist, but in his poems there is evidence of a refined and delicate taste. Many of his lyrics suggest qualities of mind quite different from those associated with the political satirist, who so baited the Federalists as to make Washington cry out, in a moment of exasperation, 'that rascal Freneau.'

"Contemporary with Freneau, but of a different temperament, was Francis Hopkinson, signer of the Declaration of Independence. He devoted much of his time to his poetic muse, and is said to have seated himself at one of the broad windows of his Bordentown home, on early mornings, listening to the sound of the huntsman's horn and the cries of the chase as he penned his silvery hunting song:

> Over the hills far away, at birth of the morn,
> I hear the full tone of the sweet sounding horn;
> The sportsmen with shoutings all hail the new day,
> And swift run the hounds o'er the hills far away.
> Across the deep valley their course they pursue
> And rush through the thickets yet silvered with dew;
> Nor hedges nor ditches their speed can delay—
> Still sounds that sweet horn o'er the hills far away.

"Hopkinson wrote his familiar ditty, 'Battle of the Kegs,' in 1777, in ridicule of the British, who were undoubtedly scared by the kegs, which he and others had set loose at Bordentown, to float past Philadelphia and serve as targets for the enemy, in the belief that they were infernal machines, intended to destroy the British war vessels at anchor off Red Bank. His son, Joseph Hopkinson, was an intimate friend of the exiled king, Joseph Bonaparte, and the latter was so much attached to the family of Hopkinson that he could not resist an occasional inclina-

tion to write verses. More than once he selected Hopkinson's daughter as the object of his divine afflatus and addressed to her, in a paternal way, what he called French compliments. It was in this spirit of a privileged friend that he saluted Miss Elizabeth Hopkinson in French, of which we have this translation:

> Elizabeth, thou new Terpsichore,
> Queen of the dance, with all good gifts endowed!
> Yet one more blessing needs thy guerdon proud—
> Love can make thee all that thou shouldst be.

"It was some years after the elder Hopkinson's death that the wife of his son Joseph sang, to the accompaniment of the harpsichord, the patriotic lines of her husband, 'Hail Columbia,' and still later that the poet, Thomas Moore, addressed to her his familiar 'Lines written on Leaving Philadelphia.'

"Writing from New York to his mother in Ireland, Moore said: 'I know you will be pleased with the little poem I wrote on my way to this city. It was written very much as a return for kindness, but chiefly in allusion to a very charming little woman, Mrs. Hopkinson, who was extremely interested in my songs, and who flattered me with many attentions.'

"Joseph Bonaparte was usually cheery in the presence of his friends at Bordentown, but he wept in the presence of a large company at the Philadelphia home of the Hopkinsons when Mrs. Hopkinson sang Moore's 'Last Rose of Summer.'

"Somehow, Bordentown appealed to the poets. One of Richard Watson Gilder's books, 'Two Valleys,' had its inspiration in the town of his birth. In his poem, entitled, 'The Homestead,' he refers to his birthplace, a large, old-fashioned house, on Crosswicks road, with dormer windows in its sloping roofs, a wing projecting from one of its sides, and wide fireplaces in the rooms.

"Of all the poets whose names are linked with New Jersey, the greatest interest attaches to T. Buchanan Reed and Walt Whitman. Indeed, among American

litterateurs there is no more interesting or unique personality than that of Reed. Both as artist and poet he had a career of unusual variety and picturesque charm. Within the brief compass of fifty years he traveled, painted and wrote on two continents and in many climes. Several of his poems may last as long as anyting in American literature. His youth was spent in poverty and hardships, the father having died in his infancy. Apprenticed to a tailor in Downington, Pa., he had very limited schooling, but early developed a love for books. Disliking both his master and the trade, he threw down his scissors and ran off to Philadelphia in his fourteenth year. He walked most of the way, gaining a ride now and then on a Conestoga wagon.

"In Philadelphia he lived the romantic life of a David Copperfield for a year, often without food and with the queerest sort of companions. He clerked for a time in a cellar grocery, and then worked six months for a cigar maker. Then he set his face westward, and tramped across Pennsylvania and the Alleghenies, sailing on a flatboat down the Ohio River to Cincinnati, where he gained his first rudimentary introduction to art. For another year he roamed about through Ohio and Indiana, painting signs and portraits, and for a short time had an engagement with a theatrical troupe at Dayton. Returning to Cincinnati, he opened a studio as a portrait painter, but success did not come rapidly, and when business was dull he wandered from town to town, eking out a livelihood by painting signs, giving public entertainments, and even returning to cigar-making. This vagarious life came to an end when he went to New York, a little later to Boston and then to Philadelphia. Though only twenty-four, he had seen many adventures. He married and for some years, while engaged in periodical and book-writing, maintained a quiet, domestic retreat at Bordentown. Then the restless fever of the artist found him again, and taking his wife and children he left Bordentown and went to Florence, Italy.

"Returning to this country at the beginning of the Civil War, he lent every energy to the advancement of the Union cause. He even served for a time on the staff of Major-General Lew Wallace, but decided that he could give more effective aid as a writer. He recited his own poems through the camps and devoted the proceeds to the comfort of the wounded soldiers. Some of his most spirited lyrics are of this period. The most famous of his poems, descriptive of Sheridan's dash to victory from Winchester, 'twenty miles away,' was written for the elocutionist, James E. Murdock, who read it throughout the country for the benefit of the Sanitary Commission. His painting and poem, entitled 'Sheridan's Ride,' is the most striking example of a thought depicted by the same artist in two allied forms.

"Walt Whitman, known as the 'good gray poet,' is the most unique figure in American literature. In death, as well as in life, he is the object of the most extraordinary encomiums and the target of the bitterest criticisms. Even our own people of New Jersey disagree as to his merits as a poet. During his lifetime his little frame cottage on Mickle Street, Camden, was the Mecca of literary pilgrims; but now their steps are turned to his grave in Harleigh Cemetery. The tomb was designed by his own hand and erected by a few of his friends. All who knew Whitman understood his eccentricities, his little vanities, and his desire to be remembered; but only those who knew him understood thoroughly that his supreme desire was to see cruelty, tyranny and despotism driven from the world.

"New Jersey should feel well satisfied with her achievements in the field of literature. Of authors and books pertaining to our State we have William Collins' 'Molly Maguire at Monmouth,' Bret Harte's 'Caldwell at Springfield,' Whittier's 'Moll Pitcher,' and Charles D. Platt's 'Ballads of New Jersey.' Longfellow's 'Elizabeth' is a classic, with the scenes laid around Haddonfield. Other contributions are Read's 'Distant Mart,'

Irving's 'Falls of the Passaic,' Henry Morland's 'Brown-eyed Girls of Jersey,' 'Wreck of Shrewsbury Inlet,' and 'The Wrecker's Oath on Barnegat.' Walt Whitman's 'Patrolling the Beach at Barnegat,' and 'Fancies at Navesink.' R. W. Gilder's four or five poems in his 'Five Books of Song,' and E. C. Stedman's 'Fuit Ilium, written when Washington's headquarters in Elizabeth was torn down. Dr. Thomas Dunn English's 'Philip Kearny' relates to a man whom we delight to honor as a Jerseyman, though the poem has nothing to do with New Jersey events.

"Among the novels about New Jersey, we have Cooper's 'Water Witch,' Bret Harte's 'Thankful Blossom,' Dr. Weir Mitchell's 'Hugh Wynne,' Paul Leicester Ford's 'Janice Meredith,' Amelia Rives' 'Hearts Courageous,' Charles E. Peterson's 'Kate Aylesford,' the scenes of the last named being laid in Burlington and Atlantic Counties, and Frank R. Stockton's 'Rudder Grange,' with the scenes laid in the vicinity of Rutherford. You know"—

At that moment the clatter of a rickety old buggy attracted Grandfather's attention. It was drawn by a sorrel horse that looked as if it might have seen twenty summers. Altogether, the rig was of a kind rarely seen in these days. Inside the buggy was an old man and woman.

"Two poor critters on their way to market," said the Annalist. "Perhaps they have only a basket of eggs to sell."

"Not unlike the rest of us," said Grandfather. "You remember what the Widow Bedott said of Hezekiah?"

"No."

"Says he to me, says he, 'Silly.' I says to him, says I, 'What?' He says to me, says he, 'We're all poor critters.' You and I, Son, are like that old couple. We are poor critters."

X.

A GLASS OF MADEIRA

PIPPIN had crossed Yellow Brook safely and we were traveling northward on a back country road. Grandfather was looking for a blacksmith shop, having "bumped" a milestone in making a turn, after discovering his course was east toward Red Bank, instead of north toward Matawan. The mishap had bent the front bumper of his waggon.

About this time the Annalist discovered that the spirit of wanderlust was losing its grip on Grandfather. Indeed, it seemed as if the old man would go from one extreme to the other. He might become a veritable stay-at-home, having repeated a number of times his earlier dictum, "one taste of Atlantic City whets the appetite for more."

Nowhere could we find a blacksmith shop. We passed many garages and more milestones, the latter of little use, since it is obviously *not* true in these days of speeding automobiles, that "he who runs may read." As to the blacksmith shop, it seemed to be as hard to find as the proverbial snow-ball in July, or a humming bird in January. "How I would love to see the flaming forge, hear the bellows roar and catch the burning sparks that fly like chaff from the thrashing floor," said Grandfather, evidently having in mind Longfellow's tribute to the village worthy. "No forge, no bellows, no flying sparks, no thrashing floor," he added, with a sigh. Then, resuming his reminiscences, he said:

"Speaking of Cinnaminson and Bordentown, I must tell you of a sad accident on the Delaware—one that brought sorrow to more than one family in Cinnaminson. It also brings to mind a method of travel quite common a hundred years ago, but unknown in these days. The incident happened in the early part of February, 1820, and is

best told in a letter which David Roberts, of Moorestown, placed in my hands recently. I will read from the letter. It is dated February 7, and is from Nancy Stokes to her sister, Rebecca Evans. It describes the fatal issue of an attempt to cross the river on the ice in a two horse closed waggon. Henry Warrington, of Cinnaminson, was the driver. The other occupants were Nancy Stokes, Esther Collins and Ann Edwards, the last two on the rear seat. The place where the crossing was attempted was about two miles above Riverton.

" 'When we came to the river,' she writes, 'the ice appeared to all human comprehension to be firm, several having crossed it that day. Henry observed if there was one uneasy mind among us he would not wish to proceed, but, none expressing any, he went on. We went safely until we had gotten more than half over, when on a sudden—Oh, how shall I relate it—the horses began to sink. Henry exclaimed, dreadful! and leaped out. As quickly as possible, I followed him. He landed safely on the ice. I fell with my hands on the ice, but my body in the water. I cried to the Lord, and, He heard me and strengthened me. The pieces of ice kept me up until I grasped the fast ice, when Henry reached the whip, laid down on his face and gave me one hand, by which my head was kept above water until assistance came, which we suppose was fifteen or twenty minutes. When drawn out of the water we remained on our knees, in awful thankfulness to God for our great deliverance, but words can never express or describe our feelings. You can better imagine them; our dear friends in the carriage at the bottom of the river.'

"Twelve days later the body of Esther Collins was found in the carriage on a sandbar opposite Philadelphia, and in April the body of Ann Edwards came ashore on the Pennsylvania side."

* * * *

Continuing, Grandfather said: "Quite a different story is the one about four children who once lived in

Bordentown and whose descendants are now members of the so-called nobility of France. While Joseph Bonaparte was living at his Point Breeze estate he was joined by his nephew, Prince Lucien Murat, son of the deposed king of Naples and Sicily. He afterwards fell in love with Caroline Fraser, of whom we will learn more in another story.

"Prince Lucien came to America in 1826 and settled on a farm near Columbus, Burlington County. Some time afterwards he bought a farm of about one hundred acres near Bordentown. The farm house, on the Trenton road, was constructed on the plan of an Italian villa. Afterwards he lived on the Recklesstown turnpike, but the famous house of Murat was in Bordentown, and was known as Linden Hall.

"In 1848, when news of the second French Revolution reached Murat (Joseph Bonaparte being then dead) he borrowed a considerable sum of money and returned to France, where he was soon afterwards elected to the Assembly, and the following year his first cousin, Louis Napoleon, appointed him minister of Turin, and afterwards a prince of the imperial family.

"Meantime, seeing the star of Napoleon in the ascendant, Prince Murat had sent for his family. Disposing of her furniture and home, Madame Murat, with her two sons and two daughters, all born in Bordentown, sailed for France, about 1850, never to return, although she always cherished tender memories of her old home in New Jersey. When the order came, there was scarcely funds enough to fit the family out in a manner becoming their station, and some of the little Murats were provided with clothing by generous neighbors. They left a little one behind in the graveyard of Christ's Church, Bordentown. On the tombstone is the inscription—'Murat, December 20, 1844.' It is the grave of little Lucien Murat.

"The creditors of Murat afterwards commissioned a lawyer named McKnight to go to Paris and collect their

claims. He was cordially received by the prince and given what is commonly called a 'royal good time' for a week. So lavish was the hospitality that McKnight did not have the courage to press the claims of his clients. Later on, when Napoleon III was asked to pay, he referred the creditors to the prince, who replied that he would give all of his New Jersey friends a good time if they would come to France, but that he had no money for the settlement of back bills.

"From Prince Lucien Murat and Caroline Fraser, the latter a Bordentown school teacher, is descended all of the princes and princesses of that name in France, including the owner of the Murat mansion in Paris, occupied by President Wilson while in attendance at the international conference, in 1919, to determine the issues of the World War.

"Caroline Fraser was the daughter of a Scotch officer, Major Fraser, who had served in the British Army during the Revolution. At the close of the war he settled in this country and married a young lady in Charlestown. Having business in Philadelphia, he came North and visited his old friend, Dr. William Burns, of Bordentown.

"While enjoying a glass of Madeira with the doctor, Major Fraser became enthusiastic in his praise of Bordentown, and to the bantering remark of the doctor: 'If you think so well of Bordentown, why don't you settle here?' the major replied, 'I will.' A glass of wine or the banter of a friend thus determined the future of both Major Fraser and his daughter, making her a princess of the realm of France and her children members of the French nobility."

Again becoming reminiscent, Grandfather said sadly, mysteriously, regretfully, feelingly, jocosely, painfully—seemingly all of those attributes jumbled together:

"Madeira! a glass of Madeira! How many intellects have been mellowed, stern hearts softened, rigid legs limbered and steady heads shaken by its potent

charm! It is related that the dignified and distinguished Justice Story, a man who often traveled across New Jersey in the days of the stagecoach—it is related that he once said to his young friend, Josiah Quincy: 'Chief Justice Marshall and I dine once a year with President Madison. On other days we take our dinners together and discuss the cases then before the Supreme Court of the United States. We are great ascetics, and even deny ourselves wine—except in wet weather. That is our rule, but it sometimes happens that the Chief Justice will say to me, when the cloth is removed: "Brother Story, step to the window and see if it does not rain;" and if I tell him that the sun shines brightly, he will reply: "All the better, for our jurisdiction extends over so large a territory that the doctrine of chance makes it certain it must be raining *somewhere.*" In telling of these dinners Justice Story was careful to add: 'You know that Chief Justice Marshall was brought up on Federalism and Madeira and he is not the man to outgrow his early proclivities.'

"Judge Story, by the way, like many other great men, loved a keen witticism, and did not consider it beneath his dignity to perpetrate a telling pun. At a dinner in Boston the distinguished Edward Everett, then Governor of Massachusetts, offered a toast, after the usual glass of Madeira: 'The legal profession—however high its other members may climb, they can never rise higher than *one Story.*' The shouts of applause that greeted this sally by Mr. Everett were doubled when Judge Story jumped up and responded with this flash of wit: 'Fame follows applause where Everett goes!'"

We were still on the back country road and Pippin was going at a good clip.

* * * *

The Annalist: "Your Story is delightful."

Grandfather: "We will follow this road, where Everett goes."

XI.

ANOTHER GLASS OF MADEIRA

OUTSIDE the garage, Grandfather picked up a broken paling that lay beside the fence. Seating himself on a bench, he brought out his knife and began whittling, as men were wont to do in the days of the cross-roads store and blacksmith shop. On the side of the knife was stamped the word "Barlow." The "Billy Barlows" as they were familiarly called, were extensively used in days of yore. They had blades made of excellent steel and were inexpensive. As he whittled, the old man told this story:

"A glass of wine also determined the site of the American capital, placing it on the banks of the Potomac, instead of on the Delaware at Trenton. The incident happened at the dinner table in Jefferson's lodging house. When the Virginia statesman returned from Europe, after his service as Minister to France from 1785 to 1789, he found the question of a federal city before Congress, with a diversity of opinion. The sentiment, however, seemed strongly in favor of a locality about midway between the two chief cities, New York and Philadelphia, and a site at Trenton was favored by a number of the members. Jefferson naturally favored locating the capital city on Virginia soil. He invited Hamilton and a few other influential gentlemen to dine with him before the act was passed on July 16, 1790. At this dinner there was a generous flow of Madeira and punch, and before the guests left the table, mellow with wine, the Potomac was selected as the place for a federal city. This action, however, was soon reconsidered and the matter postponed indefinitely. Eventually, the Jefferson measure was adopted.

"The incident of Jefferson's lodging house and the banter of Dr. Burns to his friend, Major Fraser, attest

the power of trifles. But for that glass of Madeira in Bordentown Major Fraser would have remained a resident of South Carolina and a scion of the Bonapartes would not have become the husband of a New Jersey school teacher.

"Foorsooth, if the father of Caroline Fraser had not been restrained by his friends, there might have been a dead prince in Bordentown and the House of Murat would be non-existent in France to-day. After the marriage by Rev. Frederick Beasley, of St. Michael's Episcopal Church, the bride's father, a stern Protestant, who believed in condign punishment for offences against the faith, spent several days looking for Murat, with a brace of pistols in his pocket. The match was not really approved by either family, Joseph Bonaparte considering Murat betrothed to one of his cousins in Europe.

"Caroline Fraser was the youngest and prettiest daughter of the Fraser family. Her romantic love for the prince grew stronger with advancing years, although she did not approve of his reckless habits nor the democratic tastes which he displayed away from home. The prince was also devoted to Madame Murat. She had a twin brother, William Fraser, who, in 1840, married Miss Frances Brown, of Hunterdon County. One of their six children, Caroline Fraser, married Charles M. Nye, a once noted wit, son of James Warren Nye, Governor of Nevada after the Civil War and also United States Senator from that State.

"After spending at least $50,000 in improvements, horses, dogs, guns, and so on, at his farm, Prince Murat had very little to show for his money. He was foremost at horse races and frolics generally. A noted spendthrift, he was always either very rich or very poor —mostly the latter—and was not above borrowing from the most humble of his neighbors. When asked for an accounting he would inform his creditors that he was Prince Murat and would pay his debts only when it pleased him to do so. On account of his careless habits,

he was commonly known as Prince Reckless. If he fancied a pointer or a setter, a hound or a horse, he would have it at any price. On one occasion he went to the pines of Atlantic County with a party of gentlemen after deer, and in the evening his servant brought him a basket of champagne. Knocking the necks off the two dozen bottles with a knife, he emptied the contents into a bucket, and soon concocted a seductive punch. These were trifles for a prince, but monstrous extravagance for a Jersey farmer.

"Eventually Murat felt a pressing need for money, and in the meantime he had a family of interesting children growing up. At last, in spite of his prostestations, Madame Murat and her sisters, Jane and Eliza, opened a boarding school in Bordentown, which was well attended, pupils coming from a distance—some as far as the Southern States and Cuba.

"When the Murats began earning an honest living the European kinsfolk of the Bonapartes cut them off as unworthy of recognition. Even the venerable mother of Napoleon never forgave Caroline, her daughter, for the vulgar tastes of King Joachim's children. She was always ready to aid Lucien, Louis and Jerome, but shut her purse when Murat's off-spring appealed for aid.

"Away from home Prince Murat was a 'hale fellow well met.' Though not addicted to the excessive use of intoxicating liquors, he would take a drink with a hostler as freely as with a gentleman, and would sit down in the corner of a worm fence and play a game of cards with any fellow he chanced to meet. He would borrow a quarter of a negro, or for holding his horse would give a boy five dollars—if he happened to have that amount in his purse.

"A lady who attended Linden Hall once gave an interesting glimpse of school life at Bordentown in the time of the Murats. She said: 'Bordentown in the late thirties was one of the most charming spots imaginable, and school-girl life at Madame Murat's was delightful.

I remember very well the large square hallway where bevies of chattering girls were wont to congregate in the mornings to frolic and talk over the latest whim of dear Miss Eliza. The drawing room or parlor, as we called it, was very elegant. All the furniture was upholstered in red brocade, with a garniture of green laurel leaves, from Queen Caroline's palace in Sicily. In the hallway were many old pictures, sent to the prince by his mother. Madame Murat was a noble woman and a kind teacher, and we all liked the prince, for once a year he gave a party to the girls on the receipt of a legacy from abroad.'

"The Murat house, where the boarding school was kept, is still standing. It is different in construction from any of the other houses of the town, and is still pointed out by residents as the home of Prince Murat. Over the doorway of this house was engraved the words, "Music and Manners"—the motto of the school. The pupils were especially noted for their good manners; indeed, Linden Hall was one of the first of the fashionable schools of the country. The art of superintending a home and a knowledge of embroidering, lace-making and other feminine accomplishments were a part of the school curriculum. A daughter of Iturbide, the Mexican emperor, was one of the pupils.

"Of the two sons of the Murats, born at Bordentown, one was Joachim Napoleon Murat. As a prince he met Miss Mary Gwendolyn Caldwell, an American heiress, who founded the Catholic University in Washington. They became engaged and were to have been married in Washington, but disagreed on the ante-nuptial settlement. Prince Joachim or Prince Murat, as he was commonly called, thereupon went back to his beloved Paris and stayed there. To his friends he said: 'I said nothing to my fiancee about money until we were gathered at her hotel in Washington by appointment to sign the settlement. I had expected to witness on her part some sign of generous devotion. What do you

imagine I saw? During my lifetime I was to receive 50,000 francs and should she die first, leaving no heirs, the money was all to revert to her family. 'Madame,' I said, 'you deceive yourself greatly. I am not an Italian. French princes are quoted much higher in the matrimonial stock list.' And with my most distinguished salutations I left.' "

* * * *

Annalist: "What has that to do with Madeira wine?"

"Grandfather: "No glass of Madeira, no Major Fraser at Bordentown; no Major Fraser, no Carrie Fraser wedded to Prince Murat; no wedding, no little Murats; no little Murats, no one to make love to Mary Caldwell's millions."

XII.

HOW GRANDFATHER LOST HIS CUE

THE man who robbed Grandfather of his cue should have been "consigned to the pillory!" The quoted words are his. Reaching Carteret, abreast of Staten Island, but inland about a mile, he recalled that the town got its name from Father Carteret, of whom he told an interesting story. It happened the year of the London plague, and is quaintly told in the diary of old Samuel Pepys, intimate friend of both Carteret and Berkeley.

"Pepys," said Grandfather, "was the most interesting chronicler of his day. He was a real snapper-up of unconsidered trifles, written in cypher, afterwards translated and published long after his death. He was also a man of some account and held several public offices, the most important of which was secretary of the admiralty. In that way he was brought into close relation with Father Carteret, whose escapades he condoned. In telling of one of his visits at the home of Father Carteret, Pepys discloses the fact that both were addicted to tippling and that Pepys carried with him a bottle of spirits for use at bed time. Evidently, he liked his night-cap, that liquid potion taken by some men aforetime, before going to bed."

Reaching back into the luggage compartment, the old man brought out a copy of Pepys' diary, from which he proceeded to read, under date of 1665, when the diarist was traveling from London to Stanes, to avoid the plague. He said:

"Got a guide and horses to Hounslow. So to Stanes, and there by this time it was dark night; and got a guide who lost his way back again; and so we made a man rise that kept a gate, and so he carried us to Cranborne, where in the dark I perceived an old house, new building

and with a great deal of rubbish, and was fain to go up a ladder to Sir G. Carteret's chamber. There in his bed I sat down and told him all my bad news, which troubled him mightily; but was so very weary, and made the best of it, and being myself weary did take leave, and I to bed and the better by having carried with me a bottle of strong water, whereof now and then a sip did me good."

Grandfather explained that "strong water" in those days was the common name for distilled liquors. Casting the book into the luggage compartment again, he continued, eloquently: "Pepys the night prowler! Pepys the tippler! Pepys the sipper of strong water! Pepys the night capper! Pepys feeling good and Pepys to bed! Doubtless, once in bed, he passed a miserable night, full of fearful dreams, ugly sights and unpleasant wakings."

The old man was silent some moments. Eastward we saw the wooded hills of Staten Island. Evidently he was not pleased. Presently he managed to unburden his mind of the story of how he lost his cue.

"The Duke of York," said he, "sold the whole of New Jersey to Berkeley and Carteret. That was in 1664. The Duke had previously received from Charles II a grant of New England, New York and New Jersey, and he dispatched Sir Robert Carre and Admiral Richard Nicholls with a fleet to take possession of all lands included in this grant. Nicholls was given command of the land force, consisting of about 300 men. His instructions were to place Berkeley and Carteret in possession of New Jersey and to hold for the Duke the lands eastward of the Hudson, including the small islands in adjacent waters.

"Nicholls carried out his instructions, but was perplexed as to the disposition of Staten Island. Long Island was clearly a part of New York by reason of its size and location, and the other islands were so small as to be included in the term of 'small islands.' Staten Island was neither one thing nor the other. Nicholls

finally decided that any island that could be sailed around in twenty-four hours was small enough to come within his instructions and might be considered a part of New York. He therefore commissioned Captain Christopher Billup, of the ship Bentley, to make the effort to circumnavigate the island in twenty-four hours. Billup regarded the beautiful island, with its wooded hills, as a rare prize for the Duke, and he determined to win it for him if possible. Treacherous shoals and shifting sands made this a difficult task. He took the outside course first, but when he started up through the Arthur Kills he grounded opposite to where Perth Amboy is now located. Finally the crew warped the vessel off, but in a short time she was aground again. Billup was in despair, when three Indians put out from the shore and paddled up to the ship. One of them, Metoachen (whence the town of Metuchen), could speak a few words in Dutch, and to him Billup managed to make known his plight.

"Metoachen agreed to serve as a pilot, and his knowledge of the channel and shoals made it possible for Billup to finish his course within twenty-four hours. Thus it was that Staten Island became a part of New York. Nicholls granted Billup as a reward a large estate on the southern end of the island, which grant was afterward confirmed by the Duke of York. Billup named it Bentley Manor, after his ship, and an old stone house is still one of the landmarks in that part of the island. Billup's memory is preserved in Billup's Point, at the extreme southern end of the island, where the Government erected a fort during the Spanish-American War.

"New Jersey lost Staten Island, but in later years she gained some of the 'small islands in adjacent waters.' A commission, appointed by the Governors of New York and New Jersey, agreed upon a line between the two States in 1889. This line placed Robin's Reef, Bedloe's Island, Ellis Island and Oyster Island in New Jersey."

Continuing his story, the old man said:

"In the construction of his new mansion Captain Billup found most of the material on his own plantation of 1163 acres. The cement, however, which holds the thick walls together, after 250 years, came from England and the brick from Belgium. It is a fine specimen of Colonial architecture, although much of the woodwork fell into decay. After a futile attempt at restoration in 1887, it was finally restored in 1921. The original doors and windows and many of the rooms, including the large kitchen, have been restored to their former condition.

"The basement is famed as the scene of incidents in one of Fenimore Cooper's novels, the 'Water Witch.' The floor is of brick and beside the main entrance is a fire place. Apparently this room was first used as a kitchen. In the rear is a dungeon-like cellar, in which many a New Jersey patriot was imprisoned during the Revolution, for the Billups were rabid Tories. They led a strenuous life because of their hatred of the colonists."

Passing through Perth Amboy, headed southward for Navesink Highlands, Grandfather pointed out the site of the pillory and stocks, whereof he showed two curious records, being clippings from the American Weekly Mercury, dated 1729 and 1731. One of these read:

"On Saturday last one Duncan Campbell stood two hours in the Pillory at Amboy, according to the Sentence at the Supreme Court. To-morrow he is to receive 39 Lashes at the Cart's Tail, and on Friday 31 more. His crime is Counterfeiting and Passing Pistoles."

"The pistole," explained Grandfather, "was a Spanish gold coin, whose circulation was prohibited in the province."

In the same paper, of an earlier date, was a record of the sentence imposed upon Anthony Adamson and William Scott for counterfeiting. It read:

"The judgment of this Court is that you, Adamson, be taken into a Cart at the Prison Door on Friday, the last day of October, 1729, and so carted through the Streets of Perth Amboy, with a Roap about your Neck; and that you be, about Eleven o-Clock in the Forenoon of the same day put into the Pillory, and there to continue for an Hour, and from thence Carted with a Roap about your neck to Woodbridge, to the Meeting House of the said Town, thence to the Square before Mr. Herd's Door, and to stand in the Cart a quarter of an Hour; and that you have a Paper fixed on your Breast and Back, declaring your Offence, with one of the Counterfeit Bills fixed thereto; and from thence back to the Goal, there to remain until you pay the Fees and Charges."

* * * *

The Annalist: "The pillory was an instrument of torture peculiar to America, I suppose."

Grandfather: "On the contrary, it was a common punishment for forestallers, scolds, political offenders, forgers and others in England, and was not abolished in that country until 1837. Chris. Billup should have been pilloried for robbing me of my cue."

XIII.

GARDEN OF EDEN IN NEW JERSEY

NOTHING would do but that Grandfather should cross the Arthur Kill to Staten Island before starting southward—"homeward bound," as he expressed it, having in mind, no doubt, his dictum that "one taste of Atlantic City whets the appetite for more."

"I want to show you the best part of my cue," said he.

Forthwith, having crossed the Kill, he steered Pippin along Richmond Terrace, a street skirting the shore of Kill van Kull. It is one of the original highways of the island and is distant five miles, more or less, from Perth Amboy, first capital of New Jersey. Geographically and historically, of course, Staten Island belongs to New Jersey, and indeed, it was originally included in the grant of the Duke of York to Berkeley and Carteret. Physically, Staten Island is Grandfather's cue.

Ferry boats once plied between Staten Island and the New Jersey peninsular, now the site of Bayonne. Some of the crossings were frequented by the Indians; later on the whites used them as trails. Plans are now afoot for free bridges to Staten Island—one from Bayonne, another from Perth Amboy and another from Elizabeth. These facts Grandfather related as we approached the Kill at the precise spot where, according to his recollection, the Indian chief, Matoachen (Metuchen) and two other Indians boarded Captain Billup's boat in 1664 and piloted him safely through the shoals.

Our destination was Sailor's Snug Harbor, overlooking New York Bay. As the visitor enters the gate and walks toward the main entrance, he passes the monument and burial place of Robert Richard Randall, a bachelor, who left his estate to found a home for old and disabled seamen. The tradition is that he was an

JOSEPH BONAPARTE AND DAUGHTERS

Charlotte seated beside the veiled bust of her Uncle, the Emperor Napoleon, then deceased.
Bonaparte wearing a coat with a "V" nick in the collar—signifying "Violet."

See pp. 131 and 169

adventurous pirate, plundering and even murdering those with whom he came in conflict. It has been said that on his death bed he was seized with remorse and bequeathed his all to charity, but the local historian denies all this and gives the account of Isaac Bell, who was foreman of the jury in a suit to break the will of Randall.

Grandfather insisted that Randall was not a pirate, or even an adventurer, but a quiet old bachelor. His father was Captain Thomas Randall, a daring privateersman, who gained his wealth through years of seafaring. He left his property to his son, Robert, who lived a lonely life in New York. When the time approached for the son to die he sent for Alexander Hamilton and Daniel D. Tompkins, to prepare his will. When they arrived he began, item by item, to lay before them his intentions.

First, there were small legacies to various relatives; his gold sleeve buttons and a life annuity of forty pounds to his faithful housekeeper and his gold watch and forty pounds to his overseer. His servant was to receive twenty pounds and his knee and shoe buckles. Then, having gone through a list of minor items, he stopped.

"But the bulk of your vast estate?" queried the lawyers.

Randall frowned. "That's what I can't decide upon," he said. "What do you think about it?"

Upon this Hamilton questioned him as to how he had amassed his property.

"It was my father's," Randall replied.

"And how did your father acquire it?" persisted the lawyer.

"By honest privateering," came the response.

And then this idea occurred to Hamilton—the great thought of a home for weather-beaten and luck-beaten seamen, a fitting memorial to the father who had been one of them and who had acquired his wealth upon the seas. The idea suited Randall and thus another vision

of that constructive mind of Hamilton's—the mind that visualized American industry, and gave it birth in the mills of Paterson—was conjured into being. It took many years for the completion of the work. The institution was founded in 1801, but litigation delayed the laying of its cornerstone for thirty years.

Once launched, however, it sailed a prosperous sea. It opened its doors to forty-six inmates, and now accommodates more than 1,000. The disabled seamen live in luxury, strolling about the grounds, gossiping and reading newspapers. They work at many crafts to keep their hands busy, but the visitor is informed that they "don't have to work." "We do it because we like to, and we're paid for it," they say. Hammocks and netted bags and, in fact, anything that can be made of cord comes from their workrooms, and great is the delight of any small boy who becomes the possessor of one of the marvelous boats—boats which lie at anchor all day in the goldfish pond.

Curious treasures of the past are collected in the reception rooms of the main building. One of these is a tiny and perfect model of the frigate Constitution, built in 1796, commanded by Commodore Charles Stewart, of Bordentown.

Captain Randall's will disposed of a "farm" of twenty-one acres between Fourth and Fifth Avenues, from Sixth to Tenth Street, New York, the whole then valued at about $30,000. The increase in the value of the farm has been so tremendous that the value of the estate has been estimated as high as $80,000,000. The annual income is more than $1,115,000 and there is a treasury surplus of more than $2,000,000.

* * * *

Leaving Sailor's Snug Harbor and Staten Island, Grandfather recrossed the Arthur Kill and skirted its western shore until he came to Woodbridge, home of the potter's clay, vitrified pipes, keramics, kaolin and

majolicas, whence he journeyed southward, crossed the Raritan and in a little while was at Navesink.

It was here, on February 9, 1779, that a company of British soldiers, having crossed from Staten Island, attacked a small company of Continental troops from Bonhamtown. They wounded and captured Captain Nathaniel Fitzrandolph in his quarters; also "took the shoe buckles from the women's shoes." Captain Fitzrandolph died of his wounds the following year. It was at Water Witch, afterwards known as Highlands, that the Tories cruelly executed Captain Joshua Huddy on April 12, 1782.

Following his execution, his body was recovered by friends, taken to Freehold and buried with honors of war. The man responsible for his hanging was Captain Richard Lippincott, a Tory. In 1836, Congress granted Huddy's only surviving child, Mrs. Martha Piatt, $1200 in cash and six hundred acres of land. We were talking of Huddy, when Grandfather suddenly shifted to history.

"There are some big things in history," said he; "facts about New Jersey, in the light of which no State has done greater things for the country. To New Jersey must be credited the first steam engine, the first steamboat and the first steam locomotive. The first steam engine was erected in Belleville, near Newark, in 1753, by Josiah Hornblower, sixteen years before Watt began his investigation in England. The first steamboats driven by a single or double propellor were constructed by John Stevens, at Hoboken—one in 1802 and the other in 1804.

"Then there was the Phoenix, the first ocean steamboat, designed and constructed by Stevens and successfully navigated from New York to Philadelphia, along the coast of New Jersey, by his son, Robert L. Stevens, a Jersey boy of twenty, in 1809. A storm coming up, young Stevens put in at Barnegat, and when the storm

abated he took his boat to sea again, rounded Cape May in safety and reached Philadelphia without accident.

"The first charter for a railroad in America was granted by the Legislature of New Jersey in 1815—a charter for the 'New Jersey Railroad,' to run from Trenton to New Brunswick. Out of this grew the Delaware and Raritan Canal and the Camden and Amboy Railroad in 1831.*

*A citizen of New Jersey, John Stevens, of Hoboken, was the "father" of the steam railroad in the United States. His interest in steam as a motive power began in 1787, when he stood on the river bank in Burlington and saw John Fitch operate his steamboat. Being a man of wealth, he experimented for a number of years. In 1812, following his successful operation of the Phoenix in New York harbor and along the New Jersey coast, he turned his attention to the project of a railroad from Buffalo to Albany. When the act authorizing the construction of the Erie Canal was before the New York Legislature he laid before that body a statement of his researches and urged the construction of a railroad instead of a canal. The politicians opposed his views and the railroad was not built. Three years later he induced the New Jersey Legislature to pass an act (February 6, 1815) authorizing the construction of a railroad from New Brunswick to Trenton, to be operated by steam locomotives. This was the first charter ever granted in the United States for the building of a railroad. He soon found that the "public mind was not sufficiently enlightened to induce moneyed men to embark their funds in a project then considered wild and impracticable." No railroad was built under that charter, but a part of the Pennsylvania Railroad's New York Division now lies along the route chosen by Stevens more than a hundred years ago. Discouraged by the failure of the people of New Jersey to advance the capital to build a railroad and disgusted by the action of New York in preferring a canal to a railroad, Stevens next turned his attention to Pennsylvania, and in 1821 he addressed a letter to Gen. Robert Wharton (grandfather of Joseph Wharton, whose property interests in Atlantic and Burlington Counties are considered on another page) advocating a steam railroad from Philadelphia to Columbia, on the Susquehanna. In his letter to Gen. Wharton he said: "When, in the progress of improvement, the power of steam shall be substituted for that of horses, transportation will most assuredly be afforded at much less cost than on a canal. * * The improvement, when introduced, will unquestionably be extended from Philadelphia across New Jersey to New York." As a result of his efforts a charter was granted on March 21, 1823. It authorized the construction of a railroad from Philadelphia to Columbia and stipulated that it was to be operated by steam power. The railroad was to be built "on the plan and under the superintendence and direction of John Stevens," to whom the charter was issued. He thereupon set about to secure subscriptions, but in Pennsylvania, as in New Jersey, he found the public mind unawakened to the possibilities of steam locomotion on land. In 1825, finding himself unable to obtain private subscriptions for his Pennsylvania railroad, he returned to Hoboken, and in 1826 constructed a locomotive with a multitubular boiler, which he operated on a circular track on his estate, carrying half a dozen

"The machinery for the Savannah, the first steamboat to cross the Atlantic, was constructed at the Vail works, near Morristown, in 1818, and the first steam locomotive to carry human beings on a railroad track was constructed at Hoboken in 1825. It ran on the Delaware and Hudson coal road, between Honesdale and Pompton, Pa., for a short time in 1829. Horatio Allen, a Jerseyman, was the engineer. The trial trip was made on August 8. The locomotive was found to be too heavy for the tracks and was discarded.

"The first successful experiments with the electromagnetic telegraph, based on the discoveries of a Jerseyman, Prof. Joseph Henry, of Princeton, were made by Alfred Vail and Samuel F. B. Morse, at the Speedwell works, near Morristown, in 1838. That was six years before Morse sent his so-called 'first message' from Baltimore to Washington. The first message by wire from Morristown was—'A patient waiter is no loser.'

---

persons at a speed of over twelve miles an hour. This was the first locomotive in America driven by steam upon a track. A model may be seen in the National Museum at Washington. Meantime, the Legislature of Pennsylvania had appropriated funds for the building of the railroad to Columbia, according to the Stevens plans. It was to belong to the State. Stevens was then seventy-six years old and was disinclined to enter into any controversy with Pennsylvania with respect to his charter rights. The work of construction of this road was begun in April, 1828, and four years later, on September 20, 1832, a single track, twenty miles long, from Philadelphia to Paoli, laid with iron rails, with a horse path between the rails, was opened for traffic. Horses were used temporarily for motive power. The entire road, from Philadelphia to Columbia, was formally opened on April 16, 1834. The date of this opening, it should be noted, was nearly four years later than the opening of the railroad at Bordentown, on November 12, 1831. The Pennsylvania Legislature refused to extend its undertaking and on April 13, 1846, a charter was granted to a number of citizens for the extension of the road to Pittsburgh and subsequently to New York, as originally proposed by Stevens, who meantime had continued his experiments on his Hoboken estate. At the same time England was making definite progress in the development of steam engines. The first locomotive to run successfully on any railroad in the United States was the "John Bull," imported from England. As stated, it was operated in November, 1831, on the Camden and Amboy road, chartered February 4, 1830. The only woman who "risked her life" by riding on the train, on the day of the "opening" was Princess Murat, one-time Bordentown school teacher. Joseph Bonaparte was another noted participant. A stone monument now marks a spot on the route (3500 yards) where the first rails were laid.

"New Jersey was the first State to permit foreigners to hold title to land in this country. The act was passed January 22, 1817.

"At Trenton, in the war for independence, there was a turn in the long lane of defeat. It was our first victory. On that anvil was welded the sword for final victory at Yorktown.

"New Jersey witnessed the first enunciation of a principle now universal, that in matters of law the judiciary is paramount to the legislature. At Somerville, in 1780, the Supreme Court of the State declared that 'a legislative act, when weighed in the balance of the Constitution and found wanting, is no law.'

"The first step in the establishment of a free public school system in the United States was taken in Burlington, in 1682, when the rental of Matinicunk Island, in the Delaware, was set apart for a school for the use of whites, negroes and Indians.

"The first glass works in America were established in the vicinity of Salem. They were afterwards transferred to Glassboro.

"The first successful pottery in the United States was located in Burlington in 1684.

"The first successful developments of vulcanite rubber were in Trenton, and the first favorable results in the manufacture of American silk were shown in Paterson.

"The submarine was invented by John Philip Hammond, a school teacher of Paterson, and perfected by Simon Lake, a native of Atlantic County. The first Holland boat was built at Elizabeth in 1898.

"Finally, in 1922, New Jersey constructed, at Elizabeth, the first of the land lighthouses. These in time will be as familiar to navigators of the air as the coast beacons are to those who navigate the sea. With these lights the great airways of the country are to be illuminated, so that night flying will be less hazardous. Two

powerful land lights, the first of their kind, were erected a few months ago—one at Hampton Roads and the other at McCook's Field, Dayton, Ohio.

"In the closing month of the same year, 1922, New Jersey again came to the front by being the first to transmit the human voice by radio across the Atlantic Ocean. A woman singing in Newark was heard in Croyden, England. A month later, on January 14, 1923, the first spoken words—'This is Mr. Thayer'—were transmitted by wireless telephone from New York to Southgate. H. B. Thayer, president of the American Telegraph and Telephone Company, sat in his office on Broadway and introduced himself by talking across 3400 miles of tumbling Atlantic water to a group of men near London."

"You have stated a few facts of which Jerseymen should feel proud," said the Annalist.

"Yes," said Grandfather; "they are golden nuggets of history, some of them collated by the late J. Elfreth Watkins, a Jerseyman, for many years curator of the National Museum at Washington. Mr. Watkins was a patient investigator, a scientific digger. He dug out a lot of golden nuggets and turned them over to the historians of New Jersey. He was like that other Jerseyman, who dug out the first nuggets of real gold in California."

"You mean Marshall?"

"Yes, let me tell you about James Wilson Marshall. He was a young man of thirty-three when he left Hunterdon County and went to the Pacific Coast. It was after Commodore Richard F. Stockton, another Jerseyman, had conquered California. Marshall landed on the coast about the close of the Mexican war. He was employed by John A. Sutter, a mill owner, for whom he went prospecting, hoping to find a good site for a mill. While on this errand he detected nuggets of gold, at the bottom of a shallow stream, on January 24, 1848. His discovery made many millionaires and purchased seats

in Congress for men who never would have seen inside the capitol at Washington, if they hadn't first seen gold in California. It also purchased titled foreigners—counts of no account—as husbands for American girls who might have done the family washing, if it hadn't been for their daddy's gold. With the irony of fate, the discovery ruined Sutter and sent Marshall to the poor house in San Francisco, where he died. Fifty years later, after more than a billion dollars in gold had been taken out of the soil, the citizens of California erected a monument to Marshall."

"They honored him with a statue and Stockton with a city; that was glory enough for two Jerseymen, wasn't it?"

"No," said Grandfather. "It would have been better had they given Marshall proper recognition during his lifetime. Flowers on the casket shed no fragrance backward. Some people get brickbats while they live and bouquets when they're dead. Marshall was neglected when kindness would have been like medicine to his sick body and food for his hungry soul. Monuments may pierce the sky, but not the hearts of those whose blood is chilled by the cold touch of a selfish world. A monument is but a sham expression of gratitude, unless the man in whose memory it is erected got what Roosevelt called a square deal during his lifetime. Poor Joshua Huddy suffered an ignominious death because he defended the homes and families of Jerseymen against a merciless foe. Others have defended the rights of the people against political marauders, and their reward has been kicks and cuffs at the hands of those whose interests they dared to serve. Huddy's dependants should have been the recipients of the bounty of his country when the war was over. Yet, not until more than fifty years after his death did Congress give his one remaining child, then an old woman, a pittance that represented $22 a year from the time of her father's death. Mean-

time, Huddy's wife and his other children had died in neglect."

* * * *

The Annalist: "Your story may point a moral, but it will not adorn a tale. At least that's my idea of it."

Grandfather: "And my idea is that you had better reserve your comments until I've finished my story. We started with a kind word for Huddy. That was just as we were passing Clay Pit Creek. Now we are only as far as the Rumson Road and in that little while we have traveled, in imagination, at least, from Staten Island to the Golden Gate, and back to New Jersey, with a last kind word for Huddy. It's the longest trip I have ever taken in so short a time; yet here we are still on the Rumson Road, in a corner of New Jersey that would have been so entrancing to Adam and Eve, had their lines fallen in these pleasant places—so enchanting to their eyes, so alluring to their senses that there would have been no temptation to eat of the forbidden fruit; hence no fall of man and a Garden of Eden in New Jersey!"

NOTA BENA

The Annalist is inclined to believe that members of the Atlantic County Historical Society will challenge Grandfather's selection of Rumson Neck as a likely place for the Garden of Eden. If by any possible stretch of the imagination that particular corner of the earth may be assigned to New Jersey, what place more likely than one where we may still find names closely identified with the Garden? Indeed, in a paper read before the Atlantic County Historical Society, not so very long ago, it was boldly, perhaps facetiously, asserted that there are men and women, prominent in the social life of Atlantic County, whose ancestry may be traced to the historic garden—if family names are in any wise indicative of family origin. The truth is, Atlantic County is full of Sculls and Shinns and it is an undisputed fact that there were skulls and shins in man's reputed place of abode at the beginning of time; nor will any one deny that they antedated the Apples, Applegates and Appletons, of whom there are a few in Monmouth County. One of the most active members of the Atlantic County Society is a daughter of the late Judge Joseph Scull, of Scullville. She married a Shinn and her name appears on the roster of the Society as Mrs. Emily Scull Shinn. Her sister married a Leeds, scion of the original Leeds family of Monmouth and Atlantic Counties, which leads the Annalist to say that if surnames do not go by contraries, the Shinns and the Sculls, in the matter of ancestry, may reasonably claim priority over those whose surnames are in no wise suggestive of the Garden of Eden.

XIV.

HUSKING BEES AND COUNTRY FROLICS

THE first planting of corn was three weeks "up" and the second planting was showing its nose above ground. The fields of old Monmouth were refulgent with the fresh sweet smell of green things growing.

"With hot nights in July, while the corn is earing, there'll be plenty of good Jersey corn for dinner by the first of August," said Grandfather. "Ten weeks from the time of planting until the ears are on the table—any farmer will tell you that—if the nights are hot. New Jersey doesn't grow as much of the Indian maize, commonly called horse corn, as in former years—only eight million bushels last year, against eleven million ten years ago. The great corn belt, beginning with Ohio and ending with Nebraska, has crowded us out of the field, but we can beat them on sugar corn for the table. We have the markets at our doors and, as any good housewife will tell you, sugar corn is best when fresh from the garden. Nothing equal to Golden Bantam, Evergreen or Country Gentleman—Shoe Peg, some call it—and now we have a new kind, developed on New Jersey soil by Peter Henderson. It is called Cupid and has grains as white as the driven snow. The ears are very small, but as a table luxury there is none better."

"Which are the best corn growing counties in New Jersey?"

"Hunterdon leads," said Grandfather, "followed closely by Warren, Burlington and Monmouth—I mean the yellow horse corn. Including Salem, five counties grow more than one-half the Indian maize raised in New Jersey."

Pausing a moment, the old man said, with a tinge of sadness in his voice: "Alas! the husking bees are gone, I fear never to return."

"You must have seen them in your younger days.

They were the delight of the farmer folk. Indeed, the husking bee of old is associated with some of the most delightful features of American farm life. In those days there were many small farms, whose owners cherished American ideals. Nothing like the old time home life on a farm. Country people were not so much interested in the cities, and there was no craze for moving pictures. The thrashing was done with a tread-mill or a flail on the barn floor. I can still hear the steady thump of those long poles with their swinging malls, but, O, the husking bees! and the quilting parties, too!

"The husking bee came in Autumn. It was a social and industrial gathering. It combined business with pleasure, the same as the hog killing in November. The quilting parties of the women folk were matched by the husking bees of the men folk, but the refreshments were different. The women served tea and cake and a few delicacies, such as jams and jellies. The men had cider, mince pie, pumpkin pie, apple pie and sometimes a jug in the corner.

"Speaking of jug in the corner, reminds me of a story one of my sons, Grover Cleveland, told some years ago. It happened while he was President and Daniel Manning, of New York, was Secretary to the President, but afterwards Secretary of the Treasury. One morning, after a gathering at the White House, the President said to his Secretary: 'Daniel, they tell me there was a lack of democratic hospitality last night.' 'That's strange,' said Manning. 'I left a jug of it in a corner where I thought every man would find it.'

"Husking, as you know, meant stripping off the outer covering of the ears of Indian corn. A farmer would place a huge pile of unhusked ears in the center of his barn floor. Then, on an autumn night, when the moon was favorable, he would invite from twenty to forty of his neighbors to come to his barn, and there, by the light of kerosene or sperm oil lanterns, they would husk the corn.

"It was a joyous time for old and young, and offered many opportunities for story telling, practical jokes, boyish pranks and even flirtations. If, perchance, a youth should find a red ear, it was his undisputed privilege, to kiss any girl he might select. The girl dare not object. Refusal on her part would be frowned upon by her parents and condemned by the others. There were times, I must confess, when some of the girls wished there might be many red ears in the pile.

"Those gatherings tested the liberality of the host, as well as the quality of the cooking of his wife and daughters. The favorite pie was pumpkin, perhaps because the frosts had made the melon exactly suited to the oven, or because the pumpkin had grown between hills of corn and was therefore a fit companion of corn at a husking bee. For those who preferred apple or mince pie, there was a-plenty, sometimes two pieces on one plate, neither of which bore the slightest resemblance to the kind one now gets in a city restaurant. Those who have never eaten mince, pumpkin or apple pie, made by a country cook in the old style, have no conception of what they have missed. The number of pies eaten at a husking bee was enormous.

"I recall an incident that happened at one of those gatherings in Hunterdon County many years ago. That good man, Bishop Odenheimer, of the Episcopal Diocese of New Jersey, being in the neighborhood, was invited as the guest of honor. He was very fond of mince pies. Having eaten one piece, after some persuasion, he accepted a second, and disposed of it properly, the host 'keeping company' with a second piece of the same pie. The result was that during the night, at the parishioner's home, the Bishop was heard groaning, apparently in great pain. His host went to him and said: 'What is the matter, Bishop?' 'O,' said he, 'I am so sick; I think I am going to die.' 'Well,' said his host, 'you are a Bishop; surely you are not afraid to die.' 'Afraid to die?' said the Bishop; 'no, but I am *ashamed* to die.'

"For a full week before these husking bees, the women of the house busied themselves making pies, until every available shelf in the cellar was covered with round or oblong tins. Every tin contained a pie. When the husking was over, about nine or ten o'clock at night, and the crowd, old and young, came flocking in from the barn, filling every available space in the dining room, kitchen and parlor, O, what a sight it was to see the steady stream of pies coming from the cellar. They disappeared among the waiting throng, male and female, amid boisterous laughter and unrestrained enjoyment. With each piece of pie went a glass of sweet cider, or two glasses, if any one called for the second. The man of the house would sometimes give a wink; then catching the signal, some of his friends would follow him out to the smoke-house, where he kept his keg of hard cider or applejack.

"Similar hospitality marked the hog killings, which were necessarily held between sun-up and sun-down. In hog killing time the local paper, for a few weeks, would print the weight of the heaviest hog killed by the various farmers, and there was always a rivalry, one farmer hoping to top another with the weight of his pigs. As to the family supply of meats—fresh or cured—in those days, most of the farmers did their own killing. They were independent of the butchers. Indeed, time was when the women did the spinning and knitting for the family. There were cider mills on most farms, and a few topers got high after the liquid got hard.

"Hard work? Yes, in the season of work, but all winter long, during the eighteen hundreds, the firesides were scenes of happiness. The chores were finished in a few hours, and in snow-time the roads echoed with the jingle of sleigh bells and the shouts of sleighing parties. After the ride there was a blazing log fire at home. Indeed, the warm glow of blazing fire places shone through the windows and welcomed those who went spinning by in their swan-necked cutters, pro-

tected against the cold and the spray of snow by buffalo robes, once so common and now so rare.

"Alas! alack! No more husking bees, no quilting parties, no sleighing parties, and only an occasional fire place! No mince pies, no apple pies, no pumpkin pies like those Grandmother made! No hard cider like that in the corner of the smoke-house! No frolics like those of old!

"Many times, in years gone by, I have joined heartily in the frolics of our young people, especially on their way home from a quilting party. My voice was never so cracked that I could not join with them in singing that dear old song:

In the sky the bright stars glittered,
On the bank the pale moon shone;
On my arm a soft hand rested,
Rested light as ocean foam;
'Twas from Aunt Dinah's quilting party
I was seeing Nellie home.

On my lips a whisper trembled,
Trembled till it dared to come;
On my life new hopes were dawning,
And those hopes have lived and grown;
'Twas from Aunt Dinah's quilting party
I was seeing Nellie home.

"We would sing that old song on a moonlight night, returning home in the sleigh, with faithful Dobbin in the shafts—John and Nellie in front and the buxom Widow Bedott behind, next to your Grandfather—his right hand holding the widow's left. Following the death of Hezekiah, she had come from New England to divert her mind in New Jersey. Imagine, if you can, the diversion of Hezekiah, if he could have come back to earth and seen Priscilla's hand in mine! And that, too, in a sleigh, beneath a buffalo robe, with snowflakes flying all around us! I tell you, Son, those were joyous days—for your Grandfather!

"Then, for the frolics in blossom time, we brought out the carry-all, with Racer and Pacer at the tongue. Going to and returning from the party we would sing

lustily those old time songs like 'Dear Evalina,' 'Row, Row Your Boat,' or 'Wait for the Waggon,' written by my friend R. B. Buckley, the first stanza of which, as I recall it, ran like this:

"Will you come with me, my Phyllis,
To yon blue mountain free?
Where the blossoms smell the sweetest—
Come rove along with me,
It's every Sunday morning
When I am by your side:
Then jump into the waggon
And we'll all take a ride—
Oh! wait for the waggon
And we'll all take a ride."

There were four stanzas in the boat song, the last of which ran:

The high grass grows in the master's grave
But the river keeps rolling on;
And the birds and the bees
And the waving trees
Keep singing the same old song;
Row, row, row your boat,
Gently down the stream,
For all that's passed—
Is gone at last—
And the future is but a dream.

* * * *

The Annalist: "Speaking of matrimony—is it not too often a matter of money, with little or no love? What is love, anyway?"

Grandfather: "Conjugal love is like two logs in a fire-place. Light the spark, keep the logs close together and the flame lasts until the logs disappear in ashes. Separate them and the logs smoulder. Instead of flame, there is smoke. In these days, cord-wood is like marriage. A log fire is expensive; so is marriage. Both are matters of money. It wasn't so in earlier days."

XVI.

TALLOW BITS AND CANDLES

CROSSING Manasquan River at Allenwood, Grandfather continued southward and passed Cedar Brook. Here he turned to the right and proceeded toward Lakewood, a winter paradise, the product of good taste and judgment. At one time it was the site of an iron furnace, though the first structure was a saw mill, erected about 1786. This gave way to the iron furnace about 1814, of which Joseph W. Brick became the owner in 1833. He died in 1847, but the iron works were operated until 1854, being the last furnace to go out of blast in the pine belt of New Jersey. The place was known as Bricksburg previous to 1880.

We stopped five or ten minutes for gas and water near Lake Carasaljo, which name the Annalist supposed was of Spanish origin, in the belief that some Spanish sailor, cast ashore when wrecks were common on the New Jersey coast, had wandered inland and built his cabin in the pines, on the shore of an old mill pond.

"Not at all," said Grandfather. "The name of that Lake is triple-plated Jersey. It is a combination of three names—Joe Brick's daughters, Caroline, Sally and Josephine. It ought to be spelled with an o in the middle. Joe Brick himself so spelled it, but the new comers changed the o to a."

Our destination was the region of cranberry bogs. Originally, the district known as "The Pines" included much of Monmouth, nearly all of Ocean, eastern and southern Burlington, a large portion of Atlantic, eastern Camden, Gloucester, Salem and Cumberland and the northern section of Cape May. In this region there was a wealth of yellow pine, with much oak, some gum and scattering maples. It sustained three great industries

and gave employment to thousands of men. One of these was the bog iron industry.

The bog ore was taken from deposits in swampy places. It had been held in solution by water, and deposited, during a long succession of years, in sand or mud. This ore was smelted by the use of lime as a flux, either in the shape of oyster shells or lime stone, and was of so good a quality as to run directly from the furnace into stove and other castings. Time was when stoves for homes in Philadelphia and New York were made in New Jersey out of bog ore.

Besides the bog iron furnaces, there were the glass works, still a very important industry in South Jersey, but dependent in those days upon wood from the pine belt for firing.

The third product of the pine belt was charcoal, of which large quantities were made from pine wood. This product found its way to the markets of New York, New Jersey and Pennsylvania, some by waggon and some by boat. May's Landing and the Forks of the Mullica were the important shipping points by water. A wharf, now fallen into decay, on the Great Egg Harbor, at May's Landing, was a scene of activity as late as the fifties and early sixties of the last century. At this wharf many coasting vessels loaded their cargoes of charcoal, destined for Philadelphia or New York. The place was alive with horses and waggons, the latter resembling a corn crib set on wheels, driven by brawny men, some of them the ancestors of well-to-do and refined families of the present day. Charcoal pits were scattered through the pine belt, especially in Ocean, Burlington and Atlantic Counties.

* * * *

To reach the heart of the pine belt we had to travel over a stretch of sandy road below Manchester. At Dover Forge, two miles west of the village of Double Trouble, Pippin dropped into a deep rut, and stopped

as if never to go again, like Grandfather's clock. All around us was sand.

"If we only had some one to pull us out!" lamented the Annalist. "But we need not look for help in this out-of-the-way place."

Grandfather smiled and called to mind an old rhyme, which he repeated with apparent gusto:

"Never mind the ifs and buts;
There's always a helping hand
To help us over the ruts
And pull us through the sand."

He backed Pippin slightly, placed both hands firmly on the wheel and changed the gear. Away we went, out of the rut and through the sand, with no helping hand other than Grandfather's! Still giving "him" (or shall I say "her"—meaning Pippin) plenty of gas, we continued at a good clip, westward and southward, further and further, until we reached Mount Misery, midway between Woodmansie and Brown's Mills. Here Grandfather pulled up under a large pine and "hitched" —he likes to use that word—"hitched" Pippin to the sod.

Presently the old man was busy gathering bits of pine wood. With his old Barlow knife he cut a number of twigs of seasoned pine into regular lengths and proceeded to pile them together, cone shaped, around a larger stick which he had driven well into the ground. Having finished the cone, he covered it with dirt and sand. Meantime, he had said not a word, nor had the Annalist asked any questions.

"Got a match?" said he. A gust of wind had blown out the "safety" he tried to light, whereupon he threw it upon the ground with a "deuce take it." Then it was that he asked for a match, and the Annalist handed him a packet of "Haddon Hall" lighters, brought from Atlantic City. Taking the packet with a "thank you," he lit one of the paper splints. This he held so long that it burnt itself out while he was looking abstractedly at the cone, apparently thinking of anything but matches.

"They are what I would call lucky strikes," said he, "as great an improvement over the old style friction matches as the Walker Splints were over the flints and tinder boxes."

"Walker Splints?"

"Yes; a device of the man who invented friction matches in 1829. He lived in Yorkshire, England. In this country, seven years later, a patent for friction matches was issued to a man named Phillips.

"It was a lucky strike for Walker."

"On the contrary, Thomas Walker could not make his invention practical, on account of the cost of the splints. Doubtless, if his little factory could have been transferred from Stockton-on-Tees to the pine belt of New Jersey, there would have been found a Simon or a Vincent Lake, who would have invented a way of cutting splints at a nominal cost."

"That's the way it goes; either the wrong time, the wrong man or the wrong place. Of course, some one else came along and profited by Walker's invention."

"Exactly so," said the old man; "a repetition of the steamboat. John Fitch invented it, but Fulton got the credit. The splint matches did not come into general use until 1842, when Reuben Partridge patented machinery for manufacturing match splints. Then Partridge walked off with the honors and profits that should have been Walker's."

Becoming still more reminiscent, Grandfather continued:

"The pine knot, of course, was the first domestic illuminant in New Jersey. Then came the suet and fat of wild animals, from which settlers made a tallow candle. Drawing from nature's stores, they next used the berries of a plant known as the bayberry. In the South it is called the candle-berry and in other places the wax-berry or myrtle-berry. The berries of this bush yield a kind of wax, and candles made therefrom were valued above the tallow candle by the pioneer house-

wives. When Peter Kalm,* the Swedish naturalist, visited New Jersey in the middle of the eighteenth century, he was delighted with these candles, and described fully the process of boiling the berries and refining the wax. The pure flame, the fragrance and the faint green tinge, all excited his interest The silk of milk-weed pods was woven into wicks. Sometimes the wicks were made of twisted linen. A quaint writer said of these candles: 'They are never greasie to the touch, nor do they melt with lying in the hottest weather. Neither does the snuff offend, like that of the tallow candle, but instead of being disagreeable, if an accident puts a candle out, it yields a pleasant fragrance to all that are in the room, insomuch that nice people often put them out on purpose to have the incense of the expiring snuff.'

"The bayberry candle was used exclusively in the home—never as an illuminant for the out-door lantern or lant-horn, as they said aforetime. The lant-horn originated in the time of Alfred the Great, who taught his people how to measure time, as they had no watches or clocks in those days. He made large candles to burn exactly eight hours and these he marked so that he could tell when an hour was spent. To prevent the candles from burning too rapidly he made wind-shields of horn. These shields were called lant-horns. Hence the word lanterns. The new form of spelling was in use in the time of Queen Anne, as Thoresby, the diarist, says 'all through Hyde Park to the Queen's palace, at Kensington,' in 1712, there were 'lanterns for illuminating the road on dark nights for the covenience of the coaches.'

"In Queen Anne's day and for a long time afterwards we had no such thing as matches. The lucifer

*Kalm describes a custom peculiar to the Swedes in old Gloucester County, before the advent of the English. When a man died in such circumstances that his widow could not pay his debts, if she had an offer of a second husband, she was obliged to marry him *en chemise*. In this plight, on her wedding day, she went out from her former home toward that of her new spouse, who met her half way with a new outfit of clothing, which he presented to her, saying he only lent them, "lest if he said he gave them, the creditors of the first husband should come and take them from her."

came a hundred years later. The name was appropriate, as it signified 'bring light.' The locofocos were introduced in the early thirties. They preceded the splints. The locofocos consisted of strips of pine wood sawed nearly across, like a ten-tooth comb, with a combustible substance at the end. A single strip cost one cent.

"In 1835, following the introduction of the locofocos, a faction of the Democratic party held a meeting in Tammany Hall, New York, and in the midst of a wrangle an opposing faction turned off the gas, leaving the radicals in darkness. The latter relighted the room with candles and locofoco matches. Next day the newspapers called them the locofocos. As a faction they soon disappeared, but the name clung to the Democratic party as a whole for many years. The Whigs used it in derision. Jackson was then President and he was a locofoco. The locofocos swept New Jersey in the election of that year. The legislative body, then called the Council, elected Garret D. Wall, a locofoco, to the United States Senate and all six of the districts elected locofoco Congressmen, including Thomas Lee, of Cumberland, James Parker, of Middlesex, and William N. Shinn, of Burlington. Two years later, however, the Whigs turned the tables on the Democrats, by electing all of the six Congressmen, including Thomas Jones Yorke, of Salem, Charles C. Stratton, of Gloucester, Joseph F. Randolph, of Monmouth, and William Halstead, of Mercer. The same year (1837) New Jersey gave her eight electoral votes to William Henry Harrison (Whig) who was beaten that time by Van Buren. Four years later the locofocos lost out again in New Jersey. Harrison carried the State again and he also won a majority of the electoral college. The locofocos lost again in 1845, when Clay and Frelinghuysen carried the State against Polk.

* * * *

"Coming back to matches—long before the lucifers we had the tinder box. It was made of sheet iron. In-

side the box was a fold of cotton cloth, a gun flint, a triangular bit of steel and several slivers of wood tipped with sulphur. The flint was held between the finger and thumb of the left hand and a spark struck off by the steel. This spark dropped on the cotton rag, made a flame which lit the sliver. Ordinarily it took half a dozen blows with the steel to make a spark.

"For domestic use, of course, splint matches were a great convenience in lighting candles and lamps. The sperm oil lamps were also an improvement over candles. The candle was smoky and untidy. Some housekeepers dipped their own candles. Single dips were known as 'sluts.' When General Winder reported that his militia, at the battle of Bladensburg, 'ran like sluts' from the invading British, it was no slander on canines, but a satire on candles. Moulded candles were better than dips. After these came sperm oil at $1.25 a gallon, giving a dull yellow light, but no amount of care would keep it from ruining the table cloths and furniture.

"Lard oil made a soft light, grateful to the eye, but would congeal in cold weather. The introduction of coal oil about the beginning of the Civil War added fifty per cent. to the comforts of country life.

"With the old time candles, of course, went candlesticks of various kinds, some of tin, some of brass, some of silver and occasionally one of wood. These candlesticks"—this Grandfather said with a wink of the eye—"outnumbered in variety and size those found in the tomb of one of the Egyptian Pharoahs—'King Tut,' as the newspapers dubbed him. The Egyptian candlesticks were placed in Tut's tomb—so the historians said—three thousand years ago. That's what the experts said in 1923, when they opened the tomb. One of the ancient candlesticks contained a wick—so the experts said—which seemed to be made of twisted linen. You will note that word 'seemed.' Some of our Jersey wicks were also made of twisted linen. The Egyptian wicks

were soaked in oil—so the experts said. Our Jersey wicks were also soaked in oil. The experts could not agree as to whether the Egyptian candlesticks were used for domestic lighting or for religious processions. There is no disagreement regarding our Jersey candlesticks. We know for a certainty that they were used for domestic lighting. The doubts of those high-class grave-diggers, those experts in archology, removed from my mind all doubt as to the value of expert testimony. The truth is, my Son, I am not strong on experts. Generally speaking, I'd rather have the judgment of the average man with a fair education and sound judgment than that of the man who has developed himself into an expert, because the man with sound judgment is open to conviction, whereas the expert is always correct—in his own estimation. He knows he is right and five hundred ordinary men, of opposite opinion, could not change his judgment—as an expert!"

XVI.

JUG TAVERNS AND CHARCOAL

"I STARTED to tell you about charcoal," said Grandfather, "and talked only of matches and candles, tinder boxes and penny dips. Charcoal burning in bygone days is little understood by the people of to-day. Go back with me, in imagination, to the time of charcoal pits—say fifty years ago. Let us imagine that we are watching a party of wood colliers in Atlantic or Burlington County. A site having been selected, the pit is commenced, somewhat as you saw me begin mine; but remember, a pit is not a hole in the ground. The pine wood is cut into four-feet lengths and piled around the fergen or centre pole, set well into the ground, as you would set a flag staff. A crib of three horizontal sticks is placed triangularly around the fergen, the successive layers of wood forming a top vent or chimney. The four-feet lengths are piled against this chimney at an angle of forty-five degrees. Usually ten cords of wood are placed in the mass.

"Pieces of turf cover the cone and lastly there is a top dressing of sand. Instead of starting the fire at the base, it is started at the top. The fire eats its way downward through the sticks of wood. Rapid combustion is prevented by the sand. After burning some time, the sides cave in, the cone becomes a shapeless mass, and the collier draws out the charcoal with a rake. All through the pine belt you can still trace evidences of charcoal pits, in front of which, at night, in charcoal days, lay a man known as the watcher. A small cubbie or bunk would be constructed, facing the pit, and in this the watcher would lie through the night, warmed by the heat while guarding against intrusion or accident. Three cords of wood usually produced one hundred bushels of charcoal.

"Keeping in mind the fact that we are now witnessing

scenes that were common in the pine belt during the Civil War, you will see the charcoal being shipped to New York or Philadelphia by coasting sloops or waggons. The waggon trains are usually headed for Cooper's Point, Camden, where they cross to Philadelphia by ferry. Inquiring of the colliers, we learn that the vessels employed in the coast trade are mostly owned by the owners of land where now or in former years the bog iron furnaces were in full blast. These men operate both forges and pits. The vessels are fitted out and manned by the progenitors of those who are to become prominent families in South Jersey. Reaching the city, the men with their waggons go about the streets peddling charcoal by the bushel to those who prize it highly, on account of its caloric qualities."

The old man then recalled a poem, written in the charcoal days of South Jersey, one verse of which ran:

> Perched high upon his waggon seat
> Mark Haley drives along the street,
> His sombre face the storm defies,
> But still from morn till eve he cries,
> "Charcoal! Charcoal!"
> While echo faint and far replies,
> "Hark-o! Hark-o!"

* * * *

About this time we saw, coming toward us, a hundred yards or more down the road, a man who, to all appearances, was typical of those who were the bone and sinew of the region a generation or two ago. Grandfather waited until the man was abreast of Pippin. The stranger stopped and looked in wonder at the waggon. He was a well-preserved man, apparently in his eighties.

"What'n the fire is it?" said he.

"My Jersey Waggon," said Grandfather.

"Looks to me like a cross 'tween a corn crib and a charcoal waggon, only it 'aint got no shafts nor swingletree. Where'd you git it?"

"Made in Trenton," said Grandfather. Not wishing the stranger to become too inquisitive, and seeing that he

had "all eyes" on Pippin, to divert his attention, Grandfather asked:

"You appear to be one of the old-timers."

"Yep," said he. "Born here."

"Lived here all your life, then!"

"Nope, not all my life; ain't dead yit."

"How old are you?"

"Born December 7, 1837; that'll be eighty-six year ago next December."

"You are a well-preserved man for your years. It shows what out-door life in the pines of New Jersey will do for a son of toil. Your birthday, by the way, was exactly one hundred years later than the date of the earthquake shock in New Jersey. It was on December 7, 1737, when we experienced a shock of earthquake at night, accompanied by rumbling noises. People were awakened in their beds, doors flew open and bricks fell from chimneys."

"Don't 'member nothin' 'bout that, but I kin tell you 'bout the quake we had on a Sunday, 'bout the tenth o' August, 1884. We felt it for 'bout half a minute out here, same as you city folks. There was some scare, but nobody was hurt."* Pausing a moment, he continued: "Reckon I had better be movin' on; got some cleanin' up to do 'round the cranberry bogs."

With that the stranger passed on and was out of sight, after passing a bend in the road.

"He reminds me of two brothers I met at Brindletown, seven miles to the north, some years ago," said Grandfather. "It was in the days of jug taverns. Those taverns were scattered all through the pines, and were so called because the entire stock consisted of a jug of apple jack, out of which, however, would sometimes come other liquid refreshments, ranging from lemonade to brandy.

---

*An earthquake was felt along the entire Atlantic Coast of the United States and inland to the Middle West on the evening of February 28, 1925.

"The chief amusements of the people were huckleberry parties in summer and oyster suppers in winter. The suppers were held in the taverns and were always followed by dancing. A fiddler would mount into a chair on a table and scrape out such tunes as 'Hi, Betty Martin,' 'Camptown Races' and 'Straight Four.' When he disappeared under the table, as was often the case, one of the girls would sing the airs, and the frolic would continue until long after midnight. At the time I have in mind I met two men named Wood near a jug tavern. It was before the adoption of prohibition. John Wood was ninety-one and William eighty-three. They were both well-preserved men. I asked William how he accounted for his good health and he attributed it to his sobriety. He had never smoked, chewed or used tobacco in any form and did not visit the jug taverns. In fact, he was an original 'dry.' I was much pleased and as a number of young men were present I advised them to follow the example of William Wood. Strong drink is raging, said I; shun it if you would live to a ripe old age. Afterwards, when I met John Wood and he told me his age, ninety-one, I asked whether the other Wood was his brother. 'Yes,' said he; 'my younger brother.' 'I suppose, like him, you have led an abstemious life.' 'No,' said he; 'just the opposite. I have always used tobacco in every form and have been a regular customer of the jug taverns, but have always tried to keep within bounds, and yet some people call me an old soak. I'm a wet. Brother Will is a dry.' Just what to say to the young men was a puzzle until I recalled what the good book says—a little wine is good for the stomach—so I stretched that a little and said to them: 'Young men, remember this: those two men are named Wood. Now, you know very well that wood is wood the world over. If you want to preserve it, keep it dry or well soaked.'

"There are times, of course, my Son,"—this he said seriously—"when a little good wine or brandy is a neces-

sary stimulant. Scripture condemns drunkenness, but that good man, St. Paul, counselled his friend Timothy to use a little wine for his stomach's sake and for his other infirmities. Only a while ago, on December 30, 1922, a certain Captain A. E. Matthews, commanding the steamer Hatteras, was taken down with pneumonia at sea. There was no liquor of any kind on board, as it was against the law to carry liquor on board ships at sea, even for medicinal purposes. Captain Matthews died, solely on account of the need of a stimulant. Yet, at that very time, men ashore were growing enormously rich as smugglers or by making rot-gut out of various concoctions and killing people with the poison, as well as defrauding the government. Subsequently, men aboard government boats were discovered with large stores of liquors for their own use at sea. I remember a fable in Noah Webster's spelling book, published in 1802. A farmer went to a lawyer and said to him: 'My bull has gored your ox.' The lawyer was indignant and said he would demand heavy damages. Then the farmer said: 'I made a mistake. It is your bull that has gored my ox.' 'O,' said the lawyer, 'I don't know about damages. It makes a difference whose ox is gored.' Those who permit a man to die at sea for lack of a few ounces of pure liquor and have a plenty for their own use or wink at the crimes of those ashore, are like the lawyer whose bull gored the ox. It makes a difference with Uncle Sam as to whose ox is gored. He went to war with England in 1812 because he was opposed to the right of search. Now, he wants to search every home in the land, if there is a suspicion that the owner is using some of his own grapes to make a little wine for the stomach's sake. At the same time, the smugglers, bootleggers and profiteers are piling up millions at the expense of the common people."

* * * *

The Annalist: "When one man invades the home of another, to confiscate a wine-press and the product of

one's own vine, that other man is justified in revenging himself against the invader. As Byron said: 'Revenge is sweet.' "

Grandfather: "No; Byron was wrong. One wrong does not justify another. The man who does his brother an injury, with or without provocation, suffers in the end. The day comes when the augur of conscience begins to bore. It bores and bores, deeper and deeper, day by day, and with every turn of the augur the wormwood sinks deeper into the heart. There is no punishment so severe as the consciousness of having done another person an injury. Two wrongs do not make a right."

XVII.

MOUNT MISERY AND THE GORE OF BATTLE

"I MUST tell you about cranberries," said Grandfather. We were still in the Pine Belt. "The Indians really discovered the cranberry. Although one of the most delectable of our American berries, for some reason it has found little favor in Europe, in spite of efforts to teach foreign epicures its piquant quality and fitness as a dressing for pies and jellies, to say nothing of the Thanksgiving turkey. Germany uses more of our cranberries than any other European country. The cranberry, you know, is not grown on the other side of the Atlantic. Half a million barrels are marketed every year in the United States, of which two-fifths are grown in New Jersey, most of these in three counties. Atlantic County has two thousand acres and Burlington four thousand. The rest are grown in Ocean County. Chicago buys more cranberries per capita than any other city. Philadelphia comes next and New York third.

"I said the Indians discovered the cranberry. In Burlington County, at the Brotherton settlement, there once lived an Indian woman, recognized by those of her race then living in New Jersey as their queen. Her name was Bathsheba. Among the products of the Pine Belt, in her day, as at this time, was the cranberry. It thrives in marshy places and near ponds of fresh water. Queen Bathsheba once told of an Indian legend concerning the cranberry—why it is red.

"Long ago, in time now forgotten, said she, when the Indians and the Great Spirit knew each other better, the Great Spirit would appear and talk with the wise men of the tribe, and the wise men would counsel with

their people. The Great Spirit was pleased with his children. That was long before the white man came and before the Indians turned their ear to his God; when every warrior believed that bravery, truth, honesty and charity were passports to the happy hunting grounds; when the Indian was obedient and the Great Spirit interested in his welfare. Mighty beasts roamed the woods of the country called Scheyechbi, now known as New Jersey. The yah-qua-whee or mastodon was placed here for the benefit of the Indians and was intended as a beast of burden, but the great animal rebelled. He was fierce, powerful and invincible, his skin being so strong and hard that it could not be penetrated by the sharpest spears and arrows.

"The mastodon made war against all the other animals in the woods, which the Great Spirit had created for the Indians. A final battle was ordered and all the beasts for miles around arrayed themselves against the mastodon. The Indians also took part in the battle and the Great Spirit told them they must annihilate the mastodon. When the battle began the Great Spirit descended and sat on a hill, a mile or so westward of Mount Misery. From that mount he watched the tide of battle.

"Great numbers of the mastodons came and still greater numbers of the other animals. The slaughter was terrific. The mastodon was likely to be victorious. The woods ran with blood. The battle field became a great mire and extended over many miles. Many of the mastodons, by their great weight, sank into the mire and were suffocated. The Great Spirit became angry at the mastodons and from the top of the mount hurled bolts of lightning at them until all were killed save one large bull, who cast aside the bolts of lightning with his tusks and defied everything, killing many of the other animals in his rage, until at last he was wounded. Then he bounded westward, crossed the Delaware, the Susquehanna and the Ohio, swam the Great Lakes and went

to the far North, where he lived until the white man came. Traces of that battle may be seen to this day—so said Queen Bathsheba.

"The marshes and mires are still there, and beneath them are the bones of the mastodons, as well as of other animals. There was a terrible slaughter and the Indians grieved much at the loss of so much food. The Great Spirit, in remembrance of that day and out of compassion for the unfortunate Indians—so says the legend—caused the cranberry to grow in the marshes. It was to be a delectable food for the Indians, but its coat was to be bathed in blood, in remembrance of that awful battle, and so the cranberry is red, even to this day. The scene of this battle, according to Queen Bathsheba, was in the region bounded by New Egypt on the north, Woodmansie on the south, Whitings on the east and Brown's Mills on the west."

* * * *

The Annalist: "The mastodon, then, is an extinct animal—distinctly American—and the legend is that cranberries are red because they originated where the ground was red with the gore of battle. That probably explains why the remains of mastodons are found only in America."

Grandfather: "With due allowance for the red man's imagination as to why the cranberry is red, I dare say that the bones of the mastodon are usually found in marshy places; so are cranberries. The first complete skeleton of a mastodon was found in 1801, in a morass on the lower edge of Orange County, New York, bordering on New Jersey. Since then specimens have been found in New Jersey, New York, Kentucky, Alabama, Missouri and other States. A skeleton found in Missouri, in 1846, is now in the British Museum; one found at Cohoes, New York, in 1860, is in the State Museum at Albany, and the bones of another, found in excavating for a new building on Dyckman Street, New York, in March, 1925, are now in the Museum of Natural History in that city."

XVIII.

IN THE PALACE OF A KING

IT IS now midsummer, and Grandfather has not yet realized the fruition of his dream to be "once again on the bosom of the ocean." It is July 14th, and for a full week we have been among the cranberry bogs. Now we are on our way to Bordentown, home of celebrities in days of yore, one of whom was a king. He lived the life of an exile in New Jersey from 1816 to 1839.

The only reigning monarch to set foot on our shores was the sandy-whiskered Dom Pedro, of Brazil, whom Grandfather recalled as he saw him seated between President Grant and Bishop Matthew Simpson, of the Methodist Church, at the opening of the Centennial Exhibition in Philadelphia, May 10, 1876. That good man, John Wanamaker, "merchant prince," lately deceased, always busy, seemed busier than ever that day, said Grandfather, attending to the comforts of the great open-air crowd, in front of Memorial Hall. Grandfather recalled these things in connection with Joseph Bonaparte. Then, remembering the day—he is great on dates—the old man said:

"July 14th—anniversary of the first recorded robbery in old Eyren Haven. It happened at Somers Point in 1749. Samuel Somers, living near the Great Egg Harbor, was robbed of a trunk containing fifty-six deeds, bonds, to the value of one thousand pounds sterling, a blue camblet coat lined with coarse shalloon of a reddish color, a brown silk camblet laid with light colored tammy, and a new beaver hat. There was an offer of twenty pounds reward for the capture of the thief, but no one ever earned that reward."

About this time we were passing Camp Dix, and

Grandfather recalled a brutal murder in the vicinity some months before. Somehow this brought to mind the first recorded murder in Atlantic County. Reaching into his wallet—he had already stopped Pippin—he brought out an old copy of the Pennsylvania Gazette, published by Benjamin Franklin, and dated September 27, 1742. He handed it to the Annalist, pointing out a news item on the front page. It read:

"On Wednesday night Mr. Richard Philpot, of Great Egg Harbor, in West New Jersey, was murdered in his own home by two men. 'Twas suppos'd he had money, but the villains missed of it. One of them is since taken and committed in Burlington goal, but the other escaped. His name is Timothy Dennis, supposed to be about 30 or 40 years of age, of middle stature, well set, full faced, dark brown hair, wears an old blackish wig, green frize jacket, a thin striped ticken breeches or trousers, also striped ticken jacket. A reward is offered by the executors of the deceased for bringing the aforesaid murderer to justice."

Asked to tell more of Philpot, Grandfather said:

"I knew Richard Phillpots—Franklin did not spell his name correctly—very well. He was a tailor and lived in the vicinity of Absecon. He made a waistcoat for me the year I went to Eyren Haven to attend the opening of the Shore Road. That was on March 15, 1731. Phillpots was a neighbor and friend of Japhet Leeds, of Leeds Point—that is, a neighbor as we counted neighbors in those days. Leeds acted as executor of Phillpots' estate. The latter left land and money to his sister, Mary Ades, in England, and after her death to her child. In this bequest he was careful to add these significant words: 'If she can keep my wife from the thirds thereof, she is welcome to it, by giving her five shillings.' Phillpots also willed twenty shillings to Jenkin Jones, a Baptist minister in Philadelphia, and the residue of his estate to his sister 'living in the Parish of St. James, in Milk Street, near the signe of the ship Bristoll,' and her daughter. 'If they do not see cause to come here and enjoy it, let it be sold, and the moneys remitted home.' His will was made just a month before his murder. Walter Ades and Phillpot's sister, Mary

Ades, being in Bristol, he authorized Japhet Leeds and Edward Doughty to act as trustees."

Continuing, Grandfather said: "Although a good tailor, Phillpots made me only one waistcoat. All of my coats, originally, were made in Perth Amboy. None of them had a nick in the collar, according to the style of to-day. It was not until Joseph Bonaparte came to America that men's coats had that insignia—for such it was, originally. Bonaparte may not have been the first to wear a coat of that pattern in this country, as a few other followers of Napoleon had preceded him as exiles to America."

"That nick," Grandfather explained, "as originally made, was a perfect V, signifying the 'flower that blooms in the spring, tra la!—as the old song says! Let me tell you the story of the violet and that nick in your collar.

"While Napoleon was an exile on the island of Elba, his brother Joseph, dethroned in Spain, was living in seclusion in Switzerland. During those months of seclusion Joseph reflected often on Napoleon's parting words to his soldiers at Fontainebleau: 'Be of good cheer, comrades; I shall return with the violets.' It did not seem possible that the promise, though lightly given, would be kept in due time. As the violets purpled the heather, Napoleon landed on the southern coast of France. Advancing as far as Lyons, he sent word to Joseph, still at his Swiss chateau, to meet him in Paris.

"Joseph hastened to obey the summons. With the assistance of his secretary, Louis Maillard, he placed all of the valuable papers and jewels brought from Spain in an iron casket, and buried them in the forest near Prangins. That night, at about ten o'clock, accompanied by his two daughters--his wife being already in Paris, whither she had been called by the sickness and death of her mother—he set out for France.

"Meantime, Napoleon's parting words, 'Be of good cheer, comrades; I shall return with the violets.' had found a fitting response in the bosoms of the old French

soldiers. The breasts of thousands began to blossom with the violets. Then followed ribbons, jewelry and all sorts of trifles in violet colors. The Bourbons, then in control of the government, proclaimed that no one should publish, buy or have in possession a portrait of Napoleon; but the ingenious plotters made this interdict a means of propaganda. Millions of prints were circulated, whereon groups of violets were so arranged so as to outline the features of Napoleon. Napoleon himself was toasted as 'Papa Violette.' Passwords were also introduced, such as the following: 'Do you like violets?' If the other answered 'Yes' it was assumed that he was not one of the faithful; but if he replied, 'They will return with the spring,' he was accepted as a comrade.

"Finally, in protest of the inhibition against the wearing of violets, a Bonapartist tailor devised the scheme of making coats with a nick in the collar, shaped like a V. Thus clothed, the followers of Napoleon were able to salute each other on the street and meet in secret without fear of discovery. When Joseph Bonaparte came to America and settled in New Jersey, he brought with him a number of coats, with the V-collar. In time, American tailors, admiring the French 'cut,' adopted it in their trade and to-day it is universal."

* * * *

"What about Bonaparte's life at Bordentown?" queried the Annalist.

"It's an interesting story," said the old man. "Since we have the exile safely on our shore, it is proper to begin with the story of his first mansion at Bordentown. It was situated some distance back from the park entrance, on the road to Trenton. An underground passage-way, ten feet wide and fifty feet long from the cellar to the bluff, was an object of interest to the curious. A covered passage-way led from this to an upper room in the mansion. Later on a second passage-way was constructed. It led to the Lake House, which Bonaparte

built for his daughter Zenaide and her husband. This covered passage was faced on the outside with lattice work, to afford shelter from inclement weather. It served, also, as a sheltered way, in case of sudden showers, for parties who were pleasuring on the water, and with this thought in mind, Bonaparte had carved in Italian over the doorway, 'Not unacquainted with misfortune myself, I have learned to succor the unfortunate."

"Bonaparte apparently adopted these words as the motto of his life, and found pleasure in aiding the unfortunate. Like other great men, he had some grave faults, but he also had many good qualities. Some of his faults were due to education and environment. In Bordentown he was regarded as a friend to unfortunate humanity. It is known that he planned and executed many superfluous pieces of work, merely to provide employment for distressed workmen. One day, to find occupation for a few needy beings, he had a quantity of dead wood carried from one point to another, and when certain other poor people appeared, a few days later, he had it carried back to its original place.

"Very few traces are left of the gallery leading from the site of the original mansion to the Lake House. The existence of these underground passage-ways gave rise to fanciful stories that Bonaparte had tunnels through his grounds, the doors of which were of iron, bolted on the inside, and which led seemingly into the bowels of the earth. One of these tunnels was said to lead to the river, where a boat was always in readiness for escape if necessary. These stories, in turn, gave rise to tales of how the ex-king had many narrow escapes from his enemies, and how he kept a sentinel in the belvedere, to watch for any hostile French or Spanish frigates that might sail up the Delaware.

"The first mansion, while not literally a palace, was more imposing than any other private residence in New Jersey. It was destroyed by fire on January 3, 1820, and

during the burning nearly all the pipes of wine and casks of liquor in the cellar were rolled through the passage-way down the incline and into the creek. In that way they were saved. Many articles of furniture, ornaments and paintings were saved through the efforts of the domestics and neighbors. When the fire broke out Bonaparte was at Pine Grove, below Trenton, visiting the beautiful Anne or Annette Savage, who was living under his protection, on an estate purchased by him for her. Is is now used as a cemetery. Bonaparte reached the mansion in the midst of the excitement, but too late to be of any service in saving his property. The fire originated through the carelessness of a gentleman whom Bonaparte had entertained and who went to Philadelphia, leaving a wood fire burning in his bed chamber. He had locked the door and taken the key with him. The ladies of Bordentown turned out with their buckets, and passed water up and down the long lines, forming a bucket brigade, according to the custom of the time.

"A few days after the fire Bonaparte addressed a letter to William Snowden, a well-known citizen and magistrate of Bordentown, in which he expressed his appreciation of the services of the towns-people at the time of the fire.*

"In building his new house, Bonaparte utilized his carriage house, which was located near the first mansion, and by alterations and extensions he soon converted it into a structure almost equal to his former mansion. A

*"All the furniture, statues, pictures, money, plate, gold, jewels, linen, books and in short everything that was not consumed, has been most scrupulously delivered into the hands of the people of my house. On the night of the fire and during the next day there were brought to me, by laboring men, drawers in which I have found the proper pieces of money, and medals of gold, and valuable jewels, which might have been taken with impunity. This event has proved to me how much the inhabitants of Bordentown appreciate the interest I have always felt for them; and shows that men in general are good, when they have not been perverted in their youth by bad education; when they maintain their dignity as men, and feel that true greatness is in the soul and depends upon ourselves. I cannot omit, on this occasion, what I have said so often, that the Americans are, without contradiction, the most happy people I have known. Still more happy are they—if they understand well their own happiness."

beautiful lawn and garden was in front, overlooking the creek, and in the rear, facing the road, was a large garden of rare flowers and plants, interspersed with statues and chiseled animals. A narrow stream crossed the Trenton road, now known as Park street. Over this stream Bonaparte threw a brick arch and built a long causeway, about twenty feet high. Between this causeway and Crosswicks Creek the little stream expanded into a broad lagoon, in which the tide ebbed and flowed. At the lower end of the lagoon he built an embankment, separating it from the creek, and forming a lake, two hundred yards wide and about half a mile long. Wooded bluffs formed the eastern and western sides of the lake, in which were several islands, embellished with shrubbery and young trees. Rustic steps led from the tops of the embankment to the water's edge and pleasure boats were moored at convenient places near the shore. On the eastern side of the lake was a park, well stocked with deer. This park was traversed by nearly twelve miles of drives and bridle-paths, winding through clustering pines and oaks. All of the houses within the park, including the coachman's lodge, were covered on the outside with white stucco.

"From the first freezing weather in winter to the first thaw in spring the frozen surface of the lake reflected the forms and faces of winter revelers. On an island, near the center of the lake, stood a kindly old gentleman, his back warmed by a blazing fire, and his face turned on the merry scene around him. What a lark it would be for the lord of the manor if he could join the merry skaters in their scramble for the fruit which he rolled out from a well-filled basket! What rare pleasure he found in presiding over the winter sports and contributing to the fun for the young inhabitants of Bordentown!

* * * *

"During the summer of the year following the burning of his first mansion, Bonaparte was at Saratoga Springs. News of the death of Napoleon reached Phila-

delphia on August 10th of that year, and according to *Poulson's Advertiser,* Joseph was still at Saratoga. He returned to Bordentown in September when the same paper, on the 27th, speaks of him as being seriously indisposed, in consequence of the news of his brother's death. In a letter written the following December addressed to his intimate friend, Joseph Hopkinson, of Philadelphia, the ex-king refers to the shock his health had suffered on account of the death of his brother.*

"Foreigners of distinction and compatriots visiting America, who made it a duty to present their respects to Bonaparte, were received in his "state" apartment at Bordentown, and in imagination we can picture the scenes of eclat and effusion before the huge white marble chimney-pieces sent from Europe as a present from Cardinal Fesch to his nephew, the exiled king. These chimney-pieces are described as real works of art, for the majesty of their lines and the richness of their sculpture. Nor should we forget the Gobelin carpet, with

---

*Point Breeze, December 24, 1821.

SIR: I return you the printed matter which you were good enough to send me. * * * * I can no longer doubt that my brother died a victim to the cruelty of his enemies. Already one of the principal accomplices has done justice upon himself. But for them, he would have lived in this country, as healthy as I, who am older than he was and not so strong in constitution; and there would have been no discussion in order to find reasons for his death, which have nothing to do with the true one. He would have been appreciated not only by enlightened persons like yourself, sir, and Dr. Chapman, but by the majority of American citizens, whose calm reason seems to be one of their distinctive characteristics. He was always greater than his fortune and superior to his glory. It was this pride of a soul conscious of itself which made him judge that he would have been appreciated in the land of Locke and Newton and in the country of Washington and Franklin. Like Julius Caesar, he believed his enemies incapable of a great crime, and, like Caesar, the victim of Sylla's party, he perished at the hands of the European oligarchy. This sanctimoniously and traitorously homicidal party does not pardon nations that shake off their chains, nor kings who reign by their people and for their people. * * I forget that I am no longer with an idle farmer of New Jersey, but with one of the business men of the capital. In any case, sir, whether in town or in the country, believe me, with assurances of true esteem and complete attachment.

Your affectionate

JOSEPH, COUNT DE SURVILLIERS.

its medallions, 'twenty-seven feet by twenty-one,' which covered the wide floor, or the magnificent bronzes which gave an air of aristocratic solemnity to the great room.

"The Bonaparte mansion, according to the taste and standard of those days, would have been considered a fine residence anywhere; but in Bordentown, it was a palace, and it certainly contained many valuable works or art. Pictures were seen everywhere. In the dining-room were four great battle-scenes, representing the victories in Italy, and a dozen other paintings by famous artists, while little pictures of the Dutch and Flemish schools, of superior merit, were scattered about here and there. The visitor also saw many bronzes and pieces of French porcelain of great value, notably two magnificent porphyry vases, presented to Joseph by King Bernadotte, of Sweden, his brother-in-law. The number of mirrors astonished American visitors, even the aristocracy, who were accustomed to putting looking-glasses everywhere—in reception rooms, parlors, living rooms and bed-rooms. The mansion of the wealthy Bingham family, at Lansdowne—leased by Bonaparte—was such a maze of mirrors that unwary visitors were in danger of bumping their noses against the reflecting walls.

"In spite of the ponderous magnificence of the 'state' apartment, there was considerable comfort upstairs. In the Princess Charlotte's bedroom there were little tables with white marble tops and a sofa covered with blue damask. Another room, adjoining that of the princess, and occupied by one of the attendants, had a maple bedstead with nankin curtains, a modest washing-stand, a chest of drawers, a writing-table, and three or four chairs."

* * * *

During this recital Pippin, guided by Grandfather, had traveled leisurely toward the Delaware. We were now abreast of Rusling's Siding, above Bordentown. Immediately, the old man recalled a railroad accident

at this point, on the eve of Washington's birthday, in 1901. It was a head-on collision between the third section of the Atlantic City express, known as the "Nellie Bly" from New York, and an accommodation train, for which the engineer of the way train was to blame, as the express had the right of way. He had waited for the second section to pass, and then, forgetting the unusual travel to Atlantic City, which had necessitated a third section, he started ahead on a single track between Bordentown and Trenton, with direful results. Twenty persons were killed outright or died shortly afterwards, and more were injured. Among the killed was Walter Earl, of Atlantic City, engineer of the "Nellie Bly," who was decapitated. Frank Thompson, engineer of the way train, died in a Trenton hospital. A number of the killed, all of whom were way train passengers, were cremated in the burning wreck.

XIX.

JOHN WOOLMAN, THE QUAKER SOCRATES

COLUMBUS is five miles south of Bordentown and four west of the waggon road between Lakewood and Camden. Pippin covered the distance from Bordentown to Columbus in seven minutes. When chided for speeding, Grandfather said: "Goldsmith Maid and Wine Sap used to beat that, back in the seventies. They showed themselves off at Monmouth Park many times. So did Sam Patchen and Spendthrift. Of course, that was long before horse racing was outlawed in New Jersey in 1894."

From Columbus we continued southward, perhaps three miles, over a good road, until we came to a point which the old man explained was exactly on a line that was to have divided the province into North and South Jersey, in the days of Carteret and Berkeley. That line ran due west from Barnegat Bay to the mouth of the Rancocas. When Carteret realized that such a line would be unfair to his partner—both men living in England and being unacquainted with the topography of the province—he suggested a more equitable division, beginning at the southern end of Little Egg Harbor and extending northward to a point on the northernmost branch of the Delaware, near the present town of Monticello, New York. Accordingly, that line marked the original boundary between East and West Jersey. It included more than two hundred thousand acres now attached to the State of New York.

At a slight turn in the road, near Carteret's imaginary line, Pippin encountered another auto-waggon, of English make, whose owner was replacing a punctured tire with his spare. Grandfather offered any needed assistance, but the man, with a strong English accent, assured him that he would soon be "showing off" again; adding, "she's a good goer."

"So?" said Grandfather.

"Yes; you can't feel her run, don't you know—she's that smooth, and you can't hear her, don't you know—she's that quiet, and as for speed—why, sir, you can't see her!"

"I say, old top," queried Grandfather, aping the Briton, "when she acts up that way, how do you know she's there?"

Passing a little white house with green blinds, banked with shrubbery and late-blooming flowers, and reaching a point half a mile beyond the imaginary line, we bore "west by south," as Grandfather expressed it, until we reached Mount Holly, beyond which, perhaps four miles, the two branches of the Rancocas meet and form a brimming stream that enters the Delaware at Delanco.

Grandfather recalled the origin of Mount Holly. It seems that in the return of the original survey of John Cripps, in 1681, for three hundred acres, mention is made of a line, south of the Rancocas, "running through a swamp, wherein grows a store of Holly, and within said tract is a mountain (!) to which the prospect east, south, west and north lends a beautiful aspect, named by the owner Mount Holly."

It was near an angle in the Rancocas that the father of John Woolman established himself as a farmer. Our destination, however, was a place on the outskirts of Mount Holly—another old homestead—the house which Woolman built for his daughter Mary, in 1771, when she married John Comfort. It is now known as the Woolman Tea House, formally opened by the John Woolman Memorial Association in June, 1916. One can imagine the surprise of the unassuming Woolman, could he return to earth and see his old home now the mecca of thousands who, day by day, are learning of the man who builded well his earthly tabernacle of clay, only to quit it at the age of fifty-two. The Rancocas is a paradise for canoeists. They stop at the tea house, meeting and greeting those who come by automobile, many of

whom know little or nothing of the man and are likely to ask, as they sip their tea: "Who was John Woolman?"

Being somewhat acquainted with the name, if not the place, the Annalist did not have to ask that question. He had "read up" on the subject. As we approached the tea house—a two-and-a-half story brick building, with a one-story lean-to—Grandfather remarked that Woolman died of smallpox in England nine years before English tyranny died at Yorktown, and having mentioned Yorktown, he recalled what an officer of the Jersey line wrote to the New Jersey Gazette: "The British officers in general behaved like boys who had been whipped at school. It was a great day for Washington." Whereupon the old man asked, abruptly:

"Who is the greatest American?"

"Washington," was the confident reply.

"No," said Grandfather.

"Grandfather," said the Annalist, triumphantly.

"Don't be foolish; of course not," said he.

"Who then?"

No answer. Hitching Pippin beside the curb and quitting his seat at the steering wheel, the old man stepped out on the running board and looked skyward. "How bravely Autumn paints upon the sky the gorgeous fame of Summer, which is fled," said he, repeating the words of Hood. Dismounting, he walked leisurely toward the entrance gate and stopped. Removing his hat, he said: "None too great to do him reverence."

It was October 7th, anniversary of Woolman's death. The woods were radiant and the lawns aglow. Indeed, all out-door was inviting; the air invigorating. Grandfather was disinclined to enter. Turning and facing the street or road he paused a moment and then passed around back near the lean-to. There he indicated by his very manner that he had something of interest to say—something, perhaps, about Woolman—when suddenly, quite unexpectedly, a car stopped in front of the place.

A moment later five men alighted and Grandfather, returning to the entrance porch, greeted a group of distinguished citizens of New Jersey, whom he introduced as Judge Lloyd, of Camden, former Governor Stokes, Judge Starr, of Woodbury, Charles S. Boyer, of Camden, and Rev. Thomas J. Cross, of Atlantic City—all men of prominence in their respective spheres—the law, the State, the ministry, finance and manufactures. As they passed into the living room, beyond hearing, Grandfather remarked: "We have the law and the gospel with us now; we cannot possibly go wrong."

Scarcely were they entered, when another car "hove to"—a nautical expression which Grandfather seems to have inherited from his father, "Admiral" Carteret. In this second car were five other men, all from Atlantic County. Grandfather introduced them as Hubert Somers, Reuben L. Babcock, Walter Ross McShea, Dr. Samuel Barbash and Robert L. Beyer. They had driven up from Port Republic or perhaps Atlantic City, having passed the preceding day, October 6th, as the guests, or more likely, the gallants of Lafayette Chapter, D. A. R. This patriotic organization had observed the 146th anniversary of the affair at Chestnut Neck, when a little band of patriots defended their homes, their families and themselves against an overwhelming force, headed by the merciless Captain Patrick Ferguson. Having thus honored the men of war, the five men of the shore had come up into Burlington County, to worship at the shrine of a man who preached the gospel of peace.

When they, too, had passed inside, Grandfather walked around to one side of the building and seated himself comfortably on an old bench, perhaps the discard of some meeting house in the neighborhood. "Here no foot intrusive will our peace disturb," said he, quoting the words of Alexander Wilson, the ornithologist. "We have been standing on sacred ground; now we are seated where once sat no less a man than John Woolman. The path

over which we just passed was once trod by the feet of a man whose shoe buckles we are not worthy to unloose. To John Woolman, the South Jersey Quaker, more than any other man, belongs the credit of abolishing slavery, not only in New Jersey, but in the United States and the British possessions. He did not live to see emancipation begun, even in his own province, or among his own sect, but the leaven was at work when he died in 1772, and the result was seen during the lifetime of his immediate friends. In his Journal, now an American classic—'the sweetest and purest autobiography in the language,' says Canning—Woolman describes American life when the spirit of freedom was moving the hearts of men. Even beyond America, birthplace of freedom, there were murmurings that culminated in the French Revolution, whose victims included Brissot de Warville, friend of Warmer Mifflin, who in turn was Woolman's friend and disciple. Though Woolman himself knew it not, his humble words, in behalf of the oppressed blacks, were ringing in the ears of the Frenchman when he came to America. Brissot de Warville passed some time in New Jersey, after our Revolution, and returning to France lost his head on the guillotine in 1793.

"We cannot read Woolman's Journal without mental visions—picture after picture of the man of whom the great English author, Charles Lamb, wrote: 'Get the writings of John Woolman by heart.' With a 'dyet very abstemious,' as he says, he would not eat sugar or anything that had been produced by the labor of slaves. All luxuries and superfluities were abhorrent. His food was as plain as his garb. As soon as his tailoring business in Mount Holly became too profitable, he abandoned it as a snare. The luxury that saddened him most was the indulgence of those who lived in ease on slave-worked plantations. The wrongs of the negroes shadowed his spirit and it was on their behalf that most of his missionary journeys were undertaken, though wherever he went he was ready with a word of admonition, even to

those assembled in a Mount Holly tavern to witness the sleights of hand of an itinerant juggler.

"Negroes were not the only class to engage his overflowing sympathy. Having for many years felt a love in his heart for the Indians, he undertook a mission of good will to the tribes west of the Alleghenies, then at feud with the whites. With a few companions he crossed the mountains and coming into their country, meditated deeply until, as he says, 'the desire to cherish the spirit of love and peace amongst those people arose very fresh.'

"After many hardships and adventures, his mission being accomplished, he returned to this place, his home, where, in the company of his wife and only child, he was careful lest he admit 'any degree of selfishness in being glad overmuch.' He thirsted after 'pure wisdom' and overflowing love for his fellow man."

By this time Grandfather had fallen or rather slid into a lounging position on the bench. Suddenly he sat up straight and said, earnestly: "Remember this, my Son: True greatness is the ability to preach and practice the gospel of brotherly love; to live according to the Golden Rule. Plato says the greatest of victories is the conquest of self. John Woolman did that; he practiced the Golden Rule to a degree far in excess of any other man in the history of New Jersey—yes, more than any other American. A while ago, to my question, 'Who is the greatest American?' you answered, 'Washington.' Not so. Judged by the standard of the greatest teacher and the greatest preacher that ever lived, John Woolman was the greatest American that ever lived. Never was there an American possessed of so much love for his fellow man; none so intensely filled with the spirit of devotion to the cause of human welfare. None so great as he who trod these paths, walked yonder floors and tilled these gardens; none so generous as he who gave without stint to the work of awakening the conscience of all people. Follow his example, my Son—if you can; get the works of John Woolman by heart."

The old man was silent for perhaps a minute. Then he rose and walked toward the entrance door, saying not a word. We passed inside. We discovered or were told by an attendant that previous owners had papered the walls, plastered the ceilings and bricked-up the capacious fireplace. Now we saw all that so-called "new style" undone. The association is giving the place the appearance of "old style," retaining, however, the "modern" heating system. The glory of the living room is the great open fireplace, seven feet across, surmounted by an oak beam, which serves as a mantlepiece. The iron pot and pot hook are shown in the fireplace above the logs, *sans* fire. The heavily beamed ceiling has also been restored and the walls are devoid of paper. Seated in an old-fashioned rocking chair before the fireplace, his feet resting on a twisted rag rug, hand-made, the old man recalled the words of George Macaulay Trevelyan, nephew of Lord Macaulay, in his delightful essay on "John Woolman, the Quaker."

"The English essayist called him the Quaker Socrates," said he. "I call him the greatest American. Woolman, with his searching, simple questions, according to Trevelyan, surpassed his Athenian prototype in love and patience and argumentative fairness, but, as the Englishman says—and it's where our Jerseyman excelled the Greek philosopher—'When the Quakers found they could not answer Woolman's questions, instead of poisoning him or locking him up as an anarchist, they freed their slaves.'"

Poking the kettle with his cane—the kettle that hung on the crane—as if to make sure it was iron, the old man looked around the room and then observed: "Notice the changes. In the restoration of this home the association has been mindful of the spirit of its builder. They have emphasized his godly life, for as Wesley says: 'Cleanliness is next to godliness.' Everything here is immaculate; it is god-like. On the outside, the gable end of the building, you may have noticed, is covered with

ivy and roses. A twig of ivy, brought from the grave of Woolman, in England, is growing beside the porch.

Woolman was a lover of nature. In the rear is an old-fashioned garden, which merges into a vegetable garden, where carrots and lady slippers grow side by side. Beyond is a hollow, overgrown with willows and elder-bushes—a veritable bird sanctuary—and on the other side of this hollow is a small orchard, another heritage of Woolman, although the trees may not be of his planting. He was much given to grafting and budding and in his Journal he tells us that some of his time was given to 'hoeing, grafting, trimming and inoculating.' The original home of Woolman, occupied before he built his new home in 1771, and now used as a barn on a near-by lot, has been placed at the disposal of the association, and in due time will be moved to the tea house lot."

We passed out back of the house. The Annalist observed that the flower garden, once neglected, had been reclaimed. The season for bud and blossom was nearly over; there were lingering evidences of pinks and poppies, roses and larkspurs, hollyhocks and phlox. Passing around again to the main entrance we saw, with our own eyes, further proof of the gastronomic lure of the place. To this Grandfather was not indifferent.

Having refreshed ourselves physically and saying he wished to "show off" Pippin in passing through Moorestown and Merchantville, the old man prepared to steer north-by-northwest. While seated at the steering wheel, ready to start, he suggested some notations about another worthy Quaker, one-time citizen of Burlington County.

"Beside the name of Woolman," said he, "I place the name of Stephen Grellet, a native of France, who came to America at the age of twenty. At first a Roman Catholic, he joined the Society of Friends in 1795. In his native country he had been a member of Louis XVI's bodyguard at the time of the French Revolution. During the yellow fever epidemic, in 1798, in connection with Stephen Girard, he rendered heroic service, and two years

later made a missionary tour through the United States, Canada and some of the European countries. While in Europe he had personal interviews with the Czar and Pope. His home was in Burlington, where he died in 1855. Of Stephen Grellet very little is known, except that he was a philanthropist and the author of a gem that is worthy of a place beside any of those in Woolman's Journal. He wrote a book called 'Present Duties.' Doubtless copies are in existence, but they are hard to find in this country. Gurney Benham, in his book of quotations, quotes these lines:

"I expect to pass through this world but once. Any good, therefore, that I can do, or any kindness I can show to any fellow creature, let me do it now. Let me not defer or neglect it, for I shall not pass this way again."

"Mr. Benham says every effort to identify the author of this much-quoted saying has failed, adding: 'It has been attributed to Stephen Grellet, Thomas Carlyle and others. It is also said that the germ of it is found in the writings of a Chinese philosopher. The best authorities favor Stephen Grellet as the author, though the passage does not occur in any of his printed works.'

"There is abundant reason, however, for believing that our Burlington Quaker wrote those classic lines. In Gannet's 'Blessed be Drudgery,' published in Glasgow, we read: 'The old Quaker (meaning Grellet) was right. I expect to pass through this life but once. If there is any kindness or any good thing I can do my fellow beings, let me do it now. I shall not pass this way but once.' Evidently Gannet quoted from memory."

* * * *

Leaving the tea house, but retaining the charm of our visit, we traveled westward. Some distance beyond Mount Holly a turn in the road revealed Masonville in the "offing"—the old man's word for distance. As we were passing through this village he recurred to the Quaker Socrates.

"Woolman's objections to luxury," said he, "were not based on asceticism or parsimony. He was unwilling to profit by human pain or misfortune. When he went to England he traveled by steerage. Before the ship sailed from Philadelphia, on May 1, 1772, he went with his friend, Samuel Emlen, to the house of the owner, John Head, to talk over the manner of his passage, feeling, as he says in his Journal, 'a draft in the mind toward the steerage.' "

Grandfather then quoted from memory the record of Woolman's visit:

"In the hearing of Samuel, I opened my exercise in relation to a scruple I felt with regard to a passage in the cabin, which was in substance as follows: I told the owner that on the outside of that part of the ship where the cabin was I observed sundry sorts of carved work and imagery; that in the cabin I observed some superfluity of workmanship of several sorts, and that according to the ways of men's reckoning the sum of money to be paid for a passage in that apartment had some relation to the expense of furnishing it to please the minds of such who gave way to the conformity of this world; and that in this case, as in other cases, the moneys received from the passengers are calculated to answer every expense relating to their passage, including these superfluities, and that I felt a scruple with regard to paying my money to defray such expenses. I said that at several times, in my travels, I had seen great oppressions on this continent, at which my heart had been much affected and brought into a feeling of the state of the sufferers. I have often perceived a desire to get riches and provide estates for children to live comfortably, and in the pursuit of these things I have seen many entangled in the spirit of oppression. The exercise of my soul has been such that I could not find peace in joining in anything which I saw was against that wisdom which is pure."

"During the passage," continued Grandfather, "Woolman had many talks with the sailors, which caused him to note the great need of a reformation among those who 'do business on the great waters.' On one occasion the sea 'wrought to such a degree that an awful seriousness prevailed in the cabin,' where Woolman spent about seventeen hours, believing 'the poor wet toiling seamen had need of all the room in the crowded steerage,' and also because the cabin passengers had given him 'frequent invitations.' "

On the twenty-fourth day at sea Woolman made an-

other significant note, which Grandfather quoted from memory:

> "Several nights of late I felt breathing so difficult that a little after the rising of the second watch, which is about midnight, I got up and stood nearly an hour with my face near the hatchway, to get the fresh air at a small vacancy under the hatch door, which is commonly shut down, partly to keep out rain and sometimes to keep the breaking waves from dashing into the steerage."

"Woolman's sympathy," added Grandfather, "extended even to what he called the 'dunghill fowls' which the passengers had taken for their sea-stores, according to the custom of that day. He says fourteen of these perished in the storms at sea, by the waves breaking over the quarter-deck, and a considerable number with sickness. He writes: 'I observed the cocks crow coming down the Delaware and while we were near the land, but afterward I did not hear one of them crow till we came near the land in England. I observed their pining sickness and remembered the Fountain of Goodness, who gave being to all creatures. Truly, where the love of God is perfected, a tenderness toward all creatures is experienced; a care felt that we do not lessen the sweetness of life which the Creator intends for those under our government.'

"Reaching England, Woolman traveled mostly afoot. He noted that the stage coaches traveled upwards of one hundred miles in twenty-four hours and that it was common for horses to be killed with hard driving, while many were driven so hard that they went blind. The post-boys, too, each one to his stage, had very long hours and suffered greatly during winter nights. He heard of some of these boys being frozen to death. In protest of these things, he would not ride in the stage coaches, nor did he have freedom of mind to send letters by post.'

"He also felt great distress of mind because many of the English Quakers were concerned with 'business and traffic carried on in impure channels,' and adds: 'Great is the trade of Africa for slaves!'

"In the course of his religious visits Woolman reached

the city of York, where he was taken ill with smallpox. On the fifth day of his sickness, after passing a writing to his friend, Thomas Priestman, to be inserted in his Journal, he said: 'I believe the Lord will now excuse me from further exercise of this kind.' Five days later, seeming to be awake, he breathed a few times with difficulty and then expired without a sign, groan or struggle."

XX.

SECRET SPRINGS AND SECRET THINGS

"RUSLING'S SIDING," said Grandfather, "where the trains came together with such dreadful results, brings to mind a dear friend, General James Fowler Rusling, of Trenton, who died at a ripe old age only a few years ago. He was a soldier, author, traveler and a delightful entertainer.

"General Rusling had a very distinct recollection of a visit, when a boy, at the home of Joseph Bonaparte. He was accompanied by his father, who was particularly interested in the paintings and other works of art which adorned the mansion. These paintings, the last of those belonging to the ex-king, 'who had stolen them in Spain,' said General Rusling, were to be sold at public sale—Bonaparte having returned to Europe and dying on July 28, 1844, at Florence, Italy. The elder Rusling selected two, which he thought might be bought for $100 or $200. At the sale, on September 17 and 18, 1845, Mr. Rusling being present, they were sold to another bidder for approximately $5,000 and $10,000 each. General Rusling said that as a boy he once wished to see the interior of the Bonaparte mansion, but was denied that privilege, as the ex-king was then in England, by permission of the British, and the man in charge would not permit strangers to enter. The park at that time, as he recalled it, was enclosed with a high board or picket fence, and between the pickets he saw numerous deer browsing beneath the trees. Just north of Bordentown, on the main road to Trenton, there was an unfinished building, afterwards known as Murat's Folly—so called because Prince Murat had been foolish enough to begin the erection of a magnificent country villa, which he could not complete for lack of funds. This was only one of Murat's

numerous follies, not the least of which was his reckless manner of living."

"As to Bonaparte's manner of living," said Grandfather, "he was methodical and simple. He ate sparingly and drank very little wine. He had an abundance of liquors in his wine-cellar, but not for his own use. In dress he was plain, though not careless. Sometimes, of an afternoon, in the early twenties, he drove out in a barouche with his daughter Charlotte, but when alone or with Secretary Mailliard he preferred a light waggon. With his own hands he planted many of the trees in the park, including a vast number of Norway pines, and he found much amusement in rambling among them and lopping off superfluous boughs. He never fished and seldom shot, except in the Adirondacks, although Mailliard kept a kennel of thoroughbreds.

"Between the years 1821 and 1829 Bonaparte spent most of his time at Bordentown. His youngest daughter, Charlotte, lived with him until 1824 and about the time she returned to Europe, to join her mother, the ex-king was cheered by the arrival of his older daughter and her husband, who occupied the house overlooking the lake. Besides liberally patronizing the shops of Bordentown, they were at all times kind and generous toward the poor, and the owner of the estate found employment for all who applied. Every workman was required to furnish his own tools, and in designating the kind of work to be done Joseph applied the maxim of his brother Napoleon: 'The tools to him who can handle them.' To one man who could use the hatchet, the saw and the plane, he assigned a particular task and for another, less skilled, he found work with the pick and the spade. The grounds were leveled or raised, bushes and stumps grubbed out, trees planted, roads and paths built and the park thoroughly drained. Much of the work he superintended in person. In wintertime he arose before eight o'clock and had coffee and toast served in his room. He remained in his library reading or writing until eleven,

at which hour he met his friends at breakfast. Before noon he started on his walk around the park. He lunched at two and dined at half past seven. His daughter Zenaide and her husband always dined with him, and he usually had one or more guests at dinner.

"During the rabbit season he searched every morning for traps which the boys of Bordentown were in the habit of setting in the park. On these trips he was accompanied by his messenger boy, Alexander Carman, whose duty it was to crawl under the bushes and through the shrubbery. If the boy found a trap it was pulled out and broken to pieces.

"The park was open to visitors at all times, and any proper person, regardless of his or her station in life, was shown through the building by a servant, and allowed to inspect the many works of art exposed on every floor. Besides his distinguished guests from a distance, Bonaparte often entertained well-known citizens of Bordentown and vicinity, and on these occasions there was less formality than when the noted people called to pay their respects to the former king. A lady long since deceased once related a visit she made with her father, who had been previously informed that such a visit would be very agreeable to the owner of Point Breeze. It was in the winter season and they drove in a sleigh from their country home into the town. Stopping in front of the mansion, servants came out and laid strips of carpet over the snow from the sleigh to the doorway. Entering the hall they found other servants ready to receive their wraps, and they noted carefully the dress of these servants. The suits were of black broadcloth, with white gloves, vests and neckties; besides which, they wore moustaches and long beards. From their appearance the rustic visitors supposed these servants were French counts. Being shown into a dressing room, the servants assisted them in removing their great coats and they were then informed that the Count de Surveilliers awaited them in the drawing room. Upon entering he advanced

to receive them with great cordiality and soon the visitors were made to feel entirely at ease, in the presence of the ex-king."

* * * *

Bonaparte was naturally quick-tempered. An instance of his impetuosity was narrated by Grandfather, who added that the count strove to keep his ire in subjection.

"Shortly after Louis Phillipe became king of France," said he, "Bonaparte received a large case of imported wares. It had reached Philadelphia by vessel from Bordeaux and was directed to the ex-king at Bordentown. When delivered at the mansion, the case was opened in the presence of Bonaparte, who had no knowledge of its contents or by whom it had been shipped. On removing the cover, the men exposed an elaborate set of china, made at the royal factory in France. All of the dishes were beautifully decorated and at the first glance Bonaparte was delighted. 'A set of Sevres! Where did it come from? What friend has so kindly remembered me?' said he, taking a piece in his hand. He turned it over and instantly his countenance changed. In a burst of anger he called for his hatchet. As fast as the pieces were removed from the case he smashed them into fragments.

"Mrs. Elizabeth Spencer, of Trenton, whose father was once employed by Bonaparte, was a little girl at the time and witnessed the breaking of the dishes. She said: 'When they were all out and all in bits, as small as he could make them, he ordered father to get a waggon, load up the fragments and bury them in a ravine near the Savage bridge.' This bridge got its name from the fact that over the small streams and gullies that wound through and diversified the Bonaparte estate the owner erected rustic bridges. In digging for the foundation of one of these, the workmen found a number of Indian relics, from which fact the structure derived its name of Savage bridge.

"Mrs. Spencer said that when her father came home that night she asked what it was all about and he explained that on the china there was painted the coat of arms and monogram of Louis Philippe, who was then setting on the French throne, where the count thought his brother ought to be, or rather his nephew, the King of Rome—Napoleon then being dead—and it made him very angry to have anything or anybody remind him of the changes in France. It was the worst rage she ever saw him in, added Mrs. Spencer, although he was often furious with his nephew, Prince Murat."

"As I recall him," continued Grandfather, "Bonaparte, as a rule, was kind-hearted and tried to be good-tempered. Occasionally, however, his anger was aroused beyond control and then it was that he showed a spark of the Napoleonic egotism. Anthony Thorn, the game keeper, was once taken to task for permitting poaching on the premises, whereupon he claimed that he had warned the sportsman to stop shooting, but that the culprit had said he was one of the ex-king's own folks, and had permission to shoot. 'I have no folks!' exclaimed Bonaparte, angrily. 'I am *everybody*. Hereafter let no one but Monsieur Mailliard, my Secretary, gun on these premises.' A few days afterwards Prince Murat and two or three of his friends were hunting and Gamekeeper Thorn ordered them off. The prince claimed the right to shoot on his uncle's lands, but the gamekeeper was firm. The prince complained to his uncle, who upheld the gamekeeper, but gave the prince written permission to gun on the premises thereafter. Another exception was afterwards made in favor of his nephew, Louis Napoleon, who, during a sojourn in America, in 1837, made a brief visit to Bordentown. He and young Adolph Mailliard, son of the Secretary, were keen sportsmen, and, followed by a well-trained dog, they tramped the woods and meadows in quest of game.

"The grounds of Point Breeze were laid out as a park far beyond anything known in that day. The entire

Bonaparte family, including the Princess Pauline, was represented in-doors in portraits, statues and busts. In one of the rooms was hung a copy of David's famous 'Passage of the Alps,' executed according to Napoleon's characteristic direction: 'I wish to be represented as calmly seated upon a fiery horse.'

"Of the portrait of Princess Pauline an interesting incident is related. A family in whom Bonaparte was interested was invited to visit the mansion. He showed them the magnificent furnishings and works of art. Among the latter was a full length portrait of Pauline. Upon the beauty of these the ex-king dilated with great enthusiasm, but the visitors were not educated up to the point of admiring art solely for art's sake, and, although they appreciated the maxim, 'evil be to him who evil thinks,' they were privately of the opinion that Princess Pauline was an outrageous jade.

"Some time afterwards Bonaparte, with his entire retinue, in several carriages, returned the visit. Isaac Field had presented to his father-in-law, to whom this return visit was made, a full sized bust of St. Helena, mother of Constantine, which stood upon a pedestal in the dining room. One of the ladies of the family had very carefully covered the bosom with a light shawl. Then she invited Bonaparte and his suite into what she called their statue gallery. On entering the room and seeing the draped bust, Bonaparte was much amused and joined heartily in the laughter which followed.

"Helen Berkeley, a magazine writer, once gave an interesting description of Bonaparte's home previous to 1830. In describing a visit to the library, she said, 'Thibaud, a member of the household, ordered the key of the private library to be brought, and a servant preceded the party upstairs, with the key in his hand. The door was opened, they entered, it closed again, and they heard the servant lock the door and walk away. The visitors looked again and saw the apartment filled, or rather lined, with

elegant bookcases and handsomely bound books, but there was no door visible. It seemed as if they were locked in.

" 'It seemed rudeness for them to feel any uneasiness, yet it was unavoidable—the proceeding seemed so strange. At all events,' said Miss Berkeley, 'I thought it some consolation to know we were all together. After we had walked around the room and examined the books and a few paintings that hung on the wall and many rich cases which had belonged to Napoleon, the count touched a secret spring, when several rows of skillfully painted bookcases flew back and displayed a set of drawers. These he opened, and drew out a number of caskets containing splendid jewels of all descriptions. Several clusters looked like jewelled handles of swords; others like portions of crowns rudely broken off; others like lids of small boxes.'

"Bonaparte showed his visitors the crown and rings he wore when king of Spain, also the crown, robe, and jewels in which Napoleon was crowned. When their eyes had been sufficiently dazzled by the glare of diamonds and emeralds to satisfy him, he touched another concealed spring, which gave to view another set of drawers and displayed many of Napoleon's valuable papers. His treaties and letters were carefully bound round by ribbons and fastened by jeweled clasps. Some of the papers he opened and read, then returned them to their places with a care which almost amounted to veneration. At length all the papers were returned, the robe and jewels safe in their hiding-places, and the count looked around the room, as much as to say he had nothing further to show.

"Miss Berkeley said that while she was wondering how they were to make their exit, Bonaparte approached a bookcase at the end of the room, pressed his finger on a particular place, and the whole case flew back, showing a door, which opened with a lock, and they entered into the count's summer sleeping-apartment. It consisted of a chamber, dressing-room and bathing-room, with a small studio, or rather boudoir. The curtains, canopy, and furniture were of light blue satin, trimmed with silver.

Every room contained a mirror reaching from the ceiling to the floor.

"Over the bed hung a splendid mirror, and also one over the table. The walls were covered with oil-paintings, principally of young females, with less clothing about them than they would have found comfortable in a cold climate, and much less than the visitors found agreeable when the count, without ceremony, enumerated the beauties of paintings with the air of a connoisseur.

"In every room of the house there were statues of Napoleon in different positions and of various sizes. There were also statues of his father and mother and all the family. To the statue of Pauline, in particular, the count called attention, and asked them to admire it. He stood some time perfectly enraptured, pointing out what a beautiful head Pauline had, what hair, what eyes, nose, mouth, chin, what a throat, what a neck, what arms, what a magnificent bust, what a foot, enumerating all her charms, one after another, and demanding their opinion. 'Necessity made us philosophers,' said Miss Berkeley, 'and we were obliged to show as much sang-froid on the subject as himself, for it was impossible to get him away without our prudery exciting more attention than would have been pleasant. When the count was satisfied with the eulogiums we bestowed upon his fair sister, he led us on, remarking, as he turned away from the statue, 'Ah, she was very beautiful, very beautiful was Pauline, but too ambitious. Nothing could satisfy her; she always felt as if my poor brother was robbing her of a kingdom, instead of bestowing one upon her; but she was so beautiful.'"

* * * *

Regarding Bonaparte's adaptation to American life and manners, Grandfather said:

"He was a striking example of the influence of surroundings upon individuals, and soon took on the color of the atmosphere in which he had elected to live. Writing

to the Countess de Villeneuve, his wife's sister, he said that he could never have been so happy elsewhere as in Bordentown—if only his wife and family were with him. The inhabitants, the climate and the government were all suited to his taste for a quiet and peaceable life, far from politics and the great cities. He loved the country and the secluded existence of the country house, without noise or state. If his personal desires could here been satisfied, he would have lived the life of a country gentleman in New Jersey."

XXI.

TWO CAPONS AND A BIG FAT HEN

LEAVING Elwood, Grandfather chose the old Columbia road to May's Landing, instead of the better but longer route, by way of Weymouth. He remarked that portions of the old Indian trails are still in use as public roads, but most of them are unknown to the present generation. When the Indians were mostly gone, and the interior of South Jersey yet unsettled, the residents of old Egg Harbor traveled the Indian paths, then marked by blazed trees, to a grist mill at Haddonfield, taking their grain on the backs of mules. For years they carried grain in one end of a bag and a stone in the other end to balance the load, and when remonstrated for thus unnecessarily loading the animal, they replied: "Father did it that way."

Reaching May's Landing, we passed down the river road and crossed Gravelly Run, stopping a moment to see the ruins of old Catawba Church. Then we passed "south by east," as the old man said, toward the brackish waters of the Great Egg Harbor, below English Creek.

"This is all historic ground," said Grandfather.

"I thought it was salt marsh," said the Annalist.

Ignoring this quip, the old man continued:

"Old Dr. Daniel Coxe, one-time eminent physician in London, became possessed, in connection with Thomas Budd, of 'all out-doors' in these parts of New Jersey. In other words, Coxe once owned all of Cape May County and a good slice of land in what we now call Atlantic County—all excepting the thousands of acres to which Budd held title, including the 'commonidge for cattle,' then scarcely worth a tinker's dam, but now rated by the millions of dollars in the shape of sand lots on Absecon Island.

OLD FORT NASSAU MONUMENT

See p. 183

"Coxe tired of his West Jersey possessions and in 1692 sold most of his holdings, including all of Cape May County, to a London company called the West New Jersey Society, which society delegated one Jeremiah Basse as agent. Basse lived for a time in Salem and then moved to Cape May and occupied a house called Coxe Hall, named in honor of the man who was physician to Queen Anne. Beginning with 1692, Basse sold many thousands of acres of land in lower Jersey for his sponsors, whereat they were glad, though they had previously directed him to be careful in the 'making of wines and brandy,'—I am quoting his own words—'and when ye season of ye year is fit for it, exercise your talents a little in making some wine for us—a cask of each sort —placing the wine in casks and the brandy in bottles.' All the while, Basse had a thought for his own comfort. This is evidenced by the royalty which he inserted in all of his deeds: "Two fat capons or hens, delivered at Coxe Hall, Cape May, December 24th, yearly.'

"Doubtless, the date of delivery was in anticipation of Christmas revels, which in those times extended through several days of feasting and carousal. The cause of temperance had no advocates in those days. The evils of intemperance were manifest in every grade of society. It was no scandal to the church if the rector could drink his wardens and parishioners blind. Basse and Coxe were both staunch Church of England men, though the former was originally a Baptist preacher. Even the good Quakers of that day were not immune from the assaults of John Barleycorn and the straight-laced Presbyterians, too, looked upon the wine when it was red—through a glass.

"As to those fat capons and hens—I am wondering what would happen if the heirs of the West New Jersey Society should learn that practically every title in Cape May County, and a considerable number in Atlantic, is subject to 'two fat capons or hens,' to be paid once a year in perpetuity the day before Christmas. Suppose

the present day Londoners, heirs of the West New Jersey Society, should make a demand for accumulated royalties in the form of two capons and a big fat hen, what would happen? Judge Clement once said that Basse executed a great many deeds—more than 325. Multiplying that number by 'two fat capons or hens' and the product by 232 and the result is more than 150,000. Can there be found in all of Atlantic and Cape May Counties a sufficient number of fat capons, young pullets and old hens to equal the accumulated royalties, should demand therefor be made the last of next December?"

XXII.

ODD DOINGS BY ODD PEOPLE

"THE wooded eminence at Bordentown, known as Point Breeze, was once owned by the Sayre family," said Grandfather.

We were then a mile or two beyond Columbus, en route from Crosswicks to Toms River. A glance at the map will show that we were traveling southward instead of eastward. Grandfather had chosen this roundabout way that he might pass a pleasant half hour at Birmingham, where the amber-colored waters of the Rancocas go tumbling over a dam into a swimming hole—delight of the boys of three generations and of the children of larger growth in later years, after some one had set up a summer boarding house near the dam. The old man volunteered the information that the only reason Columbus is not the county seat, instead of Mount Holly, is because the vote of Columbus was one-twelfth that of Mount Holly, at an election held in 1795, to decide the question of a site for the court house. Said he: "As 142 is to 1676 so is Black Horse to the answer." "Black Horse," he added, "was then the name of the settlement that lost out in a lively fight with Mount Holly. In those days judges and lawyers, leading men of the community, politicians, stage-coachmen, post-riders and suitors at court put up at the same tavern and passed much of their time near the tap room."

"Stephen Sayre," he continued, "occupied a modest house, overlooking the Delaware, at Bordentown, at the time of the Bonaparte purchase, in 1816. Sayre was a man of considerable note before the Revolution. In 1770, when a young man of thirty, he visited London, married a wealthy young lady of rank, and became a banker. He enjoyed the friendship of the Earl of Chatham and his popularity was such that he was

chosen under-sheriff of London in 1774. In October, 1775, however, he was arrested on a charge of treason, preferred by one Richardson, also an American and a sergeant in the royal guards. He was accused of being in a plot to seize the king on his way to Parliament and overthrow the government.

"Sayre was no doubt in sympathy with the colonists in their opposition to the oppressions of Parliament. At his trial he was acquitted of treason. After his release he prosecuted Lord Rockford, who had committed him to the Tower and seized his papers. The court awarded him one thousand pounds damages, conditional upon his proving that he was loyal to the king. The condition proved a bar to the recovery of the money, and he was obliged to suffer a heavy pecuniary loss in costs, besides personal indignity. Utterly impoverished, he left the country. Franklin employed him on several missions and he did good service for the American cause abroad, visiting Copenhagen, Stockholm and St. Petersburg. Some years after peace was declared he settled at Bordentown. The sale of his wooded estate to Bonaparte for $17,500 was effected by Dr. William Burns, who acted as an agent for the Sayre family. Bonaparte subsequently increased his holdings to 1837 acres, at a cost of $106,000, and spent over $150,000 in erecting his mansion overlooking the river.

"The name of Point Breeze was given the estate by Stephen Sayre. The original owner was Thomas Fairnsworth. In 1783 it was inherited by George Douglass, grandson of Joseph Borden, founder of Bordentown. Douglass kept a tavern during the Revolution and sold French brandy in hogsheads, handkerchiefs, Bohea tea, grass scythes, whetstones, horns, fish hooks, molasses and hatchets. Being unfortunate in business, he made an assignment to Abraham Hunt, a rich Trenton merchant, who entertained Colonel Rahl, the Hessian commander, on Christmas Eve, 1776—a few hours before the battle of Trenton. Hunt, an assignee, disposed of the property

to Samuel Courtauldt, a Cuban, trustee of Elizabeth Sayre, wife of Stephen."

* * * *

Continuing his reminiscences, and reverting to the days following the Revolution, Grandfather said:

"A glimpse of the country between Bordentown and Burlington is given in a volume of travels in America, written by John Peter Brissot de Warville, a Frenchman who visited America in 1788. His book was published in 1793, the year before he fell a victim to the merciless Robespierre, whose guillotine was so often wet with the blood of patriots. The Frenchman said"—here Grandfather handed the Annalist a copy of Brissot's book, from which is taken the following interesting record:

"A particular business called me to Burlington, on the borders of the Delaware. It is an elegant little town, more ancient than Philadelphia. Many of the inhabitants are Friends or Quakers. This was formerly their place of general rendezvous.

"From thence I went to the country house of Mr. Temple Franklin. He is the grandson of the celebrated Franklin, and as well-known in France for his amiable qualities as for his general information. His house is five miles from Burlington, on a sandy soil, covered with a forest of pines. His garden is well kept; he has a good library, and his situation seems destined for the retreat of a philosopher.

"I dined with five or six Frenchmen, who began their conversation with invectives against America and Americans, against their want of laws, their paper money and their ill faith. I defended the Americans, or rather I desired to be instructed by facts; for I was determined no more to believe in the opinions of individuals. 'You wish for facts,' said one of them, who had existed in this country for three years. 'I will give you some. I say that the country is a miserable one. In New Jersey, where we now are, there is no money; there is nothing but paper.' 'The money is locked up,' said Mr. Franklin. 'Would you have a man be fool enough to exchange it for depreciated rags? Wait till the law shall take the paper from circulation.' 'But you cannot borrow money on the best security. 'I believe it,' said Mr. Franklin; 'the lender fears to be paid in paper. These facts prove not the scarcity of money, but the prudence of those who hold it, and the influence that debtors have in the legislature.'

"They passed to another point. 'Your laws are arbitrary and often unjust. For instance, there is a law laying a tax of a dollar on the second dog, and this tax augments in proportion to the number that a man keeps. Thus a laborer has need of dogs, but he is deprived of their succor.' 'He has no need of them,' said Mr. Franklin. 'He keeps them but for his pleasure, and if anything ought to be taxed, it is pleasure. The dogs are injurious to the sheep. Instead of defending them, they often kill them. I was one of the first to solicit this law, because we are infested with dogs from this quarter. To get rid

of them we have put a tax on them, and it has produced salutory effects. The money arising from this tax is destined to indemnify those whose sheep are destroyed by these animals.'

"My Frenchman returned to the charge. 'But your taxes are extremely heavy.' 'You shall judge of that,' says Mr. Franklin. 'I have an estate here of five or six hundred acres. My taxes last year amounted to eight pounds in paper money. This, reduced to hard money, is six pounds.'

"Nothing can be more conclusive than those replies. I am sure, however, that this Frenchman has forgotten them all; that he will go and declare in France that the taxes in New Jersey are distressingly heavy, and that the imposition on dogs is abominable."

"The Franklin estate of five or six hundred acres at Rancocas," said Grandfather, "was purchased of Governor William Franklin by Benjamin Franklin, who presented it to his grandson, Temple. William Franklin invested his surplus salary, previous to the Revolution, in lands on the Rancocas Creek, and imported from England such agricultural implements as the New Jersey artizans were then unable to produce, although they have since become renowned in that branch of manufacture.

"Like Washington and Jefferson, William Franklin was learned in agriculture, and could talk of crops and cattle with the best farmers of his day. After this Rancocas farm had come into the possession of William Temple Franklin, the venerable Dr. Franklin wrote to a friend in 1786: 'Temple has turned his thoughts to agriculture, which he pursues ardently, being in possession of a fine farm that his father lately conveyed to him.'

"In this letter the great man failed to mention the fact that his own money had paid for the farm conveyed to Temple Franklin. It cost the young man's grandfather four thousand pounds sterling, on which he paid an annual tax of six pounds sterling."

* * * *

Returning to his story of Bonaparte, the old man said:

"Point Breeze was purchased in the name of James Carret, who executed a declaration of trust, setting forth that he bought the property as the friend and agent of

Bonaparte, and that he would, at any time, on demand, convey any or all the tracts so purchased, to any person designated by Bonaparte.

"The Legislature of New Jersey, at Bonaparte's request, on January 22, 1817, having passed an act enabling him to hold real estate, all of the land was subsequently conveyed to the Count de Survilliers, by which name Bonaparte preferred to be known. In 1825 the Legislature of New York also granted Bonaparte the privilege of holding real estate without becoming naturalized. A similar application to the Legislature of Pennsylvania was refused.

"Among the Frenchmen who followed Bonaparte to America, and who became his guests at Point Breeze, was the Baron Henri Dominique l'Allemand, who had been a general of artillery under Napoleon. Stephen Girard, who was then a widower and childless, had adopted three nieces into his household. Baron l'Allemand began to make professions of love to Henrietta Girard and two years afterwards they were married. The wedding took place in Philadelphia and was attended by the former king, Marshal Grouchy and other expatriated sons of the fallen empire.

"It was of this wedding that Fitz-Greene Halleck told a story of a wedding dinner in a French restaurant, at which he was the only American present; and it illustrates the temper in which Bonaparte and his countrymen met adversity. The poet had never seen conduct so extraordinary at the table. There was Grouchy singing, with the assistance of a vigorous chorus; General l'Allemand crawling on all fours with a child on his back; another General of Waterloo giving comic imitations; King Joseph rolling up a newspaper, converting it into a trumpet and blowing through it lustily, and the rest of these old or middle-aged Frenchmen behaving like boys, and making Halleck feel that he had passed one of the most amusing as well as one of the most remarkable evenings of his life.

"Bonaparte was a man who thoroughly appreciated any act of courtesy or any favors bestowed upon him, and when the Legislature of New Jersey passed the act which enabled aliens to own real estate, he thanked the members individually for their kindness. Shortly afterwards he invited them to dine with him at his Bordentown mansion, on which occasion he presented to each of his guests a set of silver knee-buckles. These articles of adornment or dress for gentlemen were worn as late as 1827, although knee-breeches were much less in vogue then than a decade or so earlier.

"Hon. Nathaniel Foster, grandfather of Mrs. Thomas K. Reed, wife of a well-known Atlantic City physician, both now deceased, received a set of the knee-buckles from Bonaparte. Mr. Foster was a member of the Assembly from 1826 to 1829 and of the Council in 1838. The knee-buckles, after his death, became an heirloom in the family. One of the legislators who dined at that memorable dinner afterwards acknowledged that he had never seen silver knives, forks or spoons until he saw them on Bonaparte's table.

"Some of the costumes of the gentlemen—those who attended the Bonaparte receptions—were picturesque, especially when compared with the plain garb of President Monroe, General Jackson and Secretary Adams, at the White House parties. The Bonaparte guests were garbed like the so-called plain citizens at the White House parties. They disported themselves in pumps, silk stockings, ruffled cravats and two or even three waistcoats of different colors. There were dangling fob ribbons, with gold buckles and big seals of topaz or carnelian; regulation frock coats of green or claret-colored cloth, with huge lapels; gilded buttons and top-boots with gold tassels. Certain of the exquisites affected the ultra-fashionable full dress of that period, which prescribed coats with great rolling collars and short waists, voluminous cravats of white cambric and tight trousers."

In his description of women's attire Grandfather was

no less precise. "Women's skirts in those days," said he, "were so scanty in breadth that dancing would have been impossible, had not the narrowness been matched by the length. There were five breadths and only a quarter of a yard to each breadth of the favorite India crepe. These skirts were coquettishly short for the freer display of slippers and silk stockings, matching the color of the gown, and fastened with ribbons crossed over the instep and ankle. Still, with all their brevity, the skirts of that day were not so short as those commonly worn by young women of the present day."

The old man then reached down into his wallet and brought out two miniatures of Bonaparte's daughters, Zenaide and Charlotte, painted about the time of the Point Breeze receptions, and called attention to the style of their gowns in a way that indicated the man of minute observation.

"The low baby waist," said he, "ingenuous and frank, came to an end abruptly under the arms, which were covered with gloves so fine that they might be stowed in the shell of an English walnut. The hair, dressed high, you will notice, is crowned with a comb of tortoise shell. Turbans and ostrich feathers were the peculiar ensigns of wives and matrons in those days."

* * * *

The Annalist: "You have told your story of odd doings by odd people, but in a roundabout way. It was like going round Robin Hood's barn."

Grandfather: "Not so. That old saying applies to a person who does not stick to the point. There's a point to my story—Point Breeze. The Robin Hood saying is based on an ancient song, of which only one line has been preserved: 'Robin Hood in Barnesdale stood.' In the early days it was a favorite expression in courts of law, when a lawyer consumed too much time in coming to the point. Even now the lawyers are always asking for more time. 'If your honor please, I'd like this case

to go over until the next term.' On one occasion, at Mount Holly, when Judge Woodhull was the presiding judge, James M. Scovel, his friend and neighbor in Camden, asked to have a case go over. The judge demurred. He told Scovel the case had been postponed so many times that it looked now as if it would go over until the day of judgment. 'In that case, your honor,' said Scovel, 'I will be there to plead and you'll be there to hear me.' 'Yes,' said the good judge—he was a Presbyterian elder—'you'll be there to plead and you'll plead lustily, too.' "

XXIII.

THE INDIANS AND THE WHITES OF ABSEGAMI

STRIKING the trail at Crosswicks—site of an Indian settlement before the coming of the whites—Pippin was steered south by east, still following the trail, until we reached Jacobstown, an hour after sun-up. Grandfather had purposely taken an early start, unbeknownst (a dictionary word) to the Bordentown boys, who, sad to say, had been indulging too freely in the boyish prank of "catching on behind," in imitation of their grandfathers in stage-coach days, when the four-horse stage came rumbling down the pike. The later generation had been hooking their express waggons to the tail of Grandfather's waggon, purposing no doubt, to set up the claim, later on, that they "once had a ride in the Jersey Waggon."

The old man recalled how the boys in stage-coach days had persistently climbed up on the rack to get a ride. Being discovered by the vigilant driver, he had given a "cut behind" with his long whip. Grandfather mentioned one Simon Rammell, who drove a stage out of Williamstown, first to Kaighn's Point, Camden, and later to Glassboro. He was an expert with the whip and somehow could bring the tip end of his lash into effectual juxtaposition with the acute end of a boy.

This later generation of Bordentown boys, having no stage racks to climb, had been pulling so vigorously at the Cape May gas tank of Pippin, hooking their express waggons to a projection called Sewell's Point, that they had loosened the whole of Cape May from its fastenings. At the time Grandfather made his discovery, an entire section of Pippin was hanging by the proverbial thread, at a point where, on the map, the western branch of the

Tuckahoe almost touches the eastern branch of Maurice River. Indeed, but for that thread, the whole of Cape May would show on the map as Cape Island, which aforetime it was commonly called. It was to avoid this severance of the motive power of Pippin, and also to avoid the pranks of the boys, that Grandfather had made his sun-up start from Bordentown.

Having determined to assert his dictum that "one taste of Atlantic City whets the appetite for more," Grandfather had taken the precaution to wire the Traymore, asking for the reservation of a room. He selected that hotel for two reasons, neither of which was on account of the super-elegance and comfort of those who are fortunate enough to sign their names to the hotel register. The presiding genius of the Traymore, said he, is Daniel S. White, born in Burlington County, and as Burlington beats in so many things, it is natural to assume that she excels in the matter of creature comforts. "His coadjutor, as the Episcopalians say of their bishops," said Grandfather, "is Joseph W. Mott, than whom there is no better hotel man between Hell Gate and the Golden Gate."

"Still, I am not seeking elegance," said Grandfather. "I have selected the Traymore because Mr. White represents the highest type of a Jerseyman." Then the old man added: "His love of humanity and service is emphasized in the deep-seated humanity of Mrs. White, born a Green. She is a daughter of the late Walter W. Green, a man of high character and noble impulses. Mrs. White, like the late Mrs. Leeds, of Haddon Hall, is much given to good works. Her presence is an inspiration to others who would be of service to humanity."

* * * *

Leaving Jacobstown, Pippin was steered southwesterly toward Medford. "This route," said Grandfather, "is another of the Indian trails, or rather a continuation of the one that passes through Crosswicks, and thence on to Chickohacki, present site of Trenton. In our travels,"

he added, "we will pass through a country once inhabited by the Rankokas and Atsionk Indians; also, the Yacomanshags and Amaronks. The old trail takes us through Camp Dix, Pemberton, Vincentown, Medford, along the western edge of Indian Fields and on to Long-a-Coming, whence we will travel southward, nearly parallel with the White Horse pike, until we come to Blue Anchor, where the old Indian trail forks, the upper fork leading to Pleasant Mills and the middle to Leeds Point. The lower one passes westward of the head of Babcock's Creek until it comes to May's Landing; then it follows the Great Egg Harbor to Somers Point. A considerable portion of this old trail is now a highway, though little used between Elwood and May's Landing. As our destination is Absecon Beach (Absegami of the Indians) it is necessary to leave the Indian trail at Blue Anchor and travel in a straight course, over a modern highway, to Atlantic City."

* * * *

Reaching Atlantic City and meeting Grandfather, by appointment, in the rotunda of the Traymore, after he had been shown to his "room" by the liveried page, the Annalist was dazed by the expression on the old man's face and his manner of speech. Possibly rotunda is not the proper word to use; anyway, it is a big open space on the main floor where everybody meets everybody else, and from which anybody can go off in a corner and talk privately with anybody else. That's where the Annalist met Grandfather, after he had come down from his—apartment!

"I wired for a room," said he, "and when I got up stairs I found a good slice of the Traymore set apart for my use. It overlooks the ocean and there is an unobstructed view up and down the Boardwalk, with a countless number of push chairs passing up one aisle and down the other. Everything about my apartment is so gorgeous that I told the page he must have made a mistake—that all I had asked for was a room! His reply took me aback.

He said Mr. Mott has personally issued instructions that I should have that apartment. 'Nothing too good for Grandfather,' is what the boy said Mr. Mott said. Why, my Son, he has done more for me than the forgiving father did for the prodigal son. He has more than killed the fatted calf. He has well-nigh killed your old Grandfather with kindness."

Pausing a moment, the old man continued: "Still, here we are, happily in Atlantic City. Now, to guard against more kindness—and any more might be harmful—we will seek diversion in a push chair. While we are riding I will tell you how the Indians used to enjoy themselves at the shore, long before the whites came here to disturb them in their simple life, *sans* Boardwalk, push chairs and piers, but always the beach, inviting and fair, with the wine of life in its pleasant air."

* * * *

Telling the pusher to "go west," we were soon in front of the Hotel Dennis, presided over by another Burlington County genius in the hotel business, Walter J. Buzby. It was here that Grandfather began his story of the Indians and the whites, which story the Annalist will endeavor to record as it came from the old man's lips:

"Long before the first settlement of the colony of Nova Cæsarea, or New Jersey, by Europeans, the Indians who inhabited its broad forests instituted summer excursions to the seashore, for the purpose of fishing, fowling and bathing. The squaws spent much of the cold season tanning deer skins and making them into robes. These robes were embroidered with pearls from various kinds of shell fish, or with the seeds of wild fruits, such as the cherry, persimmon, sassafras and brier vine. Many necklaces, bracelets, anklets and head bands were formed of similar articles. They also embroidered robes for the chief, the fighting braves and the males of lower rank. They manufactured baskets, which were taken to the seacoast to be filled with the eggs of water fowl, or with

fish, oysters, wild cherries, whortleberries and persimmons. The males manufactured bows, arrows, arrowheads, quivers, tomahawks and scalping knives. They killed deer and other animals, the skins of which were made into robes. Thus both the men and the women contributed their share toward a pleasant sojourn at the seashore.

"When the warm days of May came the squaws hurried to plant the Indian maize in order to be ready for the journey, and with the advent of June the tribe began their march to the chosen spot by the sea. The men armed themselves with their tomahawks, scalping knives, bows, and quivers full of arrows and arrowheads. The mother squaws lashed their black-eyed papooses to their shoulders and then further encumbered themselves with baskets and other articles needed at the summer encampment. Thus equipped, the whole tribe started in Indian file along the shaded path, as cheerful and happy as passengers in a modern railroad car en route to Atlantic City.

"When night came the tribe encamped in the forest, ate their suppers, and lighted fires to keep the wild beasts at a safe distance. Then they would lay down upon the ground to sleep. Frequently their slumbers were disturbed by the hooting of the owls, the screams of panthers, and the howling of wolves which infested the surrounding wilderness. As soon as the morning sun gilded the tops of the trees they arose and partook of a breakfast of venison and parched corn, and then took a final start for their place of summer encampment, which may have been Leeds Point or Somers Point and doubtless, sometimes Absecon Beach, whose oyster beds were a god-send to the aborigines.

"Having arrived at the seashore they prepared for a sojourn of many weeks by erecting temporary lodges of skins or cedar bark and boughs, where they lived and feasted on the luxuries so bountifully supplied by the waters, the marshes and the forests. When so inclined they sung their uncouth songs and danced their peculiar

dances. Sometimes they bathed in the surf and made merry as only savages can. They visited the tribe that had a permanent residence on Minicunk Island, further up the coast, and doubtless enjoyed these sociables as though they themselves and their rude entertainers were people of the highest civilization. When not thus engaged, the men went fishing, fowling, searching for the eggs of marsh hens and gulls, or gathered shell fish on the flats of the bay. The Indians regarded June as the month of eggs, for then mud hens, willets and gulls made their nests, in which each bird deposited a dozen or fifteen beautifully spotted eggs, about half the size of a domestic hen's egg.

"The visiting Indians would often borrow from the Minicunk tribe their cedar-log canoes or dug-outs, and taking their baskets with them would paddle up the Thoroughfare and over the bay to a cluster of islands now called the Seven Islands, in accordance with their number. Having reached one of the islands, they went on shore with their baskets, which were soon filled with eggs. When the baskets were filled the joyful egg-gatherers paddled back to their encampment and the whole tribe joind in a feast of roasted or boiled eggs.

"To the Indians, the seacoast from Little Egg Harbor to Great Egg Harbor was an earthly paradise, given them by the great Manitou. While the men of the tribe were engaged in procuring provisions, the women attended to the children, cooked the food procured by their lords and masters, gathered the materials and made circular beds of fire on which to roast terrapin, oysters and clams. Of course, the young braves wooed the dark-eyed and gayly-dressed maidens and marriages were as frequently contracted at the seashore in those times as in these later days.

"A certain William Wood, in his book on America, published in 1634, breaks into rhyme in this wise:

The dainty Indian maise
Was eat with clamp-shells out of wooden trays,
The luscious lobster with the craw-fish raw,
The brinnish oyster, mussel, periwigge,
And tortoise sought by the Indian squaw,
Which to the flats dance many a winter's jigge,
To dive for cockles and to dig for clams,
Whereby her lazy husband's *guts she cramms.*

"The last line is most likely literally true. A similar practice is prevalent in some sections of the State even unto this day, being one of the habits of the aborigines which our lazy forefathers were quick to adopt and transmit to succeeding generations. In every community there are men whose wives, like the Indian squaws, are required to do all the drudgery and often feed and clothe the indolent lords of creation.

"These aboriginal Jerseymen were a festive race. Besides the annual visits to the seashore, they had a great festival or green corn dance, at which they ate enormous quantities of baked soquanock, or hard-shell clams, and sickissuog, or soft-shell clams. They utilized the colored shells of the poquanhock for coin, by cutting out the central black portion, which in Indian numismatics was called luckahuok, or black money. Black money had twice the value of white money or wampum.

"When the melancholy winds of October began to blow, the Indians prepared to leave their temporary wigwams at the seashore. They loaded themselves with dried shell-fish, some winkle shells for drinking cups, and a few large seashells intended for crockery ware in the winter wigwams. The mothers lashed their papooses to their shoulders, and with a string of dried shell-fish on each arm they were equipped for the journey. The men carried their bows and arrows, beside bundles of wild fowl or strings of dried shell-fish, and the whole tribe then commenced the journey back to their winter wigwams."

* * * *

"Besides the tribes already mentioned, there was a small tribe, in later years, known as the Mullicas, a name

derived from Eric Mullica, a Swede, who settled very early on the Little Egg Harbor near the present site of Batsto. It was no doubt a branch of the warlike tribe of Atsionks, whose principal village was near the present village of Atsion. The Tuckahoe Indians, a more peaceful tribe, had their settlement on the river of that name. Between these two tribes, the Tuckahoes and the Atsionks, there was considerable intercourse, and in early times, in going from one place to the other, they crossed the Great Egg Harbor at Innskeep's ford, about two miles south of Winslow. At this point they generally stopped for the night, always sleeping in the open air and never remaining after sunrise.

"There was still another trail, which, beginning at Cape May, followed the present course of the railroad to Belleplain, thence across the head waters of the Tuckahoe to the western branch of the Great Egg Harbor at Cole's Mill, below Williamstown, and thence to Inskeep's ford. It joined the other trails at Blue Anchor.

"Of course, there were trails in the upper part of the State, between Chickohacki and Minisink, on the west, and the ocean on the east. The Minisink trail started on the upper Delaware and passed through Sussex, Morris, Union and Middlesex Counties, crossed the Raritan by a ford about three miles above its mouth and continued on toward Middletown, Monmouth County, until it came to Clay Pit Creek on the Navesink; thence to the mouth of that stream.

"The Burlington trail started at Crosswicks, where two trails joined, one leading to Burlington and the other to Trenton. This trail continued through Burlington, Mercer and Monmouth to Freehold, whose main street is a part of the old trail. From Freehold it continued northward to Middletown, where it joined the Minisink trail. Another trail led from a point below Freehold to Tinton Falls and thence to the present site of Long Branch.

"George Fox and John Brunyate, missionaries of the

Society of Friends, traveled these old trails in 1672 and came to Crosswicks in March of that year. Brunyate said: 'Toward evening we got to an Indian town and went to the Indian king's house, who received us very kindly and showed us very civil respect. But alas! he was so poorly provided, having got so little that day, that most of us could neither get to eat nor to drink in his wigwam; but it was because he had it not—so we lay, as well as he, upon the ground—only a mat under us and a piece of wood or any such thing under our heads.'

"Thus I have told you all of my story of the Indians and the whites of Absegami. It only remains for me to say that the name, Absegami, once applied to the present site of Atlantic City, is derived from two Indian words: Abse, meaning little or small, and Gami, meaning a wide, level extent of prairie or water. In this sense we have 'gom' or 'com' in Absecom, signifying little water or water of limited extent, the other side of which, called Gami, is in sight. Thus you get the compound word, Abse-Gami, corrupted first to Absecom and then to Absecon."

* * * *

The Annalist: "Your story of the Indians is very interesting; but what of those who crowded out the Indians—the whites of Absegami?"

Grandfather: "Whites? Have I not already told you of them—Daniel S. White and his gracious wife?"

XXIV.

CRONIES ASHORE AND CRONIES GALORE

RETURNING from Philadelphia, whither he had gone afoot to honor the memory of his old friend, Will. Penn, Grandfather stopped at the news stand, on the Camden side of the Delaware, and bought two newspapers, both published in Atlantic City, the Daily Press and Gazette-Review.* Poking the papers into the pockets of his great coat, he passed out of the ferry house to the plaza, whence he footed leisurely up the street until he came to a very large building, on top of which was a sign in big letters—"Vansciver." Pippin had been parked in front of this building most of the morning. Meanwhile, the old man had been enjoying himself in Penn's "greene country towne." One of his Camden cronies, David Jester, who owns an "undivided portion of the building and a slice of the business"—so Grandfather said—volunteered the information that the waggon had been an object of much curiosity while its owner was "hobnobbing with the Quakers."

Taking his accustomed seat, Grandfather said, quizzically:

"Curious, were they? What did they think it was, a rejuvenated conestoga, an antiquated charcoal crib or an elongated push chair?"

"Search me," said the Annalist.

"The old man glared, disapprovingly. Presently he said:

"Doesn't matter. Speaking of push chairs suggests Boardwalk. If a few people could have had their way, when Atlantic City built the first elevated promenade, in 1896, there would be no Boardwalk. Of course, there

*These two dailies have since been consolidated and are now published by the Press-Union Company. F. E. Croasdale is the editor.

had been one in previous years. As a matter of fact, Atlantic City invented the Boardwalk in 1870, but the planks were laid on the sand, with elevations at the street ends, under which saddle horses, work horses, waggons and other vehicles could pass conveniently to the strand. About the time the new promenade was dedicated on July 8, 1896, certain of the town's folk proposed changing the name to something more dignified—more European. It wasn't to be Boardwalk any more, but Rialto or Esplanade. The Italians, French, Spaniards and Portuguese wanted Rialto, while the English, German, Dutch and Irish chose Esplanade. America won. The governing body clung to the old name. Each one of them said, 'Jersey for me,' in voting for the resolution on August 17."

* * * *

One of the newspapers had slipped from Grandfather's pocket to the floor of the waggon. Picking it up, he remarked:

"Now we'll see what's doing in Atlantic City." Scanning the pages and looking vainly for a scare head, "Boardwalk," he smiled as he laid eyes on a displayed advertisement, with the picture of a gas range covering a third of the space.

"Strange," said he; "only an hour ago, at Independence Hall, I was seated where Franklin sat as he told Jefferson a story of which I am reminded by that gas range. Notice how it reads:

Chambers Fireless Gas Range
Cooks With the Gas Turned Off

"Brevity, my Son, is the soul of advertising. That ad. needs lopping. Let me tell you the story of John Thompson, the hatter, as Franklin told it while Congress was mutilating Jefferson's carefully drawn Declaration of Independence. The words 'Scotch and other foreign auxiliaries' excited the ire of our Jerseyman, Witherspoon, who was Scotch. They were stricken out. Crit-

icism of the king for negativing appeals to restrict the importation of slaves was offensive to some of the Southerners. That was stricken out. Other members criticised one thing and another.

"Jefferson was sitting near Franklin and Hopkinson, who perceived that the Virginian was not insensible to the mutilations. To compose him Franklin said: 'I have made it a rule to avoid drafting papers for other people to review. I got my lesson early in life. When I was a printer's apprentice, a friend of mine, apprenticed to a hatter, having served his time, was about to open a shop for himself. His first concern was to have a handsome signboard, with a proper inscription. He composed it in these words: "John Thompson, hatter; makes and sells hats for ready money." He showed it to friends and asked their advice. The first man thought the word "hatter" superfluous, because it followed the words "makes hats," thus indicating that he was a hatter. It was stricken out. The next friend said the word "makes" should be omitted, because no one would care who made the hats. If well made, they would sell, regardless of the maker. He struck out "makes." A third thought the words "for ready money" useless, as it was not customary for a hatter to sell on credit. Every one who bought a hat would pay for it. Three more words were eliminated. The inscription now read: "John Thompson sells hats." "Sells hats?" said his next friend. "Why nobody will expect you to give them away. What is the use of the word sells?" Out it went. "Hats" followed, at the suggestion of another friend, who observed that one was painted on the board. His sign was thus reduced to "John Thompson," with the figure of a hat.'

"Now, you understand why I say that gas range ad. in the Daily Press needs lopping. First of all 'fireless' should be eliminated, because it is an untruth. No range is fireless. All ranges cook, so what is the use of that word cook? Anybody can see it's not a coal range,

so why say gas? He is advertising a range; the picture shows it. Why that repetition of range? Then he says the cooking is done with the gas turned off. Of course it is; the picture shows it. The lid is on the steaming pot and the little faucets in front are turned off. No gas is being used; therefore the words 'with the gas turned off' are superfluous. What is left? Simply, 'Chambers' and the figure of a range. That's enough. As Franklin said of Thompson, whose mutilated sign to him seemed strange, so say I of Chambers—the name's enough, plus the figure of a range."

* * * *

Pushing the goer and sounding the tooter, the old man steered Pippin out Federal Street to Broadway and thence to Kaighn Avenue. On our way out Federal Street we passed the public service building, now marking the site of Camden's first court house and city hall, and the new court house, covering the old court house square, bounded by Market and Federal, Sixth Street and Broadway. Next we passed around a monument, unveiled in 1920, commemorating old Fort Nassau, erected in 1623, on the edge of Gloucester, and reached Buck's Tavern well in advance of an approaching train. The station sign read "Westville." Another run of twelve or thirteen miles brought us to Glassboro; next Clayton, Franklinville and Iona, where we stopped for gas.

"What town is this?" inquired the Annalist of the man at the pump. Grandfather had dismounted and was returning from the general store, after making a small purchase. He had not heard the question, but his quick ear caught the man's answer:

"Iona town."

"Don't care if you do," said he. "I own a State."

At Malaga, before leaving the Cape May trail to take a road that joins the Black Horse pike above Landisville, where the Harding Highway begins, Grandfather

met another of his cronies, traveling northward from Vineland in a new sedan. The owner seemed to be testing the engine power. Grandfather hailed him as "Senator" and explained that he was Bloomfield H. Minch; said he was an "ex." and had served three highly creditable terms in the upper house before retiring in 1910.

"Making good time—considering," said he; "some difference between four miles and forty."

"Considering what?"

"Considering what happened in front of his home, in Bridgeton, some years ago."

Reaching into his wallet, he fumbled around and finally brought out a newspaper clipping, marked "Bridgeton, 1899."*

"Shows the attitude of the public toward the auto-waggon," said he, "at the time of its first appearance on our highways. Note it down, while you think of it—Senator Minch covering forty miles an hour." Then he read:

"Bridgeton people received their first introduction to the horseless carriage to-day, when a family from Millville came slowly into town, mounted on an automobile. No names are mentioned, as every one knows who has boasted that his is the first horseless carriage in Cumberland County. The vehicle was driven by a small gasoline engine, and made unsteady progress on Commerce street between Pearl and Laurel. If this is a fair sample of the machine that many writers prophecy will soon supersede the horse, then all we have to say is that noble animal has a long call on the auto. Crossing the bridge, two men had to give it a boost up the hill as far as Giles street. The machine attracted much attention and was carefully inspected by citizens before attempting to climb the hill. Divers suggestions and criticisms were offered. The whole outfit weighs a trifle less than a ton. It makes considerable noise when in motion and has the appearance of a small traction engine. The steering is done with a rod in front of the driver, something like the lever attached to the grate of

*Thirty years ago, in 1895, a Chicago policeman ordered a man off the streets of that city for driving a horseless carriage. It was charged that the strange contraption interfered with traffic. It scared the horses and drew crowds of curious people. The driver was Elwood Haynes, who died a few months ago—in April, 1925. His was the first automobile. He had tried it a number of times on quiet country roads and the Illinois farmers rubbed their eyes in wonder as it reeled off five miles an hour. Now those same farmers, with nearly eighteen millions of fellow Americans, think nothing of tooling their flivvers and their high-priced sedans to make six times that speed on the macadam and concrete roads which have superseded the dirt roads of a generation ago.

a cellar heater. If its speed while coming into town and as witnessed by those who saw it passing beyond Giles street is a fair sample of the ground it covers in a given time, we would say its gait is four or five miles an hour. It was not making more than four as it passed the Minch homestead. The owner said he was going to spend Sunday with friends at Shiloh. We'll wager that if he gets back to Millville on Monday, it will be by some other route than Bridgeton.

We traveled by way of Buena and Richland and stopped at May's Landing in front of the court house. Dismounting, Grandfather chatted awhile with Sheriff Cloud and Surrogate Abbott.

"Two more of your cronies, I suppose?"—both officials being then out of hearing.

"Yes, and believe me, they are two hummers," said he.

"S-s——"

The old man raised his hand in rebuke. "You're wrong," said he. "'Believe me' is not slang; it is from Boswell's 'Johnson,' now a classic; the other means alertness, activity. The humming bird is a hummer. So is Cloud; so is Abbott."

"How about Blair, the County Clerk?"

"He is triple-winged; makes me think of lightning; goes so fast you can't see him go."

* * * *

"To bed, you sleepy head," said he, as we parted for the night in Atlantic City, the Annalist having said he was tired.

* * * *

"The popularity of Atlantic City as a health resort is heightened by its proximity to the pine and oak belt of New Jersey." Such was the emphatic statement of Grandfather on the morning following the return to his sumptuous apartment at the Traymore. "The woods of New Jersey," said he, "are valuable adjuncts to the seashore in the conservation of health. This is proven by the popularity of Lakewood in the Pines. The historic

popularity of Brown's Mills furnishes other proof, but better than either of these is the testimony of the American Institute of Homeopathy, which resolved, at Cleveland, in 1924, that the 'healthiest section of the United States is the pine belt of New Jersey,' shoreward of Atlantic City. Dr. Kern, of Chicago, a noted diagnostician, in an address before the convention, said the combination of seashore and country made for ideal health conditions."

"As a life-long resident of New Jersey, and I have lived here more than two hundred and sixty years" —this the old man said not in self-glorification, but as one having pride in his own country—"I quite agree with Dr. C. H. Shivers, who says:

> "Atlantic City is in a pine belt forty miles wide and every pine tree is constantly giving off turpentine in volatile form. This volatile turpentine converts the oxygen in the air into ozone, which is very beneficial in diseases of the lungs. Hence, whether the wind is blowing fresh air from the ocean or bringing down the ozone-laden air from the pine belt, Atlantic City is always getting a supply free from germs."

"Doubtless, it is on account of their appreciation of these facts that our legislators are spending large sums of money upon road improvements. They are thus accomplishing wonders in the way of facilitated intercourse and transportation. Superb highways penetrate the trackless wildernesses of other days.

"Think of the hardships of those two men, Alexander Wilson and John J. Audubon," said he, "when they came down into the wilds of old Eyren Haven to study bird life. New Jersey has a peculiar interest in these two men. They are the greatest of American ornithologists."

* * * *

Pippin was then hitched at the roadside, near the old grist mill of James Somers, Bargaintown, and we had wandered afoot through the Farish woods, overlooking the pond. James Farish is another of his cronies. In-

deed, Grandfather is like Jim Bludsoe with his sweethearts—one in every town. He has cronies everywhere —cronies galore. From the mill we footed across fields and along the banks of Patcong creek, which empties into the Great Egg Harbor abreast of Somers Point. The old man is a good pedestrian. Over the fences he went with the dexterity of a twenty-year-old, through brier patches and across ditches—the Annalist always a poor second.

Seated under a tree, on the road leading from Steelmanville to Gravelly Run, near a poultry farm, he told this story:

"The career of Alexander Wilson was terminated in Atlantic County. He had nearly completed the eighth volume of his great work, when, in 1813, he came to Great Egg Harbor to study water birds. Only a little way from here, at the western edge of Somers Point, he plunged into the river to recover a bird he had shot. He was likely to lose the specimen, and the effort to reach it cost him his life. A cold followed and he hastened to Philadelphia for medical treatment. If the conveniences of travel had been as they are to-day, his life would have been saved. He died August 23, 1813, and is buried in Old Swedes Churchyard, Philadelphia.

"No less famous and certainly as much of a crony was that other lover of birds, Audubon—'Dubon, as I sometimes called him. In his diary he tells of a trip he made to Great Egg Harbor in 1829, and gives a very interesting account of his journey from Philadelphia to the present site of Atlantic City. He came to the coast in June and remained until September. His story is best told in his own words."

Reaching again into the wallet, the old man brought out a transcript from the Audubon diary, from which he read:

"To such naturalists as are qualified to observe many different objects at the same time, Great Egg Harbor would probably afford as ample a field as any part of the coast. Birds of many kinds are abundant, as are fishes and testaceous animals. The forests shelter

many beautiful plants and even on the dryest sand bar you may see insects of the most brilliant tints. Our principal object, however, was to procure certain birds known by the name of lawyers—a rare and wily species."

The old man chuckled. "Lawyers are not rare in these parts now, eh? Atlantic City has a-plenty—most of them as wily as the blacknecked stilt or longshanks, so eagerly sought by 'Dubon. The naturalist's guide or helper, during his sojourn in Great Egg Harbor, was a certain Captain Horan. To capture the lawyers, 'Dubon and Horan followed miles and miles of winding thoroughfares—'bayous' the naturalist called them, perhaps because he was a Louisianian by birth. These 'bayous' led him to the interior of a vast marsh, where, after some search, he found the birds and their nests. Note what he says:

"Our seine had been placed across the channel and when we returned to it the tide had run out and left in it a number of fishes, some of which we cooked and ate on the spot One, which I considered a curiosity, was saved and transmitted to France, a gift to Baron Cuvier. Our repast ended, the seine was spread out to dry and we again took ourselves to the marshes, to pursue our researches until the return of the tide. Having collected enough to satisfy ourselves, we took up our oars and returned to the shore in front of the fisherman's house, where we dragged the seine several times with success. In this manner I passed several weeks along those delightful and healthy shores—one day going to the woods in search of upland birds or to the swamps for heron; another day amid the joyous cries of the marsh hens, and the next carrying slaughter among the white-breasted sea gulls. By way of amusement, we sometimes hauled the fish called the sheeps-head from an eddy along the shore; again we watched the gay terns as they danced in the air or plunged into the water to seize their tiny fry. Many a drawing I made at Egg Harbor and many a pleasant day I spent along its shores."

Grandfather remarked that 'Dubon and Horan were as chummy as Tam O'Shanter and Johnnie, the shoemaker—without any of the "reaming swats," whereof Tam and his crony "drank divinely." Then he quoted the lines of Burns:

> Pleasures are like the poppies spread—
> You seize the flower, its bloom is shed!
> Or like the snow-falls in the river—
> A moment white, then gone forever.

"Strong drink is raging," said he—"Tam O'Shanter discovered that to his sorrow. There was little or none of it in the Horan home, and without it the two cronies were happy when their day's work was over.

"To the end of his life, Audubon—he was born in 1780 and died in 1851—never forgot the delights of his rambles in Great Egg Harbor. He hoped that the time would come again when he could be sheltered with his dog and gun in Captain Horan's humble but happy home in old Egg Harbor.

"From this locality he went to the Lehigh mountains, where he spent most of the autumn making drawings of his Egg Harbor specimens. He said to Jedediah Irish, his companion, that he could never forget the long talks and walks he had with Captain Horan. Of his stay in the mountains he says: 'The juicy venison, excellent boar's flesh and delightful trout that daily formed my food, methinks I can still enjoy. And then what pleasure I had in listening to him, as he read his favorite poems of Burns, while my pencil was occupied in smoothing and softening the drawing of the bird before me.'

"Delightful days were they, my Son—the days of 'Dubon and Horan—cronies afloat and afield in old Egg Harbor."

XXV.

BEACH PARTIES AND QUAKER DANCES

TRAVELING at a moderate clip along the Pitney road, we came to Port Republic, our destination being Chestnut Neck. This road runs straight as an arrow from a point near the home of Rev. Robert Arthur Elwood, energetic pastor of the Boardwalk Church, Atlantic City, to the old French Homestead on Nacote Creek.

On the way, keeping an eye on Pippin, to make sure he did not leave the road, Grandfather told an interesting story. It was after we had crossed the bed of the abandoned railroad to Brigantine, west of Oceanville. The old man remarked, as we passed a shack that once went by the name of Port Republic Station, that time was, previous to 1903, when Brigantine was accessible by railroad from Philadelphia and New York, via the Reading and New Jersey Central systems, connecting with the Brigantine branch at Pomona. The road crossed Grassy Bay on a trestle, destroyed by a storm on September 16, 1903. The loss was considerable—so great that the company found itself unable to meet the cost of rebuilding either the bridge or roadbed. Beyond Oceanville the railroad crossed the marsh until it came to Grassy Bay. Here, aforetime, there was a bridge and this bridge was supported on piling.

"Connected with these pilings is an interesting story," said Grandfather. "As saplings they were growing in Virginia when Oliver Cromwell swept England with his Roundheads. The owner at that time was the only ruler of an English dependency who refused to own fealty to Cromwell. They were still growing when Charles II was restored to power. Their owner was given new and wider crown rights as a reward for his firm stand against the Roundheads. Strange to say, a considerable

number of the descendants of one of the staunchest adherents of Cromwell, Gregory Clement—one of the judges who condemned Charles I, who lost his head on account of his fealty to the Roundheads—are now living in Atlantic County. They are the Clements of South Jersey."

"The old Brigantine bridge," he continued, "was supported on piling that came from one of the most historic spots in America. They were on the Green Spring Farm, eight miles from Williamsburg. At that time it consisted of 3000 acres, of which 2500 was in heavy timber. Ephraim T. Gill and Isaac Braddock, of Haddonfield, had the contract for furnishing the bridge piling. They rafted the logs through the Delaware and Chesapeake Canal up the Delaware and across the State by rail. It is a matter of record that they were never able to collect the bill against the company, on account of its insolvency."

Having told this story, Grandfather continued: "Tucker's Beach, not far to the north of us, took its name from Reuben Tucker, who emigrated from Orange County, N. Y., in 1745, to Little Egg Harbor, then in Burlington County, but now in Ocean. He purchased land in the vicinity of the present town of Tuckerton and the adjacent beach. His second son was Ebenezer Tucker. The oldest son, Stephen, sympathized with the British during the Revolution and at the close of the war took refuge in Nova Scotia, where he is said to have died an ignominious death. Ebenezer prospered and purchased most of the land—perhaps all—within the boundaries of the present town of Tuckerton. He owned what was called the old tavern and built a new one, known as the Union Inn. He owned valuable tracts of woodland, built vessels and engaged in the lumber business on an extensive scale. He set up a store and some of his vessels were engaged in the profitable West India trade. He became the wealthiest man of his day in that section of the State.

"At an early date, about 1765, Tucker's Beach was a resort for health and pleasure seekers, and without a doubt it is the oldest watering place on our coast. People from Pennsylvania and Burlington County went to the beach to fish and bathe. As Reuben Tucker's house was the only one on the beach, it was naturally the resort of visitors. Each year brought more visitors and beach parties became very popular.*

"In those days there was a yearly meeting of Friends at Tuckerton. Old and young Quakers came from the interior towns and cities to attend these meetings, but somehow the young people were more interested in the beach and the ocean than in matters of religion as they were considered at the Tuckerton meeting. This habit of breaking away from the meeting on the part of the young Quakers became so notorious that the yearly meeting was discontinued, but the lure of the sea clung to the young people. Every year thereafter the young men Quakers visited the beach to hunt and to fish and the young women to enjoy the beach parties. It is even said that they danced at these festive yearly meetings on the beach, regardless of the reprimand that awaited them on their return home. It is a matter of record that the big room in Tucker's boarding house was the scene of many a dance, and there is authority for saying that matches were made at these parties. Cupid threw his darts with unerring aim every summer.

"Tucker's boarding house grew in favor with each succeeding year and to meet the demands of its friends, the proprietor, after the death of Tucker, enlarged it twice. For many years it was crowded with Philadelphians, until about 1845, when it was burned to the ground."

---

* The United States Gazette, of Philadelphia, in the issue of August, 1824, says: "At Long Beach, off Tuckerton, there are over one hundred in good health and great spirits, and the various houses along the coast are well supplied with visitors who have shaken off the intrusive cares of a city, and laid the meddling business all aside."

COMMODORE CHARLES STEWART

Regarded by the family as a Perfect Likeness of the great Sea Fighter in his Fighting Days

See p. 241

After a brief pause and a little reflection, Grandfather continued:

"Those who condemn modern dances like to point to old times, when dancing was the poetry of motion—the minuet and the quadrille—wherein the young people bowed gracefully and held each other by the hand. They sigh for those old times and those dances and deprecate present day dances, so lost to modesty. Yet, I remember well a letter that was written to the London Spectator in 1730. A citizen of London, having visited the dancing school of a certain Mr. Rigadoon, of whom his daughter was taking lessons, was so shocked at what he saw that he felt moved to say: 'I was amazed to see my girl handed by young fellows with so much familiarity, I could not think it was my child. At last an impudent young dog bid the fiddlers play a dance called Moll Pately, and after having made two or three capers, ran to his partner, locked his arms in hers and whisked her round, above the ground, in such a manner that I, who sat upon one of the lowest benches, saw further above her shoes that I can think fit to acquaint you with. I could no longer endure these enormities; wherefore, just as my girl was going to be made a whirligig, I ran in, seized on the child and carried her home.' It is quite possible that the Quaker dances at Tuckerton were not so indecorous as the one of which the London gentleman complained, but I can assure you the movements of the young Quakers were quite in keeping with that poetry of motion so beautifully portrayed in the minuet and quadrille."

The old man reflected. Presently, he said:

"The present site of Tuckerton was first known as Fishtown and afterwards as Clamtown, in recognition of the leading industry of the settlers—fishing and clamming. In 1798 Ebenezer Tucker, postmaster of Clamtown, conceived a plan to have the name of the place changed. He first felt the pulse of the town's people to discover what they thought of the name of Tuckerton.

Then he gave a feast, a primitive banquet, to all who had indicated 'yes' to his suggestion. At the feast Mr. Tucker had no difficulty in getting the signature of every man present to a petition to have the name of Clamtown changed to Tuckerton, which paper was promptly forwarded to Washington, with the desired result.

"The food at that dinner consisted of boiled beef and pork, turnips, potatoes and rye bread. It is noteworthy that the change of name occurred just one hundred years after the first settlement by whites in the neighborhood in 1698. At that time the region was an unbroken forest, inhabited by a few Indians. Long before the coming of the whites the beavers had built a dam across Pohatcong creek, or Mill creek, as it is more often called, forming a pond which was afterwards utilized as a water power for a grist mill, built in 1704, by Edward Andrews, who had purchased five hundred acres of Samuel Jenings."

XXVI.

TORYISM THE LAST REFUGE OF SCOUNDRELS

"IF DR. JOHNSON had lived in New Jersey in the time of the Revolution," said Grandfather, "he wouldn't have expressed himself so absurdly on patriotism. Instead of saying, 'Patriotism is the last refuge of scoundrels,' he would have imputed that refuge to the Tories, of whom there were quite a few in the lower counties of the State."

Pippin had just passed the causeway abreast of the pond at a settlement known as Freas' Mill, near Fislerville, on the road leading to Squankum. The Annalist uses those names in deference to Grandfather, who says he is as much opposed to giving new names to old places as the ancients were to putting new wine into old bottles. On the map Fislerville is now Clayton. Because there was another Squankum in Monmouth County, when the people living in a settlement two miles south of Cross Keys wanted a post office of their own, in 1842, Uncle Sam called the place Williamstown, in honor of Israel Williams, who bought the land of the Penns in 1772 and deeded it to his son John in 1783. It was there that the father of the Bodine brothers, John F., William H. and J. Alfred, set up a glass works in 1839.

We were then headed for Williamstown that is—Squankum that was—where Grandfather expected to proceed "sou' by east," on the Black Horse pike, as far as May's Landing—the same pike for which there is now a considerable agitation, pro and con, but mostly pro, looking to the conversion of that highway into an improved State road, to relieve traffic on the White Horse pike between Camden and Atlantic City.

In explanation of his reference to Tories and scoundrels, Grandfather continued:

"The Tories of South Jersey, Delaware and Maryland, commonly known as refugees, were continually passing to and from New York and North Jersey by way of old Egg Harbor. From Sandy Hook to Delaware Bay, from Passaic Falls to Tuckahoe, they carried on a merciless career of rapine and bloodshed. They did infinite mischief to the shore people, who were generally good Whigs, but on some occasions the latter were able to turn the tables on the Tories and punish them as they deserved.

"On September 11, 1782, Captain Douglass, with some of the Gloucester militia, attacked a boat containing eighteen Tories, of whom fourteen were killed or drowned. The others escaped. On another occasion Captain John Davis was sent to Egg Harbor with a company of militia. His lieutenant, Benjamin Bates, with Richard Powell, a private, called at a house near Pleasant Mills, where it was understood two men were secreted. Bates and Powell reached the house shortly after daybreak and found two girls building a fire in the kitchen. They inquired if there were any persons in the house besides the family, and were told that 'two men from up in the country' were asleep in one of the rooms. Bates directed the girls to show him where they were, and in so doing they passed through a room separating the kitchen from the bed room. Two pistols were seen lying on a table in this room. Knocking on the door, Bates was at first refused admission, but finding him determined to enter, the refugees opened the door and surrendered. They refused to tell their names, but were afterwards identified as William Giberson and Henry Lane, lieutenants, the former a notorious rascal, who had committed many outrages and killed one or two patriots in cold blood. On their way to Davis' headquarters, Giberson called Bates' attention to something he pretended to see at a distance, and while Bates was

looking in that direction Giberson started to run in another, and being a very fast runner, made his escape, Bates, however, firing several shots after him.

"Captain Davis directed Bates to recapture Giberson the next night, if possible. Accordingly, he went to the same house. While in the act of opening the door, Bates heard the click of a gun, and turning round he saw Giberson aiming at him from behind a tree. He quickly dropped on his knees and the ball passed through the crown of his hat. Giberson started to run, but was pursued by Bates, whose first shot took effect. Although badly wounded in the leg, Giberson succeeded in reaching a swamp, but was soon recaptured and taken to Burlington jail, whither Lane had been previously taken by Private Powell. Giberson afterwards broke jail and reached New York, whence he escaped to Nova Scotia. Previous to his capture by Davis he had an exciting experience at Tuckerton. One day a lad was gunning in Tuckerton Bay, when he was surprised by the appearance of Giberson and his gang in a boat. They made the boy a prisoner, took his fowling piece and ordered him to pilot them to Tuckerton landing. Reaching what was called 'scow landing,' they moored the boat and went to the tavern recently built by Daniel Falkenburg, the first inn keeper in Little Egg Harbor. As soon as the refugees reached the tavern they indulged in a drunken revel. Some of the residents sent a messenger to a company of militia stationed at Mannahawkin.

"A squad of soldiers marched toward the place to capture or disperse the revelers, but a Tory informed the outlaws of their coming, and about the time the militia reached Tuckerton the refugees fled to the landing. Seizing their guns they took an advantageous position in the boat. The militia marched down Green Street toward the landing, and as they came near the creek, the refugees poured the contents of their heavily charged guns into the ranks of the militia with such fury and

precision that the latter were forced to retreat, followed by the outlaws, who pursued them to West Creek. Seeing the retreating militia on the opposite side of the creek, Giberson and his victorious band returned to Tuckerton to go aboard their boat.

"When they reached the landing the boat was some distance off. In their absence two of their comrades, who were too drunk to join in the pursuit, had become sober enough to unmoor the boat and were paddling the craft down the creek, shouting as their companions came in sight, 'we are the boys to hold the boat.' The returning outlaws, mistaking them for their enemies, ran along the creek in pursuit. They fired at and killed both of the men before discovering that they were of their own gang. After this the refugees returned to the tavern and finished their debauch. Before leaving Tuckerton Giberson hunted up the boy from whom he had taken the gun, returned it to him and also presented him with a Spanish dollar. After the close of the Revolution, Giberson returned from Nova Scotia to Egg Harbor and settled down to a more peaceful and honorable occupation.

* * * *

"About the time of Giberson's capture and imprisonment in Burlington, Captain Davis was informed that another party of twenty-one British soldiers, who had escaped from Virginia after Cornwallis' surrender, had arrived upon the Egg Harbor shore, and were concealed in the woods waiting for a vessel to take them to New York. Knowing where they would embark, he secreted himself, with a number of his men, near where the boat lay. When they came there was a lively hand-to-hand fight, but Davis and his men were victorious, killing or taking prisoners nineteen of the twenty-one Englishmen.

* * * *

"Andrew Steelman was a stalwart patriot. He commanded privateers and his chief business was to prevent

lawless persons from supplying the British with contraband goods. The enemy paid high prices for fresh provisions, and a number of people, mainly of the class called Hickory Quakers, engaged in it as a money-making business. Some of these made a business of securing supplies of meats, vegetables, etc., and when a load was secured they tried to run the blockade. Steelman frequently heard of the movements of these men and made midnight raids on the storage places, generally dwellings, and confiscated the supplies.

"On October 25, 1782, a British cutter from St. Thomas, West Indies, loaded with supplies for the British in New York, grounded on the southern end of Barnegat Shoals. Captain Steelman, in the armed galley Alligator, with about twenty-five men, went to the wreck to watch the crew and to secure the cargo. At night the patriots were wet and tired, and building a fire on the beach they went to sleep. Towards morning a refugee band, under Captain John Bacon, surrounded the sleepers and fired upon them, killing Steelman and about twenty of his men. The site of this barbarous slaughter is the southern end of what is now Barnegat City. No monument marks the spot, though their patriotism ought to be thus recognized and their memory perpetuated.

* * * *

"Near the headwaters of the Mullica River, about five miles from the village of Elwood, is a long, narrow island, midway of the stream and parallel with its course. The division thus formed is called "The Forks," and marks the head of navigation. In the time of the Revolution, there were houses and barns on this island, in which was stored many of the cargoes captured by the privateers. The inaccessibility of the place to British vessels of war precluded all danger of a hostile incursion from the seaboard, and so profitable did the business of handling prize cargoes become that The Forks rapidly increased in population and importance. About the year

1778 the predatory bands of refugees, or pine robbers, as they were sometimes called, became troublesome, and to guard against their attacks a small military force was kept at The Forks for several months. This force, with a number of volunteers from The Forks, participated in the defense of Chestnut Neck, when that post was attacked by the British on October 6, 1778. Col. Richard Wescoat, who, with Elijah Clark, built the fort at Chestnut Neck, lived at The Forks for a time. He wrote to Hon. William C. Houston, member of Congress from New Jersey, under date of December 12, 1779: 'I have been down to Absecon Beach and have gott all the wine Belonging to the United States landed on the said Beech Excepting four or five Casks which were Bilged and almost out. The Severity of the Weather and exceedingly High winds which prevailed have rendered it out of my power to Bring it to the main land which is seven or eight miles from the Beech. The Scollops which I expected to take it in have not yet arrived. I shall therefore have it properly stored and taken care of till opportunity presents of conveying it to the City of Philadelphia.'

"Colonel Wescoat served several years in the war and was badly wounded at the battle of Trenton. At the date of the above letter he was in charge of the government commissary stores at The Forks. On more than one occasion he put his children in the family carryall, together with the silver plate, all in the care of Jude, a trusty slave, and sent them far into the swamp until all danger from the enemy was passed. Colonel Wescoat, after the war was over, moved to May's Landing, and died there at the age of 102.

* * * *

"A refugee band, led by Joseph Mulliner, was long a terror to the patriots living in the vicinity of The Forks. Their favorite rendezvous was an almost inaccessible jungle known as Cold Spring Swamp. Mul-

liner was an Englishman, and is described as a young man of good address and attractive personal appearance. He was over six feet in height. His band of outlaws sometimes numbered nearly a hundred, and they had little regard for human life, if it stood in the way of their infamous plans. Mulliner's wife was an active and cunning assistant, giving information in person or by note, which often led to the capture or injury of the patriots. She lived in a cabin in the swamp on the southern side of the river, nearly opposite to where her husband had his principal rendezvous. Mulliner had a dog to whose neck he attached an ingeniously constructed collar, and having trained the dog as a courier, when he wished to communicate with his wife—and through her with some of the absent band—he would write his message, fasten it to the collar and then start the dog across the river.

"In order to facilitate his plans, Mulliner procured a large log, to which he fastened the tops of a number of cedar trees, giving it the appearance of a growth of small cedars. These cedars formed a kind of arbor, in which one or more men could sit and paddle the improvised canoe across the river. This was usually done where the river was studded with small islands, and if in danger of detection the oarsman would paddle his log-boat to the edge of an island and wait there, seemingly a part of the island, until the danger had passed. Mulliner wore an officer's uniform, with a ponderous sword at his side and a brace of horse pistols in his belt. When on a march he also carried a gun, so that he was amply equipped for an attack.

"At last his outrages became too audacious for even the tardy justice of those troublesome times, and he was hunted down by an armed force, arrested and imprisoned at Burlington. His imprisonment lasted but six weeks, when he was tried and sentenced to be hung at Burlington on August 16, 1781. On the day of his execution thousands of persons assembled to witness the hanging.

"The condemned desperado was placed in a waggon, which contained his coffin, and was followed by a procession of people. They passed out of Burlington, over Ewing's bridge, to a place called 'Gallows Hill,' where the condemned man was suspended from the branch of a large tree. Under the gallows he confessed many of his crimes, and acknowledged the justice of his sentence.

"After his execution Mulliner's body was delivered to his wife, who still resided at The Forks. It was taken to Pleasant Mills and interred in a plot of land he had once owned, near where the paper mills are now located. About 1860 his bones were exhumed by a party of drunken woodsmen, and taken to Batso, but by the order of Jesse Richards, owner of the Batso Iron Works, they were returned to their original resting place, where they have since laid undisturbed.

* * * *

"A certain Colonel Morgan kept a tavern and store at The Forks, and though he professed loyalty to the cause of liberty, he gave secret aid and comfort to the refugees, concealing their stolen goods and assisting them in every possible way. He also managed to fill his own coffers with a portion of their spoils. A large tree stood in front of his tavern, and a few feet above the ground it branched off into a number of forks, within which a cage was built. In this cage ten or a dozen persons could be seated at one time, and be fairly hidden from view. The refugees were in the habit of climbing up into this cage, called by them the Punch Bowl, to drink punch and concoct their schemes of robbery and rapine. Doubtless the fate of many a man and the capture of many a boat load of goods was agreed upon at these festive gatherings in the Punch Bowl."

XXVII.

TRADITIONS AND STORIES OF THE INDIANS

CALLING to mind again the twenty-two skeletons of Indians uncovered in 1890, at Pleasantville, Grandfather narrated an interesting story of the aborigines.

"In various parts of the country," said he, "there are now about thirty well-defined tribes of Indians descended from the original Algonquin stock. One of the original tribes was the Lenni Lenape, who occupied all of New Jersey and Eastern Pennsylvania. Being most numerous along the Delaware, they were called Delaware Indians by the white settlers.

"The Lenapes had their origin in the neighborhood of Hudson's Bay and began migrating south probably three or four thousand years before the Christian era. This estimate is based partly upon their traditions and partly upon the 'kitchen middens,' traces of which have been found along the New Jersey coast. These relics or kitchen leavings are found in shell heaps and are to this country what the kjoekken-moeddings are to Denmark.

"The skeletons and other reminders of the Indians, uncovered at Pleasantville, lay between the Shore Road and Lake's Bay. The mound where the bones were found was sixty feet wide, and the bones were about three feet under ground. All the bodies were facing Lake's Bay.

"A few years previous to this find, two human skeletons were laid bare by the March winds in the sandy hills of Chestnut Neck, beneath the branches of a large cedar. The head of one was encased in a turtle shell, indicating that he had been a member of the Unamis or

Turtle Indians, whose emblem was a turtle and who once lived in Eyren Haven or Egg Harbor.

"When the first whites came among the Indians of Scheyechbi, (afterwards called New Jersey), there was no such thing as individual ownership of property. Everything belonged to the tribe and was the common property of every member—a delightful state of Arcadian simplicity.

"They were so ignorant of intoxicating liquors that their language contained no word to define drunkenness. When the whites introduced drunkenness, drunken men were called fools. Their domestic relations appear to have been very happy, although divorce was quite easy. They were an honest people and wondered that anyone should desire more than he needed for his own necessities.

"They had no idea of ethics, and as a rule regarded murder or theft as a matter to be adjusted by the parties directly concerned. Consequently, in the early days of intercourse between the white and the Indians, when an Indian committed an offense against the whites and they demanded his surrender, the answer was that the tribe had no control over him, it being an affair to be settled by the offender and the offended. This was not understood by the whites at the time, and caused reprisals against the Indians, which were so entirely against their principles of justice as to make them feel that they were deeply wronged.

"The Lenapes were remarkably successful in treating external injuries, such as bites, bruises, wounds and even dislocations. Their most frequent medication was by the sweat-baths, somewhat after the fashion of the modern Turkish bath, which was very good in certain diseases, but generally fatal in cases of small-pox and other eruptive fevers.

"Although the language of the Lenapes was never reduced to writing, their pronunciation remained practically unchanged generation after generation. They did not, as is generally supposed, worship a Great Spirit.

Their incantations, we may readily surmise, were directed mainly toward pacifying evil spirits, as they plausibly argued that a good spirit would not hurt them, while an evil one might."

* * * *

During all of this recital Grandfather lay flat on his back, under a pine tree, on a cushion of pine needles, at the upper edge of the old Young homestead, near Tuckahoe. He had traveled to that region, hoping to find some traces of the Tuckahoe Indians, having previously said that the Tuckahoes were peaceful and kind, more so than their northern neighbors, the Yacomanshags, near the site of Hammonton, and the Atsionks, near the present town of Atsion. These two Mullica River tribes, the old man said, were on excellent terms with the Tuckahoes, whose provender they often shared. He added, with a wink, that the kindness of the Tuckahoes to their neighbors may have brought about the saying, once common in old Egg Harbor: "Tuckahoe—God bless her!"

Continuing his story, and still resting comfortably under the pine tree, Grandfather said: "The women exercised much authority in the government. Descent was in the female line. The children were considered as belonging to the mother's and not to the father's tribe, and in case of her death, they were taken by her tribe. Marriage was exogamous, no man being allowed to marry a girl of his own tribe.

"The Lenapes were divided into three tribes and each of these again into twelve divisions, suggestive of the ancient use of the number three and its multiples. The chief of each tribe was elected by the people, the women usually having an important influence in the election. Thus the Indian women of Scheyechbi, in the matter of suffrage, were centuries in advance of the white women, whose first vote was cast at a Presidential election in 1920.

"In time of war some warrior was selected to lead the tribe to battle, but his functions ended with the close

of the war. The council of each tribe was composed of the sachems and other chiefs, also elected by the tribe, and they formed the legislature and court combined, having a strict method of procedure. Their rhetorical figures were usually suggested by natural objects, and at times rose to flights of genuine eloquence.

"When wearied with the chase they reclined in the shadow of the immense oaks, whose limbs had been shaken by the winds of many centuries. In these forests were many deer, bears, wolves, panthers, wildcats and various other animals now entirely unknown in this part of the country. The rattlesnake also had his nest in the woods, and it is said the Indians esteemed a broiled rattlesnake the greatest delicacy that could be placed on his board.

"The thickets abounded with turkeys, pheasants, grouse and quail, and in the marshes were found the swan, wild goose, canvasback, brant, black duck and many other kinds of wild fowl, while the rivers and bays teemed with sheepshead, bass, shad, flounders, weakfish, perch and numerous other kinds of fish, as well as immense quantities of terrapin.

"According to their traditions, when the white men first came to New Jersey their numbers had been greatly reduced by wars among themselves and with the neighboring tribes. The beds and mounds of shells along the seashore are evidences that Scheyechbi was once the abode of a considerable number of Indians. On many farms the farmer, in turning up the soil, in days of yore, found rude implements, such as arrow heads, spears or darts, stone hatchets, sling stones and other relics, which once belonged to the aboriginal inhabitants.*

* * * *

"Governor Bernard's most important service was the pacification of the Indians of New Jersey. This was

* These may be seen in the Thomas K. Reed Collection at the Atlantic City Public Library.

brought about by a treaty, begun at Crosswicks, Burlington County, in 1756, and concluded at Easton in 1758. The French and Indian War had unbridled the evil passions of the Western Indians, and the effect of this was felt in New Jersey. The first indication of Indian hostility was seen in the summer of that year, whereupon the Legislature appointed commissioners to examine into the treatment of all Indians living within the bounds of New Jersey. Accordingly, a conference was held at Crosswicks the following winter, at which time the Indians were asked to unfold their grievances. They complained of impositions in grants of lands to individuals; of impositions in private traffic between the whites and Indians, particularly when the latter were intoxicated; destruction of the deer by iron traps, and finally of the occupation of certain lands to which they still held title.

"The following year (1757), acting on the report of the commissioners, the Assembly imposed a penalty on persons selling strong drink to the Indians, 'so as to intoxicate them,' prohibiting the setting of traps weighing more than three pounds, voiding all sales and leases of land made in contravention of the laws, and appropriating sixteen hundred pounds for the purchase of a general release of all Indian claims in New Jersey. One-half of this was to be expended for a settlement at Edgepelleck or Brotherton, in Burlington County. This was for Indians residing south of the Raritan. The remainder was for the purchase of latent claims of non-resident Indians. At a second conference, held at Crosswicks, in February, 1758, the Indians produced specifications of their claims, appointed attorneys to represent them in future negotiations and executed a formal release of all lands in New Jersey.

"They also released such lands as might have been before conveyed, excepting, however, the claims of the Minisinks and Pomptons, in the northern part of the province. They also reserved the right to hunt and fish

on unsettled lands. Of the six commissioners who treated with the Indians at this conference two were from South Jersey—Charles Read, of Burlington County, and Jacob Spicer, of Cape May County.

"Toward the close of the summer of 1758, Governor Bernard asked the Minisink and Pompton Indians, who had joined the French, to meet him at Burlington. Accordingly, representatives of those tribes met the Governor on August 7th, when it was agreed that there should be a great council at Easton, the object being a general pacification of the Indians of New York, New Jersey and Pennsylvania. At that council, held on the 18th of October, 1758, Governor Bernard held a special conference with the Minisinks, Wapings, and other tribes, and obtained, in consideration of one thousand pounds, a further release of the Indian title to lands in New Jersey.

* * * *

"A noted character among the Brotherton Indians, a hundred years ago, was Queen Bathsheba. With her subjects she visited the beaches above Atlantic City every summer for a long succession of years. The family name of this dark-skinned sovereign was Hoolis. She was treated with great respect by her subjects, and was, indeed, no ordinary character, being of superior intelligence and differing from others of her race in personal appearance. When the Queen made her annual visit to the seashore she was not permitted to camp out with her subjects, but was entertained by one of the principal inhabitants near the place of encampment, where she was treated with the respect due to one of her exalted station. She continued going to the seashore as long as she was able to endure the fatigue of the journey."

XXVIII.

THE STORMY PETREL AND THE SLEEPY 'POSSUM

AFTER a week of activity, Sunday morning found Grandfather mentally and physically disposed toward the day of rest. He attended church, according to his custom. On this particular Sunday he chose the First Presbyterian. The Sunday before he had worshipped at St. Paul's Methodist and the Sunday before that at Friends Meeting.

The Quaker preacher, at this first day meeting, lamented the indifference of supposed Christians toward those whose lines are fallen in unpleasant places. He exhorted all Friends, particularly in Atlantic City, to pray for an enlightened understanding, "that ye may know what is the hope of your calling, and what the riches of the glory of your inheritance in the saints"—quoting the words of St. Paul. Referring to saints, he quoted from a supposed letter to the saints in Atlantic City. "Paul's letter to the Ephesians," said he, "was in reality a circular letter to all the churches in Roman Asia. It was not addressed exclusively to the church at Ephesus. There were no mimeographs or typewriters in those days and Paul was too busy to write a number of letters. Accordingly, his amanuensis and co-worker, Tychicus, penned one letter and left the name of the church blank. This letter was signed by Paul and read to various churches in Roman Asia by Tychicus. Being a general letter, said the preacher, there seemed to be no impropriety in filling in the blank space, so that the opening verse of a letter historically addressed to the Ephesians, may be changed to read: "Paul, the apostle of Jesus Christ by the will of God, to the saints which are in Atlantic City."

Grandfather had listened to this sermon with a great deal of interest and was unmoved by an apparent perversion of the scriptures. Indeed, while footing down South Carolina Avenue, on his way to the Boardwalk—stopping for a three-minute chat with Charles A. Bartlett—following the meeting, he expressed himself as in full accord with the preacher.

"Paul's letter to the saints," said he, "was a general letter, and the preacher was right in giving it a local application."

"Are there really any saints in Atlantic City?" queried the Annalist.

"Yes," said he, "but many of them are weak-kneed. Weak-kneed saints, however, are better than none at all, for as Cowper says: 'Satan trembles when he sees the weakest saint upon his knees.' Atlantic City is benefitted when the saints are on their knees and the devil is made to quiver."

On the following Sunday, his fourth in Atlantic City, Grandfather proposed uniting in fellowship with the Christian Scientists, at their church on Brighton Avenue. In explanation of his shifting from one church to another, he said: "I began with the denomination that is without form or ceremony, the Quakers, and will finish with the church that has the most ritual, the Catholic." He quoted from memory the words of his old friend, John Woolman, the good Quaker: "I have no narrowness respecting sects and opinions, but believe that sincere, upright people, in every society, who truly love God, are accepted of Him."

* * * *

After breakfast, addressing the Annalist, he said:

"Going to church this morning?"

"Yes."

"Better go with me to the First Presbyterian."

"No, Grandfather; I'll stick to Dr. Blatchford and the St. James' Episcopal."

"O, ho!" said he, chuckling. "You remind me of a story. Many years ago, in the late sixties, there was a judge who was a regular attendant at the First Methodist Church in one of our South Jersey cities. Unfortunately this good judge was not as good a Christian as some supposed. He kept a bottle of O-be-joyful in a corner of his office closet. Every Sunday morning he would say to his son: 'Go with me to the First Methodist, John?' 'No, father; I'll stick to the Second Presterian.' This continued for several weeks. Meantime the judge discovered that his bottle of spirits was diminishing faster than it should, considering his occasional nips. He suspected that his son had discovered the bottle. The following Sunday the judge asked the usual question and got the usual answer: 'No, father; I'll stick to the Second Presbyterian.' The morning wore by and at his accustomed time the son slyly entered the father's office down town, opened the closet door and brought out the bottle. It was empty. On the outside, in his father's handwriting, he read: 'Second Presbyterian Closed for Repairs.' When the services at the First Methodist were half over, the son entered. Taxed by the judge, after church, as to why he had not gone to the Second Presbyterian, he said: 'It's closed for repairs.' "

With a wink Grandfather said: "Now, my Son, I hope you're not going to play a trick like that on me." Then he added:

"Unfortunately, it is possible to buy the stuff, some of it poison, in spite of the law. There are too many people here and elsewhere who have no regard for the law, if its observance interferes with their business or pleasure."

This Grandfather said in spite of his own disregard of the law against speeding.

"Others," he added, "preach prohibition at home, but when away from home, among the wets, they join in the

bibulous hilarity, thus breaking a law of their own making."

So saying, the old man brought out a letter—an exact copy of one his friend Diedrich Knickerbocker had written to a prominent citizen of Kansas, following a visit of the latter to Manhattan. Grandfather asked that it be inserted in the journal as an illustration of the insincerity and hypocrisy of a class of men common in every large community. He would not give the name of the man, except to say that one of the initials is A. Here is the letter, word for word, letter for letter:

"A first page article in the New York Times of July 27th, headed 'Kansas Dry After Forty-four Years,' purports to be a dispatch from Topeka, in which you are quoted in favor of prohibition. That being the case, you should believe in personal abstinence. Among other things you say: 'Many undesirable influences were banished when liquor was banished from Kansas.' I venture to ask how you reconcile your stand in Kansas with your conduct in New York. A little while since you were in this city and attended a gathering at the Mozart, the most notorious of wide-open drinking places. The law is habitually defied by the proprietor and patrons. You were there with a company of actors and others during the wee sma' hours and as hilarious as any of those who showed the effect of intoxicants. Why are you a strict prohibitionist in Kansas and a jolly good fellow among the wets in New York?"

* * * *

Evidently annoyed by this exhibition of hypocrisy, but saying not a word, Grandfather folded the letter and returned it to his wallet. He kept his word that morning and attended service at the First Presbyterian. Before entering the church, and while standing in front of the post office, the conversation turned to the subject of hymns. He mentioned some of those written by Jerseymen, including "Softly Now the Light of Day," by Bishop George W. Doane, written at Riverside in 1824. and "Ancient of Days," by his son, William C. Doane, educated at Burlington and prominent as a clergyman.

"Abraham Coles," said he, "was another Jerseyman, eminent as a poet, scholar, philanthropist, physician and surgeon. He made no less than thirteen translations of that most famous of Latin hymns, 'Dies Irae,' some of

which are matchless in spirit, and preserve the sonorous quality of the original Latin in a degree unequalled by the version of any other translator. It was at Newark, too, that he made his beautiful translation of the 'Stabat Mater.' "

Resuming his talk after church, the old man said of Ellen Clementine Howarth that she worked in a factory at the age of seven. In 1864, while living in a tenement near Walt Whitman's Mickle Street home, Camden, she wrote that familiar and touching poem, " 'Tis but a little faded flower."

* * * *

The sermon that morning was preached by the regular minister, Rev. Dr. Henry Merle Mellen. Speaking of it afterwards, Grandfather said:

"Dr. Mellen gave us good advice. He said it's the duty of every public spirited citizen to be on the alert; constant in his efforts to secure necessary reforms. The text was: 'Art thou he that troubleth Israel,' referring to Elijah. Dr. Mellen said Elijah was a meddler—but of the right kind. Nothing supine about the doughty prophet concerning public affairs in his day, so sadly gone awry. He might have lived in pious ease and sentimental goodness. Aye, like some in offices of trust today, he could have chosen to let public affairs go their downward way. A public spirited citizen cannot ease his conscience by shutting his eyes, nor can a faithful public servant say: 'It matters not, so long as I get my pay.' The true citizen must smite wickedness in high places. He must call to account public officers who are found perverting their trust to selfish ends. The clergyman is not exempt from this obligation. He must be an ensample to the flock."

Here the old man paused. He was silent some moments. Presently, reaching into an inside pocket he brought out an envelope, from which he took a typed sheet of paper. "These are my sentiments," said he.

"They are taken from a book on 'Common Sense in Politics,' written by Job E. Hedges,* one-time Republican candidate for Governor of New York and a gentleman of national distinction:

"'The moment a man takes public office he becomes impersonal and has no right to think or act except for the public. It is his duty to advise the public in mental honesty, whether it redounds to his personal popularity or not, and *it is the duty of every good citizen to assist and support such a man in every possible way.*'"

The old man emphasized the closing lines of the extract. Then reaching into the envelope again he brought out a clipping. The style of type indicated its age. It was from the Boston Post-Boy, dated, as the Annalist observed, some time in 1738. Continuing, Grandfather said: "Good men of old were often unfairly treated, as they are to-day, and bad men sometimes had their way. Let me read what was said of Gilbert Tennent, a pious Presbyterian in the early days of New Jersey. It says here: 'Gilbert Tennent has left his little flock at Brunswick'—we call it *New* Brunswick now, though the town itself is old in sin, else it wouldn't try to screen murderers—'Gilbert Tennent has left his flock at Brunswick and gone to preach at Philadelphia, in the great house built for Mr. Whitfield. It is reported that one reason for his removal was want of success; and 'tis said he has become a mere beau since he married his rich wife.' If Tennent were living in New Brunswick now," said Grandfather, looking the Annalist straight in the eye, "he would have a better reason than that for leaving."

Evidently he had in mind the brutal murder of Rev. Edward W. Hall and Mrs. Eleanor R. Mills, in September, 1922, and the apparent efforts of the community to screen the murderers. Replacing the clipping and resuming his discussion of the morning sermon, Grandfather said:

"Dr. Mellen said we must iterate and reiterate that 'public office is a public trust.' It's what that great man,

*Judge Hedges died in Atlantic City February 22, 1925.

Grover Cleveland, told the people when he was President. Dr. Mellen said the meddler must stand with the minority; aye, he must be the minority himself at times. St. Paul, after being stoned and left for dead outside the city, recovered and continued his preaching. Going toward Jerusalem, he was met by friends, who pleaded with him not to enter the city, where he would be bound and maltreated and most likely killed. The reply of the great man was: 'What mean ye to weep and break my heart? for I am ready not only to be bound, but to die for the Truth.'

"Then, finally, the preacher said: 'No man who is right should fear might in any human garb. Let him cling to his convictions, even though he go down in the storm of malice and abuse. Let his appeal be poised God-ward and let his voice thunder so mighty a message as shall only stop its reverberations before the throne of God."

Poking his fat thumb and index finger into the pocket of his waistcoat, the old man brought out another clipping, remarking, as he glanced at the paper, abstractedly: "It was a good sermon and the good dominie evidently had in mind certain people and conditions in New Jersey. Only a day or two ago the Chamber of Commerce had a free-for-all discussion, in which some very plain things were said. A former judge of the court, C. L. Cole, said Atlantic City needs real men and the president of the hotel men's association told of things that could only happen in a community in which good order gives way to bad politics. Mind you, that's what the hotelman said, but let me tell what Judge Cole said about the hotel men. Before doing so, however, let me read this editorial from the Daily Press."

Then he read:

"It is enough to cause self-respecting people, the taxpayers and those who love a clean city, to rise up and insist that certain people quit commercializing the good name of Atlantic City and that the underworld be chased across the meadows."

Dropping the clipping, unconsciously, the old man exclaimed: "Across the meadows! No. That won't do. It would be unloading them on the good people of Pleasantville and Absecon. Out with them! Send them across the Delaware and over the Hudson. We don't want them anywhere in New Jersey. Even New Brunswick is too good for them."

Taking up the clipping again and continuing to read, he said:

"The law abiding people of Atlantic City can be depended on to call a halt when the shoe pinches hard enough. The only danger is that they will fail to become aroused until it is too late and the city has been permanently injured in the eyes of those who are seeking a resort for themselves and their families."

Pausing a moment, he continued: "Not until the shoe pinches! That's the measure of their virtuous souls. The editor is right. More regard for their pocket books and their own personal interests than the well-being of their neighbors. Not long ago some of those very men were gathered around a table at a board meeting. A well known citizen, whom I will call C., because his name really began with that letter, was sick unto death. He needed money for family necessities. A. said to B.: 'C. has a $400 hall clock he wants to sell for $200.' B. said in the hearing of the others: 'I'd like to buy it, but don't like to give up $200.' D. said: 'Offer him $100. He'll take it. He needs the money.' Now, my Son, if I were a preacher, I'd say to those men: 'In the latter day it will be more tolerable for the mayor who said, "virtue is vice tired out" than for the cold-blooded, mercenary men who would rob a distressed family of $100,' but—"

He paused; then recalling the speech of Judge Cole, he continued: "Judge Cole said at the Chamber of Commerce meeting: 'I drew an act to put an end to these conditions in Atlantic City. When the bill was presented to the legislature, to my surprise, the hotel men blocked its passage. Why? Were they afraid it would lose them some business?'

"Shame on such men; ready to reform anybody but themselves. Judge Cole was right. We need men—and women, too—who will smite wrong in high places as well as wickedness in low places; whose public service is not gauged by the loaves and fishes that come their way; women—and men, too—who are not afraid to stand squarely for the right, regardless of personal consequences to themselves or their families. Give us men and women of convictions and courage; not backbiters and ingrates; sycophants and flatterers; not those who preach Reform for others and violate the Golden Rule in their own daily practice.

"Men of that type are like the old colored man who served as a night watchman at a railroad crossing in Mercer County. He was called as a witness in a suit for damages and swore that he stood in front of the gate and waved his lantern vigorously many times before the approaching vehicle. The jury returned a verdict for the railroad company on the ground that the deceased had ample warning of the approaching train. Afterwards the defending attorney congratulated him on the manner in which he met the fire of questions by the opposing attorney. 'Weren't you nervous?' asked the lawyer. 'Deed I were,' said the watchman. 'I were all de time a wonderin' what I would say if dat man had a axed me if dat lantern were lit, 'cause to tell de truth, boss, it weren't lit, nohow, an' if he'd a axed me dat question he'd sure hit me hard.'

"That's the way with certain reformers. Their lanterns are not lit with the courage of conviction and the fire of sincerity. Instead of being hitters, they are quitters. Better be a two-fisted hitter than a weak-kneed quitter; a stormy petrel rather than a sleepy 'possum."

* * * *

The Annalist: "It's all very well to say a man must have convictions and stand by them, but it doesn't pay. Lincoln might talk about firmness for the right as

God gave him to see the right, but we are living under different conditions, and a man must be careful, lest he make enemies."

Grandfather: "Enemies! The man who has no enemies is a colorless, supine, cowardly lick-spittle. Washington and Lincoln had enemies—many of them, and bitter enemies, too. So long as there are grafters, hypocrites, backbiters, ingrates, crooks, sneaks, shysters and rotters in a community, an honest man cannot hold convictions and have no enemies. In these days, it is dishonorable for a public official to have no enemies."

XXIX.

PURE RELIGION AND UNDEFILED APPLEJACK

SEATED in the Fralinger Pavilion, after church, watching the throng of Sunday revelers, Grandfather commented on the changes of a lifetime, having in mind his own span of two and a half centuries. He mentioned particularly the every-day life of the common people, also their manner of Sunday observance, and contrasted what he called the "daily doings" of today with those of the seventeen and nineteen hundreds.

"In my younger days," said he, "with no Atlantic City, there was, of course, no World's Play Ground, no WPG radio station, no Boardwalk, no Sabbath desecration, no Sunday recreations, no throngs of happy people, no preachings in the morning with worldly pleasures in the afternoon. I do not approve of Sabbath desecration; in that respect New Jersey has progressed backwards.

"There was, however, in days before the war—I mean the Revolution—a curious, joyous mixture, a peculiar jumble of rum and religion, especially in the country. Those who did not have a jug of rum or a keg of brew in the cellar usually had a cask of applejack in the barn or smoke-house, and none were averse to a nip on Sunday. As a rule, the preacher was not unlike his flock in the matter of intoxicants. The 'wets' included Presbyterians, Quakers, Episcopalians, Anabaptists, Lutherans and Dutch Reformed. They outnumbered the 'drys' one hundrd to one. There were no Methodists in those days anywhere. The number of Jews and Catholics in New Jersey, at that time, was negligibly small.

"The applejack, like the beer, or brew, as they called it, was home-made. Consequently, it was absolutely pure—as undefiled as the religion of the preacher, who

kept himself unspotted before the world, in spite of his indulgence in strong water. It was a custom of the times. On special occasions, such as installations, weddings and funerals, there was often an over-indulgence in rum or applejack. This, of course, followed the solemnities of the day. I recall the case of a good man, a member of the Dutch Reformed Church, who died when I was quite a young man. The funeral charges included an item for 'spirits and beer' exactly double that of the anspreker or burial official. Intoxication at funerals was not confined to New Jersey, nor to the early seventeen hundreds. Andrew Jackson, born in the hill country of North Carolina, came into the world sooner than expected, on account of excitement preceding the interment of his father, due to the fact that the men who were drawing the sled, on which rested the corpse of the elder Jackson, were so befuddled that they did not notice the disappearance of the corpse in the snow. They had to go back and find it, and the mother of the future President, a good Presbyterian, was so overcome with emotion that she could not return to her own home after the interment. The happenings of the day precipitated childbirth that night.

"Perhaps it is charitable to say that occasional over-indulgence, even at funerals, was a natural means of relieving the pent-up exhuberance of the people. There was little in the way of recreation and human nature had to assert itself in some way. As a little nonsense, now and then, is relished by the wisest men, so a little liquor, now and then, was once relished by the devoutest men of New Jersey. In these later times the moving pictures are effectual in restraining men from places where intoxicants are dispensed in violation of the eighteenth amendment.

"With or without his applejack, existence was by no means easy for the farmer and his family, in spite of all that has been said of those good old times. I am referring, of course, to the seventeen hundreds. It wasn't

so bad in the eighteen hundreds. The housewife's week-day toil, before the war, was excessive. After the Revolution the women of New Jersey exercised the right of franchise, pursuant to the constitution of 1776, and with the franchise came other privileges hitherto unknown. They were conducive to domestic comfort.

"I said the women exercised the right of franchise after the Revolution. Women, aliens and negroes were privileged to vote in New Jersey from 1776 to 1807—provided they possessed the requisite property qualifications, namely, fifty pounds proclamation money. Members of the Council were required to be worth one thousand pounds, in real or personal property. A repealing act, passed in 1807, restricted the franchise to free white males, above the age of twenty-one. No atheists, free thinkers, Jews, Catholics, in short, no man who was not a believer in some form of the Protestant faith, could

office in New Jersey previous to 1844, when Constitution was adopted.

he seventeen hundreds the housewife did all the and dairy work, wove the cloth out of which she ird made the family garments, smoked and cured eats, dipped the tallow candles, brewed the beer, the soap and often helped the men in the field at t time. The man of the house, in addition to his l farm work, made the applejack, some of which sented to the parson. It was his bounden duty to

Still, with all of her sacrifices, all her devotion to all her attention to the children, sometimes ten or e—I call to mind one good hard-working woman, d Coddington, who was the mother of nineteen en—with all of these virtues, the faithful wife, on the death of her husband, was left without a thing she could call her own. She did not have legal ownership of her wearing apparel, unless bequeathed by her husband. If not so willed, the very clothes on her back belonged to the estate.

"The religious privileges, especially among the Dutch Reformed citizens of Middle and North Jersey, were as severe as those of the Puritans of New England. There were two long sermons each Sunday, with an intermission of half an hour between the two services. During this interval the pastor conferred with his consistory and exchanged greetings with members of the congregation. The minister's wife would gather about her certain of the women with whom she could discuss the sermon and other religious subjects. Other denominations, especially the Presbyterians and Anabaptists, were not less rigid in their Sunday deportment.

"Dr. Ashbel Green, a Presbyterian minister and one-time president of Princeton College, in his autobiography, reveals the manner of his bringing up by a rigid Presbyterian father subsequent to 1762, the year of his birth. When the family returned from church on Sunday, after listening to two long sermons, there was a short rest in the afternoon. Then the children, with the mother, were brought together for religious instruction and devotion. Each one was asked, in regular order, every question in the Westminster Shorter Catechism. They were also required to explain the most important questions and answers.

"When this was finished the children, six in number, were questioned on five chapters of the Bible, given them during the week for study. Then they were asked as to the two texts of the day, and all that could be remembered about the sermons. This was followed by quotations from devotional poetry and a description of the religious reading they had enjoyed during the week, other than the Bible.

"Then came prayers and a pious address by the head of the family. Secular conversation of any kind was not permitted and no ordinary home subjects were broached by the family, excepting those relating to the evening milking, the care of the horses, cattle and chickens. This, of course, was an exceptional family. All of the Greens were devout people

"Denominational lines were sharply drawn. During the Revolution, General Knox, with his wife and children, was quartered in Somerset County. One of the daughters, Julia, died. Although the father was fighting their battles, the Dutch rulers of the township would not allow the dead infant of a New England Congregational father to rest in the Reformed Dutch churchyard. She was buried outside the fence, in a field belonging to Knox's host, Jacobus Van der Veer, beside the grave of Van der Veer's daughter, to whom, also, Christian burial had been denied, because she had died insane.

* * * *

"Yet, with all their religion, there were some queer worldly customs. The installation services of a minister were sometimes concluded with a ball in the evening, at which the new pastor and his wife were expected to open the dance.

"This, of course, was one hundred and fifty years before the adoption of prohibition and seventy-five years before the word temperance, as applied to drinking, had been coined. In that day liquor was regarded as necessary to health. Ministers and laymen would swallow a glass of applejack, alone or among friends, with as little concern as they would break bread with a neighbor. On one occasion a clergyman was sent to supply a church in Somerset County. He preached an excellent sermon. On descending the pulpit stairs the elders gathered about him and, according to custom, paid his fee in crisp half-pound notes. 'Gentlemen,' said the minister, 'will you walk out with me?' Whereupon, crossing the road, they entered the tavern, and ranging themselves in front of the bar, took a drink with the clergyman. It is related that he then handed the tavern keeper a half-pound note, saying: 'Take your pay out of this bank note; I have just received it for preaching the sermon.' Minister and elders then returned to the church and continued the services of the day.

"Even that great and good man, Dr. John Witherspoon, was addicted to strong drink, though never to excess. On one occasion, before the Revolution, John Adams was a visitor at Princeton. After he had been shown around Nassau Hall, Witherspoon escorted the visitor to his home, at one corner of the campus, to get a glass or two of wine. They drank freely and talked freely of the strained relations with the Mother Country, after which the two men returned to the tavern, known as the 'Hudibras,' whose proprietor, Jacob Hyer, afterwards proved himself as warm a patriot as he was boniface for preachers and presidents. Yes, Witherspoon was a good preacher, a good teacher, a good patriot and a good judge of wine.

"The drinking habits of Jerseymen, let me say, were not unlike those of men in the other provinces. Rum, applejack and fiery Madeira were always at hand, morning, noon and night, and tremendous libations were poured out on every festal occasion. One clergyman, on account of his intemperance, was obliged to surrender his charge, but it is noted that at the installation of his successor 'great quantities of toddy were consumed.' "

* * * *

The Annalist: "With all of that mixture of rum and religion, there must have been at least a little ease and quite a bit of joy, especially in the country, where apples were plentiful and the juice thereof readily convertible into the concoction called 'O-be-joyful.' "

Grandfather: "There was some joy, but little ease in the country. Farming was carried on in an exceedingly primitive manner. Rye, wheat and buckwheat were cut with a sickle and thrashed with a flail. They had no treadmills in those days. The ploughs were made of wood, as cast iron ploughs, invented by a Jerseyman named Newbold, were not introduced until 1797. Food was plentiful, but coarse. Store sugar was little used by the farmers till late in the seventeen hundreds. Yes,

there was quite a bit of joy in those days, but no ease for the farmer. The applejack, of course, was undefiled. As to the religion, notwithstanding its severities, it developed better men than we can hope for from the school of modernists who are now seeking to rob Christ of His divinity and teaching men to doubt the great truths of our old-time religion. This thing they call modernism is perfumed ashes. It has a pleasing smell for the weak-minded, but like the lotus, it is poison for well-disposed humans. As to the agnostics and infidels, they are the kill-joys of humanity. Men who seek to unsettle the faith of a people, with their perversion of science and evolution, are like the wild flowers of the roadside. Their perfume is that of the ash-heap. Sprinkle it with cologne water and you get, not the perfume of flowers, but the stench of weeds. Men and women reaching after the fallen tares of humanity are the real flowers of our human garden—not those who would create doubts in the minds of the faithful. When I can see groups of agnostics gathered on street corners, singing, preaching and praying, instead of meeting in secret places or in public halls, declaring that man was evolved from a protoplasm or an ape,* then I will consider the matter of substituting the negations of agnosticism for the affirmations of the fathers.

"Religion is above creeds. It originated in the mind and heart of man and is present in his aspirations and desires. The Golden Rule is one of man's oldest possessions. Confucius stated it in the negative form when he said: 'Do not do to others that which you would not have them do to you.' Be honest with yourself, my Son; cling to the creed that enables you to honor God and do to others as you would have them do to you."

* Apparently, Grandfather had in mind such cases as that of John T. Scopes, on trial at Dayton, Tennessee, as these pages are being printed, for teaching evolution to high school children, in violation of a State law. Scopes was defended by Counsel from Chicago and New York and prosecuted by the Attorney-General of Tennessee and William Jennings Bryan, who died suddenly a few days after the conclusion of the trial. Scopes was convicted.

"Even that great and good man, Dr. John Witherspoon, was addicted to strong drink, though never to excess. On one occasion, before the Revolution, John Adams was a visitor at Princeton. After he had been shown around Nassau Hall, Witherspoon escorted the visitor to his home, at one corner of the campus, to get a glass or two of wine. They drank freely and talked freely of the strained relations with the Mother Country, after which the two men returned to the tavern, known as the 'Hudibras,' whose proprietor, Jacob Hyer, afterwards proved himself as warm a patriot as he was boniface for preachers and presidents. Yes, Witherspoon was a good preacher, a good teacher, a good patriot and a good judge of wine.

"The drinking habits of Jerseymen, let me say, were not unlike those of men in the other provinces. Rum, applejack and fiery Madeira were always at hand, morning, noon and night, and tremendous libations were poured out on every festal occasion. One clergyman, on account of his intemperance, was obliged to surrender his charge, but it is noted that at the installation of his successor 'great quantities of toddy were consumed.' "

* * * *

The Annalist: "With all of that mixture of rum and religion, there must have been at least a little ease and quite a bit of joy, especially in the country, where apples were plentiful and the juice thereof readily convertible into the concoction called 'O-be-joyful.' "

Grandfather: "There was some joy, but little ease in the country. Farming was carried on in an exceedingly primitive manner. Rye, wheat and buckwheat were cut with a sickle and thrashed with a flail. They had no treadmills in those days. The ploughs were made of wood, as cast iron ploughs, invented by a Jerseyman named Newbold, were not introduced until 1797. Food was plentiful, but coarse. Store sugar was little used by the farmers till late in the seventeen hundreds. Yes,

there was quite a bit of joy in those days, but no ease for the farmer. The applejack, of course, was undefiled. As to the religion, notwithstanding its severities, it developed better men than we can hope for from the school of modernists who are now seeking to rob Christ of His divinity and teaching men to doubt the great truths of our old-time religion. This thing they call modernism is perfumed ashes. It has a pleasing smell for the weak-minded, but like the lotus, it is poison for well-disposed humans. As to the agnostics and infidels, they are the kill-joys of humanity. Men who seek to unsettle the faith of a people, with their perversion of science and evolution, are like the wild flowers of the roadside. Their perfume is that of the ash-heap. Sprinkle it with cologne water and you get, not the perfume of flowers, but the stench of weeds. Men and women reaching after the fallen tares of humanity are the real flowers of our human garden—not those who would create doubts in the minds of the faithful. When I can see groups of agnostics gathered on street corners, singing, preaching and praying, instead of meeting in secret places or in public halls, declaring that man was evolved from a protoplasm or an ape,* then I will consider the matter of substituting the negations of agnosticism for the affirmations of the fathers.

"Religion is above creeds. It originated in the mind and heart of man and is present in his aspirations and desires. The Golden Rule is one of man's oldest possessions. Confucius stated it in the negative form when he said: 'Do not do to others that which you would not have them do to you.' Be honest with yourself, my Son; cling to the creed that enables you to honor God and do to others as you would have them do to you."

* Apparently, Grandfather had in mind such cases as that of John T. Scopes, on trial at Dayton, Tennessee, as these pages are being printed, for teaching evolution to high school children, in violation of a State law. Scopes was defended by Counsel from Chicago and New York and prosecuted by the Attorney-General of Tennessee and William Jennings Bryan, who died suddenly a few days after the conclusion of the trial. Scopes was convicted.

"His supreme desire was to live again in the bosom of his family, and he assured his intimates that he would gladly forego the privilege of a home in dear old France for the one pleasure of passing the rest of his life quietly with his wife, in a kingdom where Love alone would sit enthroned. The allied nations, however, denied him that privilege. Of course, we cannot excuse his wife for not accepting the privilege accorded her of sharing the exile with her husband.

"Not until he had passed his three-score-and-ten, not until the hand of Death was raised above him, was he permitted to rest his racked body on his wife's bed and pillow his weary head on her bosom. Had she shared with him those twenty-five years of exile, Joseph Bonaparte would have lived a different and better life in America.

"Doubtless, in the end he lamented much of his past life, especially that which is shocking to the rigidly righteous; and yet, realizing that to step aside is human, one may almost agree with Burns, whose advice is to gently scan our brother man, still gentler sister woman, since—

> One point must still be greatly dark,
> The moving why they do it;
> And just as lamely can ye mark
> How far perhaps they rue it.

XXXI.

COURTSHIP OF ELIZABETH HADDON

GRANDFATHER was returning afoot, in a roundabout way, from the Quaker Meeting House to the King's Highway, Haddonfield. Pippin was safely hitched in front of the old Indian King tavern on Main Street. The old man persists in calling it the King's Highway, adding that it was the "great road" of Colonial days. He had passed a full hour at the meeting house, lingering near the graves of those long since loved and lost awhile. Unfortunately, no one knows exactly where Elizabeth Haddon is buried. According to the custom of the Friends, no tombstones were placed at any of the graves, and on account of the loss of an old map, once in the possession of Samuel Nicholson, giving the location of noteworthy graves in the original burying ground, no one living can determine the exact location of those graves. Old residents, however, on the word of their parents and grandparents, say that Elizabeth Haddon's place of burial, never marked by a stone, is "near the back gate at the northwest end of the old meeting house, within twenty or thirty feet of the buttonwood trees." A brass tablet, with a setting of gray marble, was fastened to one of those trees—the one nearest the wall—facing the highway now known as Haddon Avenue, and unveiled with proper ceremonies in 1913. It is believed that this tree is within twenty feet of Elizabeth Haddon's grave. The tablet reads:

In Memory of Elizabeth Haddon
Daughter of John Haddon, of London, and wife of John Estaugh
Founder and Proprietor of Haddonfield
Born 1680; Died 1762; Buried near this Tablet
Originator of the Friends Meeting here Established in 1721
Remarkable for Resolution, Prudence, Charity

Grandfather had stood reverently, with bared head, before that tree, as he read the inscription. "In Longfellow's beautiful tale of Elizabeth," said he, "much of the life story of Elizabeth Haddon is left untold, and in more than one instance the poet has interwoven fact with fiction, but with all of his omissions there is enough of the tale and in the further story of Elizabeth's life to interest all students of New Jersey history."

He recalled that about twenty-five years ago the supposed *literati* of North Jersey awakened to the fact that Longfellow's poem was founded on incidents interwoven with the history of South Jersey. A discussion on New Jersey literature was started in the New York *Times*. One of the North Jersey correspondents said: "We entertain the regret that men and women of genius have not come into the literary field of New Jersey and made it their own. As we have failed to find much in that line, it is pretty certain there is not much to be found." Other comments were such as to precipitate a lively and interesting discussion, in which one man stood alone in defense of South Jersey. He submitted an array of facts that opened the eyes of those who were so willing to apologize for the lack of literary effort in New Jersey and stressed the fact that Longfellow's poem is based on incidents pertaining to Haddonfield and its founder.

"Haddonfield," said Grandfather, "was founded by Elizabeth Haddon, a girl of twenty. Bidding good-bye to her parents and an only sister, then married, this young Quakeress, some time in 1701, left a comfortable home in the suburbs of London, crossed the ocean and cast her lot in an unbroken forest, on lands previously purchased by her father, John Haddon. He was a prosperous blacksmith and maker of anchors, at his shop between Ratherhithe Street and the Thames. She brought with her a power of attorney from her father and was practically the owner of the land, upon which she subsequently built a home and founded a town.

"A few years before undertaking her lonesome voyage to New Jersey Elizabeth Haddon had met a young man of much talent, six years her senior—a native of Kelvedon. She was then fourteen and the young man had passed his twentieth birthday. His name was John Estaugh. Elizabeth held him in great esteem. Indeed, there is reason to believe that, on her part, it was a case of love at first sight. The young man, at that time, was too deeply engrossed in his plans for the future to discover the tender passion in his own heart or any signs of it in the heart of Elizabeth. He was planning to become a Quaker preacher and at the home of John Haddon, in company with William Penn and others, was seeking authority to engage in a preaching tour in the American colonies. Finally, the opportune time came. In 1700 he was commissioned to visit America on a religious mission.

"Two years earlier, in 1698, John Haddon had become the owner of five hundred acres in West Jersey. He had taken title from Thomas Willis, who in turn had bought the land of William Penn. No one knows the motive of John Haddon in purchasing lands in a country to which he was disinclined to emigrate, but it is conceivable that a word now and then by his daughter Elizabeth, of whom he was very fond, put it into his head to make the investment. The daughter knew of John Estaugh's plans and she knew that eventually, if he remained in America and she had established herself in that country, there would be a good chance of his meeting her while he was holding other meetings. Doubtless, she reasoned with herself that love and religion could go hand in hand.

"Anyway, the year following Estaugh's departure for America Elizabeth Haddon received permission from her parents to come to New Jersey and occupy her father's possessions. John Estaugh reached Patuxent, Maryland, in January, 1701. After preaching in Virginia, he came northward, through Pennsylvania, to

Philadelphia, and there he met Elizabeth Haddon, possibly by prearrangement. She was then staying with friends in that city. In some manner, not definitely known, by this time she had revealed her heart's desire to the young preacher. That desire was to aid him in his work and, incidentally, show that his field of opportunity was in the region roundabout Haddon's Field.

"Lydia Maria Child, in her story of the 'Youthful Emigrant,' published in 1846, in which the heroine is none other than Elizabeth Haddon, says John Estaugh did not meet Elizabeth until the winter following her arrival and settlement in West Jersey. This agrees with Longfellow's tale, which was doubtless based on the story by Mrs. Child, but in his interesting work on the first settlers of Newton Township Judge Clement, a painstaking historian, says John visited Elizabeth in Philadelphia.

"That, of course, was before her settlement at Haddon's Field. Francis Collins, a friend of John Haddon, had established himself on a near-by plantation, which he called Mountwell. Here Elizabeth spent a brief season, as a guest of Mr. Collins' daughters, before occupying her own home. As a result of this visit Sarah Collins, one of the daughters, formed a life-long attachment for Elizabeth Haddon.

"Leaving Philadelphia, after the coveted interview with John Estaugh, Elizabeth crossed the Delaware at Daniel Cooper's ferry and landed at what is now the foot of Cooper Street, Camden. William Cooper had taken over this ferry (established by William Royden in 1688) and disposed of it to his son Daniel in 1695. Elizabeth continued the journey by horseback through an unbroken forest of pine and oak, excepting a few clearings at Newton, on the edge of the present city of Camden, until she reached Mountwell.

"Buildings had been erected on the Haddon estate before her arrival. Willis, a surveyor, had made his home on the premises previous to 1698, when Haddon

purchased the plantation. Willis continued to occupy the house, with the consent of Haddon, until the arrival of Elizabeth. She enlarged and improved it to suit her own ideas of comfort and convenience. This building stood on the brow of a hill at a place afterwards known as Cole's Landing, about two miles from the present borough of Haddonfield. It was here that John Estaugh paid final court to Elizabeth Haddon—or shall I say Elizabeth paid court to John? Cole's Landing got its name from a family of that name of which the wife of the late Mayor Franklin P. Stoy, of Atlantic City, was a member. She was Lida Cole before marriage.

"John Estaugh may have been a bashful lover, and realizing this, Elizabeth may have tactfully revealed her love for the young preacher. That is a matter of conjecture. Mrs. Child represents the young woman as exposing her heart to John in a way that she believed in accordance with the divine will, although not according to the conventionalities of society. Possibly the deliberate way of John did not satisfy her. She was a young woman of decision. Indeed, she was remarkable for her resolution and prudence. John was going on another missionary journey to Virginia, 'not feeling his mind clear of that province,' as he expressed it. If he had any thought of marriage, said Elizabeth to herself, it would be well to have an understanding before he left. Undoubtedly, she expressed her mind freely.

"Longfellow says, with some historical inaccuracy, of an earlier conversation:

Then Elizabeth said, though still with a certain reluctance,
As if impelled to reveal a secret she fain would have guarded:
"I will no longer conceal what is laid upon me to tell thee;
I have received from the Lord a charge to love thee, John Estaugh."

And John Estaugh made answer, surprised by the word she had spoken:
"Pleasant to me are thy converse, thy ways, thy meekness and spirit;
Pleasant thy frankness of speech, and thy soul's immaculate whiteness—
Love without dissimulation, a holy and inward adorning;

But I have yet no light to lead me, no voice to direct me.
When the Lord's work is done and the toil and the labor completed
He hath appointed me to do, I will gather into the stillness
Of my own heart awhile and listen and wait for his guidance."

"Shortly after their understanding John Estaugh left on his preaching tour and returned to Haddon's Field some months later. They were married on December 1—then the tenth month—1702, at the home of Elizabeth, and not at the Quaker Meeting House, as represented by Longfellow. Doubtless, the appearance of John Estaugh, at a time when 'covered with snow were the forests of pine, and the fields and the meadows,' was 'surprising to Hannah the housemaid,' but not to Elizabeth. Longfellow did not draw upon his imagination for those facts. Elizabeth and John knew what was going to happen, whereof Hannah the housemaid had not been previously informed.

"Following their marriage, John and Elizabeth Haddon Estaugh settled down to a life of industry and benevolence. They continued to live in the original home at Cole's Landing until the erection of another and more commodious house, in 1713, two miles nearer the present borough of Haddonfield. The front door of this house, as it appeared in 1830, after alterations by later owners, opened into a large hall, with a fireplace at one end, ornamented with tile. On each side of the fire place was a cupboard with glass doors. The small parlor had a marble mantel and hearth. It opened into the garden through two glass doors, one of which had Venetian blinds. An entry back of the hall had a spiral staircase leading to the floor above. At one end of this hall was a bed room and at the other a kitchen, with another room further back—doubtless for the use of one of the servants. In the cellar was a large fire place and dresser, and beneath the kitchen was a vault. This house was destroyed by fire in 1842, exactly one hundred years after the death of its master.

"The Estaughs had a brewery—"

At that moment a humming bird flew across the path of Grandfather and seemingly rested on its wings, a few feet to his left.

"One of Tom Moore's fragments of the rainbow fluttering round," said he. "If Ireland's sweet singer were here, he might get an inspiration to write a song on the summer hummer, flitting from bush to bower; but Moore isn't here and more's the pity the man you call Dr. Bug isn't here either. It would be thrilling to see him net a humming bird!"

The hummer was gone so quickly that neither of us knew which way it went. Just then the strains of a violin came floating from an upper room of the house across the way.

"Makes me think of Bob and Alf Taylor," said the old man. "They were great fiddlers and fiddled their way into the governorship of Tennessee—one in 1886 and the other in 1920. Time was when those two boys went to school in Haddonfield. They were enrolled as pupils in the Reilly Academy, the principal of which was an Episcopal clergyman. That was before they registered at Pennington, whence they graduated. Alf, the younger, was a thorough student and logical thinker, but Bob had the gift of oratory. At Pennington they were both contending for an oratorical prize. Alf wrote a speech with great care, but Bob, although urged to prepare his oration, put it off in his happy-go-lucky way. He managed to get on the program ahead of Alf. When Bob began rolling out his polished oration, Alf sat up in amazement. Bob was actually delivering the speech Alf had written with so much care! When taken to task about it, Bob said he found Alf's manuscript on a table and had no trouble in committing it to memory. 'It was simply a matter of conservation,' said he. 'Alf's speech was too good to be wasted. Nobody would have known there was anything to it if Alf had preceded me on the program. That's why I contrived to get there and stay there—with Alf's oration in my head.'

"Years passed and the two brothers—attached to each other like Damon and Pythias—got into politics. Bob

imbibed democracy from his mother, whose brother was a member of Jeff Davis' cabinet—Landon Carter Haynes. Their father was a strong Unionist and a Congressman from Tennessee during the Civil War. Alf followed in the footsteps of his father and was a Republican Congressman from Tennessee at the time Christopher A. Bergen and James Buchanan represented South Jersey in the lower house, and again when Henry C. Loudenslager and John J. Gardner had superseded Bergen and Buchanan. Alf was a humorist, like Bob. On one occasion he invited Congressman Gardner to supper, which was served early, because the brood of little Taylors had to go bed early. The Taylors lived very plainly and on this occasion Alf Taylor determined to emphasize his love for plain living. At the table, when Gardner sat down, nothing was seen but an immense plate of golden butter, an enormous pitcher of cream and a mammoth platter of steaming corn meal mush. 'Will you have cream on your mush?' said Taylor to Gardner. 'I never use cream,' said Gardner, coolly. 'Have some butter then,' said Taylor. Gardner helped himself liberally to the butter, but when Taylor tried to serve him bountifully with mush, the Jerseyman rebelled, politely. Then Taylor, with characteristic sangfroid, passed him the salt. 'You will find the butter a trifle sweet, Gardner. It needs more salt to make it tasty.'

* * * *

"Bob Taylor was elected Governor three times and on one occasion the two brothers were opposing candidates. They conducted a good-natured campaign, seated on the same platform, appealing for votes as they fiddled. Bob won. He fiddled himself into the executive chair, but some years after Bob's death Alf campaigned so effectually that he, too, became Governor of Tennessee.

"Hearing the strains of a violin from yonder window, brought up pleasant recollections of the days when the two Taylors of Tennessee were school boys at the Reilly Academy in Haddonfield."

Stopping at a corner on the opposite side of Main Street and pointing toward the old American House, Grandfather said:

"That old tavern, where the legislature met for a time during the Revolution and where the Council of Safety held its sessions, is closely associated with a woman distinguished in American history. Soon after the war was over and before the colonies entered into the federal compact, the tavern was kept by Hugh Creighton. A frequent visitor at that time, as a guest of the Creightons, was a young lady whose home was in Philadelphia. Her name before marriage was Dorothy Payne, a daughter of John Payne. She was born in 1772, her parents being at that time residents of Virginia. Her father had served as a captain in the American army, but being drawn toward the Quakers he connected himself with that society. He sold his estate in Virginia and in 1786 removed with his negroes to Philadelphia, where they were given their freedom.

"Dorothy was brought up as a Quakeress and in 1791 married John Todd, a wealthy young lawyer of Philadelphia, also a Quaker. He died in 1793, of yellow fever, leaving his widow with two children, one an infant in arms. After the death of her husband she abandoned the faith of her parents and husband, laid aside her plain dress, entered fashionable society and was soon known as the 'fascinating young widow.' Her presence in Haddonfield before marriage and during her widowhood attracted country beaus, more than one of whom, even in their old age, confessed their inability to resist her charms. Their out-door parties in summer time and quilting parties during the winter always found her a welcome guest. In Philadelphia, especially during the sessions of Congress, she was conspicuous among those who contributed to the gayeties of the capital city. Among the delegates to Congress was James Madison, a young lawyer from Virginia. He was introduced to Dolly Todd, as she was then called, and was smitten by

her charms. This occasioned considerable gossip and young Madison was made the butt of many jokes. Even the dignified President Washington joined in the pleasantries.

"The following year (1794) Dolly Todd became Dolly Madison and subsequently, when the sessions of Congress were held in the new federal city on the Potomac, she was one of the noted women of her day. For eight years she presided as mistress of the White House during her husband's presidency. In her exalted position she never forgot her friends and the delightful days in Haddonfield. She survived nearly all of her contemporaries and in her old age was honored with a seat on the floor of the House of Representatives. She often met people from South Jersey and always inquired particularly of those whom she held in remembrance. Many times before her death, in 1849, she chatted with Richard M. Cooper and George Sykes, both Quakers, the former from Camden and the latter from Burlington County; Charles C. Stratton, of Mullica Hill; L. Q. C. Elmer, of Bridgeton, and James G. Hampton, of Cumberland, all of whom were members of Congress in the days when Dolly Madison was conspicuous in Washington society. She was—"

"You started to say something about the Estaugh brewery," interposed the Annalist.

"True enough," said Grandfather. "It was attached to their new house—the one they built eleven years after their marriage—and was similar to that of William Penn, at his country seat on the Delaware, known as Pennsbury. There were no public brewers in those days and as many people, including the Quakers, wanted their brew, they made it themselves. In these days to make home brew, with or without hops, is a penal offence."

* * * *

"John and Elizabeth Haddon Estaugh lived together exactly forty years, or until 1742, when the husband died

on the island of Tortula, West Indies, whence he had gone on a religious mission. His writings were collected and printed by Benjamin Franklin in 1744. Elizabeth Haddon Estaugh died March 30, 1762, in the eighty-first year of her age.

"Having no children of her own, she adopted her sister's son, Ebenezer Hopkins, who came to America and married Sarah Lord, of Woodbury. To their first born, John Estaugh Hopkins, Elizabeth Haddon gave a Bible that is now an heirloom in the Redman family of Philadelphia. Their second child was named Elizabeth Estaugh Hopkins. She became the wife of William Mickle."

Recurring to the father of Elizabeth, Grandfather said:

"John Haddon suffered on account of the persecutions of his day. In 1670, in Yorkshire, for attending a Quaker meeting at Anne Blackburn's, his first 'offense,' he was fined the equivalent of $11. As late as 1687, in London, he was bereft of goods totalling over $100, because of his fealty to his faith.

"Elizabeth administered well the affairs of her father, and was zealous in the work of the Society of Friends, serving efficiently for fifty years as clerk to the women's meeting. She administered to the afflicted and in spite of the comparative affluence which she acquired through her energy and efficiency, was a pattern of plainness and moderation. Her husband was skilled in chemistry and used his knowledge to help the sick and poor. His letters to Quaker meetings were among the religious inspirations of the day."

XXXII.

OLD IRONSIDES AND INDUSTRIAL TRAINING

REACHING Woodbury, via Haddonfield and Mount Ephraim, Grandfather steered Pippin out Evergreen Avenue to Almonesson and thence to Chew's Landing, where we stopped for a short time in front of St. John's Episcopal Church.

"This neighborhood," said Grandfather, "was a favorite haunt of two youths who afterwards became famous in the naval history of the United States. I mean James Lawrence and Stephen Decatur, and with their names I also link that of Richard Somers, a native born naval hero. Lawrence and Decatur were students at the Woodbury Academy, of which Lawrence's older brother John was a trustee. Young Lawrence, like Somers and Bainbridge, was a Jerseyman; so was Stewart—by adoption. It is worth noting that five of our naval heroes of that period—Somers, Lawrence, Decatur, Stewart and Bainbridge—are intimately associated with South Jersey history.

"After graduating from Woodbury Academy, Lawrence was registered as a law student in the office of his brother, an eminent practitioner at the Gloucester County Bar. He tired of his law books in two years and adopted the more congenial life of a sailor. While at Woodbury, Decatur's home was with the Buck family, at the Buck tavern, now Westville.

"In 1793, when the yellow fever was raging in Philadelphia, a number of men, to avoid the quarantine, had escaped from the infected ships at the Lazeretto, landed upon the Jersey shore, and so got up to Philadelphia. To prevent this a company of young men living about Woodbury was formed to guard the Delaware River shore. Decatur and a friend joined this company, and

on one occasion both were on duty the same night. Decatur was stationed at Red Bank and his friend was captain of the guard. At midnight all the lookouts below Woodbury Creek were relieved, according to previous arrangements, but Decatur was neglected and left on guard until morning. He remained manfully at his post until day time, then hunted up his friend, the captain, and visited upon him such a round of sailor's blessing that the very air was blue."

Having recited these facts, the old man was silent for a full five minutes. Continuing southward, we passed Blackwood, Turnersville and Cross Keys, our destination being Williamstown, of which the principal industry, aforetime, was the glass works of the Bodine brothers—William H., John F. and J. Alfred Bodine. About midway between Cross Keys and an old-time toll-gate, where Cobbler Sheppard once plied his trade, we passed a house which Grandfather, breaking the silence, said was once the home of a Captain Stewart.

"Speaking of Stewarts," said he—having previously mentioned Frank H. Stewart, of Woodbury, "brings to mind again that man who was more honorable than any of the historic House of Stuart in England; yes, greater than the painstaking historian of Gloucester County. No story of New Jersey is complete without some account of Commodore Charles Stewart, to whom America owed much of her naval success in the second war with England.

"When Stewart proposed to name his Bordentown estate after Bonaparte's country seat near Paris, 'Montpellier,' the exiled king prevailed upon him to choose a name that was distinctly American and far more appropriate, the name which still clings to Stewart and the frigate with which he won his greatest glory, 'Ironsides.'

"It was Commodore Stewart who, when Fort Sumpter was fired upon, pleaded with Lincoln to be assigned to active duty, exclaiming: 'I am as young as ever to

fight for my country.' On account of his age, however, Lincoln denied the request.*

"The storm-worn veteran, whose declining years were spent in partial retirement on the Delaware, sailed to the unknown port in 1869, having reached the ripe old age of ninety-one. Though commissioned a rear admiral in 1862, he always clung to the title of commodore.

"Like his friend Bonaparte, Stewart was fond of flowers, birds and children, and was enthusiastic in the cultivation of his farm. During the greater part of his stay at Ironsides, he occupied a weather-beaten little house not far from the main building, and gradually converted it into a granary rather than a human habitation.

"Bordentown did reverence to this hero when he died, watching, with tearful eyes, the vessel that bore his body to Philadelphia. The funeral procession was over two miles long. Major-General George G. Meade, hero of Gettysburg, arranged a public funeral befitting the rank of the distinguished head of the navy, and on November 9th the body was taken down the river, escorted by a battalion of marines. It lay in state in Independence Hall during the morning of the 10th.

"Thousands of people visited the historic building for a last glimpse of the man who never surrendered. The casket, carried by marines, was borne through a

* At this writing (1925) the school children of the entire country are raising a fund sufficient to preserve the Constitution, commonly known as "Ironsides." The work of restoration has been entrusted to Lieutenant John A. Lord, who says in his report to Rear Admiral De Steigner, commandant of the Boston Navy Yard: "Any attempt to dry dock the frigate Constitution in her present condition might result in her collapse and make restoration impossible." He adds: "Most of the work of rebuilding must be done while she is afloat, since by resting keel and bilge blocks in dry dock the vertical pressure on her centre line will cause the decks to buckle and the vessel would then probably fall to pieces." A cane, made of a piece of water-stained oak, taken from the original hull of the Constitution, at the time she was docked for repairs in Philadelphia, in 1876, is now owned by a citizen of Atlantic City and will be presented to the Atlantic County Historical Society when their building at Northfield is completed.

triple rank of soldiers and sailors to the hearse. Then with ten bands playing the solemn funeral march, the procession moved solemnly to the old Ronaldson Cemetery.

"Commodore Stewart's home was inherited by his daughter, Mrs. Delia Stewart Parnell, mother of Charles Stewart Parnell, member of the British Parliament and advocate of home rule for Ireland. It stood on a bluff just below Bordentown, overlooking the river and was hemmed in by lofty pines. Before Stewart purchased it in 1816, the place belonged to Francois Frederica, known as the 'General of Surinam,' who settled there about 1800. Connected with its early history is a gruesome story of how the hot-tempered general beat one of his bond servants to death.

"Mrs. Parnell was one of the most remarkable women New Jersey ever produced. But for a brutal attack made upon her in the spring of 1895, by a tramp, she probably would have remained at Bordentown and ended her days in the old homestead. After that attack, being unable to properly care for herself, she decided, in the spring of 1896, to pass the remainder of her days with her son John, also a member of Parliament, and her daughter, Annie Parnell, in Ireland.

"In the decrepit old woman of eighty, at the time of her departure, one could not recognize the belle of two continents and the fearless leader of the Irish home rule cause in America. Her mind, however, was clear, and she was not haunted so much as formerly with visions of poverty and want. The government provided her with a pension of fifty dollars a month, in consideration of the valiant services of her father, and from properties in which she had a vested interest she obtained an income of about $1200 a year.

"One of the causes of her oft-told poverty, during the last five years of her residence in America, was her desire for speculation, whereby she hoped to make good investments sufficient to pay off the mortgage on the old

homestead, but in this she was never successful. Mrs. Parnell died in Ireland on March 27, 1898, from burns received the day before. Her clothing was ignited as she sat in front of an open fire.

"Twenty years later a cablegram from Dublin told a pathetic story of her daughter. It was dated May 23, 1918, and read:

'A sensation was caused in Dublin to-day by the death, in the work house hospital, known as South Dublin Union, of Mrs. Emily Ricketts, sister of the late Charles Stewart Parnell, the famous Irish patriot, and daughter of the late Mrs. Delia Stewart Parnell.'

"Cruel," said Grandfather; "cruel, indeed, is Fate! The granddaughter of an American patriot dying in a workhouse! Contrast with her sad end the glorious death of her grandsire, in 1869, a death that was marked by a touching incident. It had stormed throughout the day, but toward night the clouds were driven from the sky. The setting sun threw a flood of golden light on house and lawn and river. When the windows were thrown open to admit the fresh November air, a little bird flew in, hopped to the bedside of the dying man, and perching near his head, filled the room with its song. A moment later it disappeared through the open window. Somehow, I cannot think of that without calling to mind the lines of that lover of birds, Alexander Wilson: 'And the song of a bird o'er my grave shall be heard, entrancing the spot.'

"The Stewart homestead was almost a ruin when it was purchased by the State of New Jersey in 1902 for $35,000. The house was dismantled of its contents, after Mrs. Parnell's death, to raise funds with which to pay her debts. It was famous in her time for its bric-a-brac and its collection of art, but in later years Mrs. Parnell gave most of these treasures to admiring friends. After making the purchase, the State made necessary improvements and the property is now used as an industrial training school for colored children.

"It is an interesting fact that the first suggestion of a school for industrial training anywhere in this country and perhaps in the world, came from Thomas Budd, a man of prominence and experience, an old stager of his day, and the owner of many acres of land in the province of West Jersey, especially in Burlington and old Gloucester Counties, including a large portion of Absecon Beach and lands off-shore.

"Among his thousands of acres in what is now Atlantic County was a tract of 440 acres of sand on which Atlantic City is now built. This he purchased of the proprietors in 1695 at the rate of four cents an acre.

"In all of his deeds, when he sold off this beach land, he described it as 'commonidge for cattle.' That entire island, once a cattle pasture, is now assessed at more than $150,000,000 including the improvements. The actual value is approximately $250,000,000.

* * * *

"Industrial training, Budd's hobby, is undoubtedly the groundwork of practical education, and it was on such lines that he projected the public school system of America more than 225 years ago.

"In his pamphlet, printed by William Bradford in 1685, Budd says: 'The boys should be instructed in some mystery of trade, as the making of mathematical instruments, joynery, turnery, the making of clocks and watches, weaving, shoemaking, or any other useful trade or mystery that the school is capable of teaching; and the girls should be instructed in spinning of flax and wool and knitting of gloves and stockings, sewing and making of all sorts of useful needle-work, and the making of straw-work, as hats, baskets, etc., or any other useful art or mystery that the school is capable of teaching.'

"To meet the needs and expenses of this system of education, Budd suggested that 'one hundred acres of land be given and laid out in a good place, to every publick school that shall be set up, and the rent or income

of it shall go towards the defraying of the charge of the school; and to the end that the children of the poor people and the children of the Indians may have the like good learning with the children of rich people, let them be maintained free of charge to their parents out of the profits of the school arising by the work of the scholars, by which the poor and the Indians, as well as the rich, will have their children taught.'

"Budd's scheme of education, for some reason, was not approved by the Jerseymen of his day. They suffered the poor to remain in ignorance and crowded the Indian back into the barren precincts of Shamong, where he became a ward of the white man.

* * * *

"There have been schools and academies—classical, military and industrial—in Bordentown since the days of Bonaparte and Stewart, and at a still earlier period there was the old clay-plastered log-house, where the peripatetic schoolmaster imparted a knowledge of the rudiments to the yearning youth of the neighborhood. A short distance from the main street is a small brick building, erected in 1837, in which Clara Barton once taught. Coming from her native town in Massachusetts, she opened a free school before entering upon her broader and perhaps more honorable career as the Florence Nightingale of America. This school, opened in 1853, was practically the first free school in New Jersey. She began with six pupils, and when she left in 1854 the number was increased to 584.

"The Clara Barton Memorial School was dedicated to the memory of this founder of the American Red Cross on June 11, 1921. Several hundred persons crowded the space in front of the building, while school children sang patriotic songs, and pupils of the Industrial School for Colored Youth sang folksongs. Stephen Barton, of Boston, a nephew, and Miss Sadie F. Riccins, a grandniece, unveiled a memorial tablet."

XXXIII.

COACHES AND STAGE WAGGONS IN NEW JERSEY

ON ONE occasion, looking over an interesting and rare book in the Atlantic City Public Library, the gift of a friend of that institution, entitled, "Washington and Powel Coaches," Grandfather told of the origin of the word "coach" and of its introduction into America.

"The coach originated in Hungary about 1440," said he, "and took its name from the town of Kocsi (now Kitsee) just as the berlin and landau took their names, two hundred years later, from the two German cities where they originated; likewise, the sedan from the French city of that name, the Concord coach from the New Hampshire city which originated the type of stage-coach afterwards so common in this country, the Conestoga waggon from the locality of that name in Lancaster County, Pa., and now the Jersey Waggon—made in New Jersey.

"The 'kocsi' being of Hun or Hungarian origin, the English seem to have looked across the centuries when they introduced it into that country, for while they adopted the vehicle, they would have none of the name. They anglicised it to coach, and about the same time, the French changed it to coche.

* * * *

"A wheeled vehicle for private use was something of a curiosity in the colonies previous to 1760. In 1761 Philadelphia boasted of 38 carriages of all kinds. In 1772 there were 84. In 1796 the number was increased to the imposing total of 880.

"In 1768 only twenty-two people in Boston had carriages of any sort. Thirty years later, in 1798, the total

number of coaches, chairs, chaises and carriages of all kinds owned in Boston was only 145.

"Elkanah Watson, who journeyed across New Jersey in 1784, recorded his experiences in a journal. He crossed the Hudson on a cold winter's day in an open ferry-boat, and the Hackensack and Passaic on the ice. The first night was spent at Newark, which he called a handsome town with spacious streets bordered by trees. The surrounding country was distinguished by its orchards and its advanced culture.

"His next journey was by stage-sleigh as far as Princeton and on the third day Philadelphia was reached. Another traveler, ten years later, made some interesting notes on his journey. He recited that after spending an hour and a half on the Hudson ferry, he left Paulus Hook by the coach 'Industry,' paying five dollars for his seat.

"The Passaic River was crossed on a scow, propelled by pulling a rope, which was fastened to the further shore. New Brunswick was a very pleasant town. The Raritan bridge had been carried away by a storm, but the coach and six horses were ferried in a scow in six minutes.

"This stage-coach did not go beyond New Brunswick. From this place a waggon without springs was used as far as Princeton. The road was so full of deep holes and rolling stones that on reaching Princeton, the passengers were so badly shaken that many of them were sick.

"In 1788, a German traveler, Johann David Schoepf, passed some time in New Jersey. He afterwards published a book, in the first volume of which he says:

'The unbearable heat prevailing kept us from going forward except slowly, and was the reason why we spent several days in coming from New York to Philadelphia. Within a short space two men died suddenly at Princeton, seeking refreshment in cool drinks when overheated. A diligence known as the Flying Machine makes daily trips between Philadelphia and New York, covering the distance of 90 miles in one day even in the hottest weather, but at the expense of the horses, only three times changed on the journey. Thus,

the last trip two horses died in harness and four others were jaded. These flying machines are in reality only large wooden carts with tops, light to be sure, but neither convenient nor of neat appearance. They carry from ten to twelve passengers with luggage, are drawn by four horses only, and go very fast. The charge for this journey is 5-6 Spanish dollars the passenger.'

"Somewhat in contrast with this record of a German traveler is that of a Frenchman, John Peter Brissot de Warville, the French patriot who traveled in this country the same year as Schoepf (1788) and who subsequently published an interesting book. He thus describes his journey from New York to Philadelphia in the summer of that year:

'The carriage is a kind of open waggon, hung with double curtains of leather and woolen, which you raise or let fall at pleasure. The road was sand and gravel, but we felt no inconvenience from that circumstance. The horses are good and go with great rapidity. These carriages have four benches and may contain twelve persons. The light baggage is put under the benches and the trunks fixed on behind. A traveler who does not choose to take the stage has a one-horse carriage by himself.'

"The same writer adds:

'Let the Frenchmen who have traveled in these carriages compare them to those used in France; to those heavy diligences where eight or ten persons are stuffed in together; to those cabriolets in the environs of Paris, where two persons are closely confined and deprived of air, by a dirty driver, who torments his miserable jades; and those carriages have to run over the finest roads and yet make but one league an hour. If the Americans had such roads, with what rapidity would they travel, since now, notwithstanding the inconvenience of the roads, they run ninety-six miles a day. Thus, with only a century and a half of existence, and opposed by a thousand obstacles, they are already superior to people who have been undisturbed in their progress for fifteen centuries. You find in the stages men of all professions. * * * You do not see a person here taking upon himself those important airs which you too often meet with in France. * * * The son of Governor Livingston was in the stage with me. I should not have found him out, so civil and easy was his air, had not the tavern-keepers from time to time, addressed him with respectful familiarity. I am told that the Governor himself often uses these stages. You may have an idea of this respectable man who is at once a writer, a governor, a plowman, on learning that he takes a pride in calling himself a New Jersey farmer.'

"Communication between New York and Philadelphia was carried on in this way for many years. The number of weekly trips was increased, but otherwise

there was little improvement. After the Revolution the inhabitants of New Jersey felt the impetus of peaceful pursuits, and this brought about the extension and improvement of the stage lines. Paulus Hook became a centre of transportation at the New York end, and Trenton encroached more and more upon the monopoly once enjoyed by Bordentown as the lower terminus. Instead of a long boat ride to Perth Amboy, Shrewsbury or New Brunswick, the passengers from New York, by the new line, were given a three days' ride by land, starting from Paulus Hook in the springless waggon, mentioned by Shoepf, and known as the flying machine.

* * * *

"The introduction of the flying machines raised the hopes of South Jersey respecting the seat of government. Trenton had made repeated and vain efforts to secure the proposed federal city, and there had been no selection of that place as the permanent State capital. It was not until 1790, two years after Brissot de Warville's visit, that Trenton became the permanent seat of government. Governor Livingston approved the bill on November 25th, but before its final passage members of Council from South Jersey endeavored to substitute Woodbury for Trenton, while North Jersey members were equally active in behalf of New Brunswick. Colonel Joseph Ellis, representing Gloucester County; Jeremiah Eldridge, of Cape May; Samuel Ogden, of Cumberland, and John Mayhew, of Salem, fought a losing battle for Woodbury, as their amendment, like that of New Brunswick, was voted down. Trenton, stopping place of the flying machine between New York and Philadelphia, won with flying colors. The cost of the capitol site was two hundred and fifty pounds and five shillings.

* * * *

"In addition to the main arteries of travel across New Jersey, there were connecting lines for passengers

and mails to towns off the main lines of travel. There were also independent cross-state lines. One of the cross-state lines, about the middle of the last century, ran from Camden to points near the seacoast, the lower terminus being Absecon, six miles from Atlantic City. This line, in 1840, left Pearson's ferry, at the upper side of Market Street, Philadelphia, at four o'clock in the morning on three days each week—Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday. Half an hour was allowed for passengers and baggage to be landed on the Camden side of the river, where, from John Knisel's Ferry, the coach left at half past four o'clock. The line passed through Haddonfield, Long-a-coming (now Berlin), Tansboro, Blue Anchor, Winslow Glass Works, Weymouth Iron Works, May's Landing, Bargaintown, Somers Point, Smith's Landing to Absecon. Returning trips were made on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays, and passengers from Absecon had to be ready by four o'clock in the morning. Those at Somers Point were taken aboard the coach at half past four. The proprietors were John C. Briggs, James Stoy, William Coffin, Jr., Samuel, Uriah and William Norcross, who also announced that they had established an accommodation line between Philadelphia and May's Landing. This line carried the mail and was operated on alternate days, leaving Philadelphia at four o'clock. The stages were known as 'eliptic spring coaches,' and travelers had as comfortable a journey as stage journeys went in those days. This line was afterwards operated by Samuel Slim.

"Long-a-coming is now Berlin and Penny-Pot was a posting house on the line between Winslow and Weymouth. It is now known as Newtonville. Bargaintown retains its old-time name, but the shore traveler on the electric railroad is not aware of its existence, unless he leaves the train and goes afoot a mile or more west of the old Shore Road. Smith's Landing remains, but it is within the corporate limits of Pleasantville, which

has come into existence since the passing of the stage coaches.

"Haddonfield was a town of 143 buildings; Long-a-coming a village of 42 buildings; Blue Anchor and Penny-Pot groups of buildings near a tavern. Weymouth was a small manufacturing place, with a population of about 450. May's Landing, at the head of navigation on the Great Egg Harbor River, about 18 miles from the coast, had a population of about 250, with a Methodist church, five stores and as many taverns. Bargaintown had about 45 buildings and Absecon 57. Ten hours were required to make the trip from Camden to Absecon.

"Another stage line from the seacoast to the Delaware, in old Gloucester County, was in charge of Christopher Rape, of May's Landing. This stage, in the fifties, left Leeds Point at four o'clock on alternate mornings and reached Camden that evening, going by way of Weekstown, Pleasant Mills and Batsto, Atsion, Long-a-coming and Haddonfield.

XXXIV.

FIRST FAMILIES OF EYREN HAVEN

RUMMAGING through the New Jersey Department of the Atlantic City Public Library, and turning the pages of a book, entitled "New Jersey's First Five Hundred," Grandfather said, somewhat warmly:

"Seven hundred pages of biography, but rather short on history. The man who wrote that book told his story, but he didn't give us much history. Why not have something worth while—a story of the first families of Eyren Haven?"

Then, seating himself at a long table and turning the pages of another volume that lay thereon, being much in use—"Original Lists of Emigrants to America,"—he told this story:

"Eyren Haven—the harbor of eggs—was the Low Dutch name for Egg Harbor, now Atlantic County. The first word was soon shortened to Eyre, giving the country the name of Eyre Haven. Under that name it was shown on the map of Adrian Van Derdonck, printed in 1656. This, in turn, was changed to Egg Harbor by the first white inhabitants, who lived on the banks of the Mullica, at a place known as Clark's Landing. Previous to the settlement of Thomas Clark and others on the Atlantic County side of the river, Eric Mullica, a Swede, about 1645, had settled on the Burlington County side, fifteen miles from the bay, at a place now called Lower Bank. Mullica had come to America in the ship Key of Calmar or the Guffin, in 1637 or 1638, when fourteen or fifteen years of age, and stopped at a Swedish settlement along the Delaware. A few years later he removed to Eyren Haven and became the head of a family of eight persons. When quite old he sold his property to Joseph Pearce, and removed to the place now

known as Mullica Hill, in Gloucester County, where he died in 1723, aged one hundred years. Mullica Township and Mullica River were both named in his honor.

"Mullica was the first white settler within twenty-five miles of Absegami, but previous to his time, in 1633, David Pieterzen de Vries, the Dutch navigator, sailed up the river, and in his Journal he speaks of meeting Indians and seeing a flock of wild pigeons that darkened the sky. Robert Evelin said the country hereabout abounded with geese, swans, ducks, gulls and other wild fowl. He saw turkeys, one of which weighed forty-six pounds, and pigeons in abundance, and 'there were elk and doe that brought forth two young at a time.'

"That was in 1648. In my own time there have been great changes in the wild fowl on the coast. The gulls are disappearing and the terns, herons and sandpipers are being exterminated. About 1877 I visited a small island in the mouth of Corson's Inlet, near Sea Isle City, and found breeding there thousands of tern, skimmers and plover. One could hardly walk without treading on the eggs, and the sky was one great shadow of screaming frightened gulls. All is now changed, for the birds have either been killed or driven away. On a small island back of Stone Harbor, a decade or so ago, fully a thousand pair of the pretty blackheaded gulls came every June to breed; now an occasional pair make it their home. Gunners and summer resort promoters have exterminated these birds. The disappearance of the birds from their former breeding places has been noticed by the older residents more than by the younger folk, for the reason that forty years or more ago the meadows and woodlands were fairly alive with a dozen species, none of which are now to be found.

"A colony of green herons each season made their home on Seven Mile Beach. They nested in the holly and cedar trees, as many as half a dozen pair in each tree. Now they are all gone. The black skimmer, a handsome bird, used to be common enough on any of the

islands along our coast. It bred extensively on the low sandy beaches. Like the herons, they are now nowhere to be found during the summer months.

"Perhaps the most notable bird of New Jersey that has been driven away is the osprey, or fish hawk. In bygone years, before man ventured to establish a summer resort on Seven Mile Beach, that grandly wooded island was the favorite home of the fish hawk. Year after year the hawks came up the coast in the month of March, and when they came the fishermen were jubilant, for they knew fish were in Jersey waters. The Legislature passed a law protecting these birds, and to kill one and be caught meant a fine of $50.

* * * *

"In 1718 Clark's Landing contained forty dwellings, a trading house, a log church and a population of 270 persons. In 1735 it was a flourishing village of more than four hundred inhabitants. The primitive log cabins had given way to commodious frame houses, a frame church had been built and another building served the triple purpose of store, trading post and town hall. By this time most of the original settlers had died and were buried in the old graveyard by the river.

"Forty years later, the breaking out of the Revolution called every patriot to arms. The younger men of the place enlisted in the Continental army. Of the remaining residents many were driven away by the British invasion of 1778, and fear of future depredations or the discovery of more congenial quarters prevented them from returning to their old homes. With its population thus depleted, prosperity declined and the place sank into an insignificant hamlet. The only reminder of the original settlement is the old graveyard.

"The settlers who followed Mullica and Clark offshore were mostly whalemen from Long Island. On the seashore John Budd, son of Thomas Budd, in 1726, conveyed part of Absecon Beach to James and Andrew

Steelman, Jonathan Adams, John and Peter Scull, Peter and John Conover, Richard and Thomas Risley, Samuel Gale and Edward Doughty. Andrew Steelman subsequently became the owner of most of these shares, and in 1736 obtained by deed the three hundred acres which John Scott, of Rhode Island, had located on the same beach in 1714.

* * * *

"Joseph Endicott, a son of Zerubbabel Endicott, and descendant of Governor John Endicott, of Massachusetts, settled near the present shire town of Mount Holly, Burlington County, in 1698. From him are descended a number of persons more or less prominent in the history of Atlantic County, including the late Judge Allen Brown Endicott.

"Peter Covenhoven or Conover purchased land in what is now Atlantic County in 1695, between which date and 1698 he took up 150 acres in one tract, also 250 acres bounding on Great Egg Harbor River and Patconk Creek.

"The founder of this family was Wolpert Garretson Van Courvenhoven, who came from Amersfoot, in the province of Utrecht, Holland, in 1630, and settled near Albany. He soon afterwards removed to Manhattan Island and was enrolled among the burghers of New Amsterdam, now New York. In 1636 he bought a tract of land on Long Island of the Indians, for which he received confirmation of patent from the Dutch in 1638. This tract was known as Flatlands, and here he died in 1662. He had sons, Jacob, Garret and Peter, all born in Holland, who came over with him in 1630. The son Peter, from whom descended the Conovers of old Eyren Haven, was married three times. He first married Hester Symons Dows, December 2, 1640, second Alye Sybrants, November 22, 1665, third Josyntee Thomas, May 19, 1699.

"Peter Covenhoven settled in New Amsterdam as early as 1633. He engaged in mercantile pursuits with

ATLANTIC AVENUE, ATLANTIC CITY, IN 1857

See p. 274

his brother Jacob, who was a miller, a considerable trade being carried on in flour, which was bolted in windmills. Jacob became embarrassed in some private speculations and Peter separated his business connections. The property of Jacob, consisting of a good stone dwelling and a mill, was sold. Peter continued his mercantile pursuits and also engaged in brewing, then a profitable business. He also held civil positions and was a magistrate in 1652-4-8-9 and 1661-3. He was also a lieutenant in the military service under General Stuyvesant, and on several occasions was in service against unfriendly Indians.

"Some years later Covenhoven became involved in lawsuits, and his temper was soured by some adverse decisions in suits to which he was a party. As he thought these decisions unjust, he made some remarks derogatory of the character of the court, for which he was sentenced to a brief imprisonment and fined. For these reasons he left New Amsterdam in disgust, and Valentine's New York Manual says he retired to a farm which he owned at Elizabethtown, New Jersey, where he spent most of his time.

"In early New Jersey records this surname is given as Corvenhoven, Covenover and Covenhoven, and about the time of the Revolution many members adopted the spelling now generally used of Conover. The Conovers have substantial claim to be considered an old family, as their known family record dates back more than three centuries.

XXXV.

SCATTERED PEARLS AND CAST-OUT DEVILS

"SPEAKING of old towns," said Grandfather, "take Bakersville—got its start in 1815, when Daniel Baker, son of a Nantucket whaleman, came to Atlantic County; and let me tell you,"—just at that moment, some distance ahead, he caught sight of a white horse. Behind the horse was an old-fashioned farm waggon, with heavy, rattling running-gears, on top of which, as we soon discovered, was a pile of clapboards, such as a farmer uses in repairing his barn or pigsty. Seeing the white horse, Grandfather looked eagerly for the proverbial red-headed girl, but none was in sight.

We were then on Washington Avenue, perhaps two hundred feet beyond the residence of Dr. C. M. Fish. Likewise, we were on our way from Pleasantville to May's Landing and "beyond," as Grandfather said, though for some reason he would not say how far beyond.

At this particular moment we were within one hundred feet of the farm waggon. Grandfather pressed his wan-a-que, thus giving the man ahead his "cue" to turn out. Wanaque, by the way, is the name of a town in Bergen County; it is also the name of Pippin's tooter. The farmer disregarded the "toot," whereupon Grandfather, slowing down, remarked that horses were growing fewer in number every year.

"A horse is almost a rarity now, even in the country," said he, "especially on our well-traveled highways. For every one horse we have certainly seen a thousand automobiles during our travels. With me it has always been a question which is the more lovable, the horse or the dog. Both have been man's faithful friends since

the beginning of history. For a long time it was thought there were no horses on this continent until the Spanish invaders brought over their cavalry horses and the English and Dutch their work horses. The wild horses of the West are descended from the runaway horses of the Spaniards. Within recent years, however, geologists have found relics of horses in the rocky strata of this continent and have established the fact that horses were once as numerous on this western hemisphere as in Europe or Asia. The ancient horses, we are also told, were evolved from an antediluvian creature about the size of a fox. This tiny horse progressed by regular stages until it became the true horse, in form and stature, and then it disappeared mysteriously from the face of this continent. The present race of horses, as I have said, crossed the ocean as our ancestors crossed and now,"—the old man paused. Presently, he continued: "Now, we are fast turning away from our faithful friend—the one that has borne our burdens—and we say to him: 'We have no further use for you. With our superior brains we have constructed a servant much stronger and swifter than you can ever hope to be. Your day is past, old horse. Speed is what we want; you can go now.' He is going, too, say what you may. Ten years ago there were nearly 90,000 and now only 70,000 horses in New Jersey."

"Monmouth County leads," he added, "with two to one over Cumberland, Somerset and Sussex. Hunterdon comes next. She has a good lead over Burlington; so has Salem. After Burlington comes Warren and Gloucester. The nine agricultural counties have seventy-five per cent. of all the horses. Burlington, not to be outdone, tops the other counties in mules; has one-third of all in the State. For downright mulishness—O, well, you can't beat it!"

At that moment we were beside the farm waggon. Grandfather having tooted again. The farmer, hearing only the last two words, "beat it," turned aside and gave

Pippin plenty of room, shouting, however, as we passed: "Beat it y'self; g'lang with you!"

"Did you notice the long tail on that horse?" queried the Annalist.

"Yes," said Grandfather. "Reminded me of the foxes in holy writ; had tails so long that Samson tied fire brands to them and turned three hundred of them loose to burn the standing corn of the Philistines."

"And didn't burn the foxes?"

No. Speaking of foxes, though, suggests a story told by John Witherspoon about the time he returned to Princeton, after signing the Declaration of Independence. He said in Scotland there lived a preacher who was given to exaggeration—so much so that one of his elders habitually sat on a seat directly in front of the pulpit, with instructions to cough every time the preacher stretched the truth. On one occasion he was preaching from that text in Judges about the foxes. He said in those days some of the foxes had tails fifteen feet long. The elder coughed. 'Such is the tradition,' said the preacher, 'but as tradition is sometimes at fault, I'd rather say those tails were ten fut long!' The elder coughed—louder than before. 'But as some may think ten fut too much, I'll admit that these particular foxes had tails only five fut long.' The elder coughed a third time, whereupon the preacher, leaning over the pulpit and shaking his finger at the elder, said: 'Mon, ye may sit there an' cough an' cough an' cough, but I'll na take wan more fut off of those tails. By-an-by ye'd have me say the foxes had na tails at all.' Of course five feet was too much, but no matter how long they were," added Grandfather, "they were not as long as that horse's tail."

"Long tailed horses are a curiosity in these days," observed the Annalist.

"Yes," said Grandfather; "until the law intervened, the foolish fashion of cropping deprived them of a necessary appendage in fly-time. Crop the tails and get a good crop of flies; that's the way it goes."

By this time we were a full five hundred feet ahead of Dobbin.

"What about your story of the old town—Bakersville?" suggested the Annalist.

"That place," said Grandfather, "is an important adjunct to Atlantic City, on account of its clay deposits, which the Somers brothers—Warren and Hubert—manufacture into bricks for the construction of slow-burning buildings at the seashore and elsewhere. Bakersville, nevertheless, has a history. Daniel Baker, its founder, was a surveyor and magistrate; a man of considerable account in his day. He came to Atlantic County from Hempstead, Long Island. After marrying Mary Babcock he settled on a tract purchased of George West, father of the notorious Joe West. Mrs. Anna B. Wilson, his granddaughter, still has the old deed for that property, as well as other deeds and maps of the time of Joe West, when Atlantic County was a part of old Gloucester. Daniel Baker induced Pardon Ryon, a Yankee peddler, to settle in the neighborhood and open a country store. Ryon prospered and married a sister of Israel S. Adams, father of the late I. G. Adams, for many years prominent in the financial affairs of Atlantic County. Ryon's sister, Emeline, was a Connecticut school teacher, who joined her brother in Atlantic County and afterwards married John Barnes, a shoemaker. Then came William B. Adams, who married Rebecca Cordery. He was a blacksmith. Joseph Wray followed Adams. He married Catherine Steelman and was a tailor. There was neither butcher, baker nor candlestick maker, but with a peddler, shoemaker, blacksmith and tailor a hamlet was started and the village of Daniel Baker became Bakersville. Baker afterwards was a lay judge of the county courts and one of the commissioners to separate Atlantic from Gloucester in 1837. He selected the name of Atlantic for the new county.

"Edward C. Ryon, another descendant of Pardon Ryon, and a life member of the Atlantic County His-

torical Society, recently presented a triangular tract of land on the Shore Road, opposite the old Bakersville post office, as a site for the future home of the society, a fire-proof building in which will be preserved many valuable records and mementoes of the past, collected from time to time by the patriotic historians. This tract was at one time owned by Judge Baker. The first Ryon store, owned by Pardon Ryon, stood thereon. The store of Edward C. Ryon was on the opposite side of the Shore Road. The building is still standing and is occupied as a general store. During Mr. Ryon's occupancy it was also the post office of Bakersville and when the city of Northfield was set off from Egg Harbor Township, in 1905, the old building was retained as the post office of Northfield.

"The Steelman family was also of considerable account in this neighborhood. A member of this family still owns the account book of Frederick Steelman, who kept a general store in the neighborhood. The date of the first entry is 1772 and the last 1826. This account book was kept by Frederick Steelman, and at his death by his wife, Sarah, until her death in 1778; then by their son Andrew until he was killed near the close of the Revolution. At a later period this store was conducted by a brother of Frederick Steelman. The old account book contains many interesting records of the transactions of an old time country store; also a list of the school children in old Egg Harbor Township between 1772 and 1826.

"Daniel Baker believed in large families. He had twelve children, one of whom became Mrs. H. A. C. Frink. She was the mother of Mrs. Anna B. Wilson, and Miss Cornelia C. Frink, active members of the Atlantic County Historical Society. Pardon Ryon's descendants are worthily represented in John F. Ryon and Lewis B. Ryon, of Smith's Landing. William B. Adams was regarded as the best horseshoer on the Shore Road. He was a great lover of horses.

"Speaking of horses," added Grandfather, "brings us back to that long tailed horse, and the long-tailed horse calls to mind those early days, when the only routes of travel were Indian trails. Quaker preachers, who traveled horseback, told of crossing streams in canoes paddled by Indians, with their horses swimming beside the canoe. One of these travelers, John Richardson, recommended horses with long tails. 'In crossing a stream,' said he, 'if the canoe upsets and the traveler is unable to swim, he may save himself by clinging to the horse's tail.'

* * * *

"When John Somers left Somerton, Pa., and settled on the Great Egg Harbor, at what is now Somers Point, the pine and oak forests extended from the seashore to the Delaware River. Communication with Burlington was impossible, except by boat or horseback, until 1707, when the road authorized ten years before was finished. Somers made his first purchase of fifteen hundred acres in 1695, but three years before his settlement at the point, the legislature had authorized a ferry across the Great Egg Harbor from Beesley's Point. Later on, the Indian trail from Somers Point was straightened and widened into a waggon road.

"As the years went by and travel increased, taverns or inns were set up along these roads or trails. They sold strong water—the common name of all intoxicating liquors in those days—to the Indians and whites alike, and accommodated the travelers with beds and meals. When the cart and waggon and two wheeled chaise were introduced, the roads were widened, but many of the stumps remained. Of course, there were no bridges. All water courses were forded."

Here the old man paused; then, reflecting for full two minutes, he continued, seriously:

"Of course, since prohibition went into effect on January 16, 1920, the manufacture and sale of strong water as a beverage has been unlawful. The bootleg-

gers, however, have evaded the law and large quantities of liquors are smuggled ashore, most of it right here on our New Jersey coast. The bootleggers are becoming enormously rich. If men had only followed the example of Governor John Endicott, of Massachusetts, there never would have been any occasion for prohibition in this country. Governor Endicott's grandson, Joseph Endicott, as you know, was the progenitor of the Endicotts of Atlantic and Burlington Counties and their collateral lines. Among those who became prominent, I call to mind one of Atlantic County's best citizens, the late Judge Allen B. Endicott and his three sons, Allen B., Thomas P. and Paul Endicott. Respecting their ancestor, Governor Endicott, it is of record that in 'the matter of indulgence in alcoholics, he exercised a fatherly oversight and directed that if any should exceed in that inordinate kind of drinking as to become drunk, he (Endicott) would take care that the punishment be made exemplary for all others.' It was the abuse and not the use of strong water that occasioned the eighteenth amendment, almost three hundred years after that good man, John Endicott, promised to make the punishment fit the crime."

* * * *

The old man was again silent. Presently, he said: "On the Mullica River, near Lower Bank, is a place once called Swimming Over Point. In the early days, it was a common practice for the settlers, especially the Quakers in going to and from the meeting at Tuckerton, to swim their horses across the river at this point. They did this until some of their number were drowned, after which they crossed at points further up. The hamlet of Quaker Bridge, in Burlington County, got its name from an incident that happened in 1772, when the Quakers—some from Tuckerton and others from Mount Holly, Burlington and Medford—met on the lower side of Batsto River to discuss informally matters that were

likely to come before the meeting at Tuckerton. Instead of discussing matters of religion, however, the time was mostly taken up with a proposition to build a bridge across the stream, for convenience and safety in travel. It was agreed that the men should meet at the appointed time to build the bridge. Accordingly, after the meeting at Tuckerton, they gathered at the ford. Cutting down a number of the primitive cedars, they constructed a substantial bridge, and being built by Quakers, it got the name of Quaker Bridge. It has been said that John Woolman assisted in the construction of Quaker Bridge, but this is a mistake, as Woolman was then in England."

* * * *

All the while, during this narrative, Pippin had been speeding toward May's Landing.

Half a mile or so beyond Mount Calvary Cemetery we met a man working over his stalled motor waggon. Grandfather stopped to offer assistance. He recognized him as Arthur O'Neil, of Bargaintown—artist, naturalist and whilom friend of the late Admiral George Dewey. As was said aforetime, proudly, by certain German residents of Egg Harbor City, "I fought mit Segal" during the Civil War, so Mr. O'Neil—English born with an Irish name—could say, with equal pride, "I fought with Dewey in Manila Bay." O'Neil himself did not say so, but Grandfather called the Annalist's attention to that fact. Mr. O'Neil, however, had a good word for his stalled flivver.

"It's the first time she's gone back on me in nine years," said he. "She's been a faithful friend during my many trips through these South Jersey diggings. She's been a good goer, too."

"A good flivver is like some good people. They travel like a cyclone, then come down kerflunk and that's their finish," said Grandfather.

"It wasn't that way with a friend of mine out in Kansas," said O'Neil. "A cyclone struck his neighbor-

hood, destroyed his barn, carried him two miles through the air, with lightning speed, and set him down in the middle of a ten acre field without a broken bone. All he lost was his barn, which really belonged to his wife, and his own breath during the transit."

"The Lord was with him that time," said Grandfather.

"If he was, he was going some," said O'Neil.

* * * *

We passed McKee City, with its scattered habitations, mostly cheaply constructed buildings, owned and occupied by Italians, and approached a point where the State road crosses the railroad track. In a little while we were at Babcock's Creek. Coming into May's Landing, Grandfather remarked that the officials of that town once planned to observe what they supposed was the two hundredth anniversary of its founding. They were misled, he said, by a misprint in Barber and Howe's 'Historical Collections of New Jersey," and Mickle's "Reminiscences of Old Gloucester," in which the figures 1710 were used instead of 1760. This typographical error, to which Grandfather called their attention, came near leading the Board of Trade of May's Landing into the unpleasant position of perverting history by "celebrating" in 1910 an anniversary that will not occur until 1960. Asked by the Annalist to note down some of the dates and particulars of the town's history, Grandfather stopped directly under one of the ancient oaks in front of the court house.

"I am not certain as to the age of these oaks," said he, "but I know that Colonel Richard Wescoat, who operated a grist mill on Babcock's Creek from 1783 until his death in 1825, about 1785 hired a man to trim the oak trees near his hotel, and if they were large enough to be trimmed in 1785, the acorn from which they were sprouted must have been planted about the time George May settled here in 1760."

Taking the Annalist's note book, Grandfather formulated the following schedule of events pertaining to May's Landing:

George May, the first settler at the head of navigation on the Great Egg Harbor and from whom May's Landing took its name, was not even born in 1710, and therefore could not have founded a settlement in that year. Some of the events in the life of May and accurate dates as to incidents in the neighborhood are as follows:

About 1720—George May born.

January 24, 1742—Married to Susanna Thompson.

About 1743—His son John born.

August 24, 1754—George May robbed of goods to the value of thirty pounds ($150) by his runaway servant, George Hamilton, who claimed to be a Scotchman. May advertised in the Philadelphia newspapers for his detection.

June 19, 1756—Samuel Harrison, Sheriff, sold lands in Great Egg Harbor to George May.

January 5, 1760—West Jersey Society sold lands to George May.

January 27, 1760—George May appointed agent of the West New Jersey Society of London. He had already made a settlement on the Great Egg Harbor and had charge of the lands of the society in keeping off tresspassers and in the payment of taxes.

May 20, 1760—George May sold lands to William Lake and Richard Somers.

July 7, 1764—John May married Phoebe Scull.

July 16, 1768—George May offered for sale 1000 acres of meadows and Swamps in Great Egg Harbor.

May 19, 1769—Property of George May (about 650 acres) on both sides of the great Egg Harbor river and on Babcock's creek, seized and sold in execution by Samuel Blackwood, Sheriff, who at the same time advertised "a quantity of West Jersey rights." In his advertisement Sheriff Blackwood also said that "all persons inclined to view the premises before the sale may inquire of Charles Steelman or Samuel Snell.

August 8, 1778—The name of May's Landing first used by Thomas Sinnickson and Thomas Leaming, who advertised a public vendue of 1600 bushels of the best St. Ubes salt; also 128½ tierces of Carolina rice and indigo.

September 3, 1778—The name of May's Landing not yet formally adopted by the people, as on this date Samuel Marryott, stage driver, established a stage route between "the Landing" and Cooper's Ferry (now Camden) by way of the Forks (Pleasant Mills) starting from Peter Well's, at "the Landing." Thus it appears that the locality of May's Landing was still known as "the Landing." Marryott set out from the Landing on Monday morning and reached Cooper's Ferry on Tuesday evening. He left the Ferry on Thursday morning and reached Peter Well's at the Landing on Friday evening. He advertised that ladies and gentlemen who favored him with their

commands could depend on their wishes being executed with fidelity and despatch.

September 11, 1778—The prize sloop Lucy was sold by John Stokes, Marshal, at "May's Landing."

February, 1779—Richard Mason sold 800 acres of land formerly owned by George May in Great Egg Harbor and in his advertisement he said, "the principal landing being known by the name of May's Landing." On this tract there were six dwelling houses, one of which was built for an inn. Two acres of this tract, says Mason in his advertisement, "on which the church stands and around the burying ground, is reserved for the use aforesaid." Mason also reserved for himself one-fourth of a vein of ore near the race above the mills, "trials of which have been made some years ago, both in Philadelphia and New York, and found to be rich in silver." This silver was probably nothing more than mica, which was often mistaken for silver by the early inhabiants.

1812—John May served as captain of troops to fight the English.

February 12, 1878—Sarah May, granddaughter of George May, died. She was one of the founders of the Presbyterian Church.

* * * *

Unhitching Pippin, heedless of the gaping mouths and quizzical eyes of the Mayslanders, we were soon beyond the limits of the county town. We crossed the dam abreast of the cotton mill, passed the old-time tavern, known as Baker's, and leaving the State Road, continued southward, following the course of the river. In a little while we came to the dam at Estellville.* Pippin was brought to a stand-still near the old flood gates.

"Now we're beyond May's Landing," said Grandfather. Looking the Annalist in the face, he asked, gravely:

"Are you afraid of ghosts?"

"No-n-no."

"Don't mind meeting the devil?"

"The devil be damned. Bring on your devil!" said the Annalist, feigning courage.

"Within the ghostly precincts of Estellville," said he, gravely, "a little devil once made his appearance. The legend of Sleepy Hollow is not more thrilling than the legend of the Leeds' devil. Some people say it is not a legend at all, and a few will not even admit it's a mystery. They insist that it's the truth. 'Facts are not

*The neighborhood of Estellville was incorporated as Estell Manor in 1925. Mrs. Rebecca Bourgeois Winston was elected mayor. She is the first woman in New Jersey to hold an important municipal office, pursuant to the suffrage amendment of August 26, 1920.

mysterious,' they say. One of these matter-of-fact people is George Gregory, of Philadelphia, who says that years ago he was in the habit of spending a part of each year in Cape May County. In 1909, when the so-called devil reappeared, Mr. Gregory recalled that about 1887 he visited a Mrs. McCormack, at Goshen, who was then eighty-four years old. She was a church member and highly respected by the townspeople. She vowed that in 1855 she was acquainted with a Mrs. Leeds, who lived at Estellville. The stork was about to pay a visit and Mrs. Leeds resented the intrusion. While petulant over the expected visit, she exclaimed that she hoped the stork would bring a devil.

"The visit was made in due time. First the stork brought a normal baby. As this present was not acceptable, the stork returned with a little devil—or perhaps changed the baby into a devil. That very day the child-devil flew out of the window and perched on the roof. In a little while it winged away to the swamps.

"Every day, for a time, the child-devil returned to the home of Mrs. Leeds and perched on the fence. She would not go into the yard while it was around, but stood in the doorway and 'shooed' it away. One day, with a scream, the devil flew to the swamp, back of the pond, and was not seen for a long time. It came back occasionally, but always at night. That is Mr. Gregory's version of the Leeds devil. He says Mrs. McCormack was a truthful old lady and adds: 'She had the word of the nurse who attended Mrs. Leeds and also the word of Mrs. Leeds herself.' Therefore, the Leeds devil was a reality!

"Another account of the origin of this devil is that many years ago—about 1850—a young woman refused food to a gypsy. For this she was 'cursed' by the gypsy and as a punishment got a little devil for her first born. It escaped into the pines and was first seen near Leeds Point. Hence the name of Leeds devil.

"This strange creature, whatever its origin, is alleged to have again made its appearance in Camden and Salem Counties in January, 1909. Some of the accounts, as given out at the time, are vivid and disturbing. It is alleged that on the night of January 21st the devil made its appearance at West Collingswood and frightened a number of people, including firemen. As noted at the time, Charles Klos and George Boggs were walking along Grant Avenue when they saw what they thought looked like an ostrich. It alighted on the porch roof of the fire chief, and for some reason, not explained, the two men turned in an alarm of fire. In a short time a number of firemen made their appearance and a stream of water was turned on the supposed ostrich—or devil. It ran about fifty yards and then faced about and made a charge upon the crowd. Sticks and stones fired at the strange creature had no effect and the firemen were dismayed. Suddenly, the monstrosity spread its wings and flew to the woods.

"The next night, January 22d, according to the story given out at the time, the devil appeared in Salem and left its tracks on the lawn of Thomas Yorke, a well known citizen. Apparently, this particular devil scaled a six foot fence—not being able to fly—and dotted the snow for at least one hundred and fifty feet. Mr. Yorke himself denied the appearance of any devil on his premises and attributed the report to somebody's fertile imagination. The same night, in the yard of John Dempster, the devil was not only seen, but heard! It also left its tracks in the snow. That night, also, the supposed devil visited a coal yard on Market street. Citizens who measured its tracks said the paces were short—for a striding devil! Jacob Henderson, a night watchman, said he actually saw the devil. He described it as having wings and a tail. Mrs. W. D. Brown said it appeared in her back yard that same night and was chased away by the family bulldog.

"The truth is," said Grandfather, "all of these people drew upon their imagination for their facts. There is no such thing as a Leeds devil, with a habitat at Estellville, Leeds Point or anywhere else. It is a figment of somebody's fertile imagination. I cast out both of these devils—Estellville and Leeds Point—reject the legend as unworthy of serious consideration. My only object in referring to it now is to kill it effectually for all time."

The old man laughed heartily—seeing the Annalist relieved by this annihilation of the devil! Then, pushing his ho-ho-kus and giving Pippin a dram or two of gas, we proceeded toward Tuckahoe, now known as Corbin City.

Grandfather lamented the passing of that good old Indian name, Tuckahoe, and the substitution of "Corbin City," by an act of the legislature, approved March 11, 1922. "The way-backs who object to two Tuckahoes—one in Cape May County and one in Atlantic," said he, "should remember that there are two Kansas Cities—one in Kansas and one in Missouri; also two Bristols—one in Virginia and one in Tennessee. Tuckahoe for me! God bless her!"

Reaching the bridge, instead of crossing into Cape May County, he turned about and faced northward. It was a hot day in August; not a creature was stirring—not even Pippin. Grandfather remarked that exactly one hundred and forty-four years ago, on August 18, 1779, Captain Taylor of the schooner Mars, captured a British packet, mounting fourteen guns, with forty-five men aboard, all of whom were taken prisoners. On the 21st he fell in with a large ship and a frigate of the enemy, who gave chase and retook the packet. Captain Taylor, however, escaped with his own vessel and his prisoners, brought them safely into Great Egg Harbor and anchored off the mouth of Tuckahoe River.

Turning from history to politics, the old man told of a certain inhabitant of Tuckahoe, a politician, who went to Trenton during the first year of Governor Edge's

administration. This man wanted a State appointment, as a reward for services rendered. He told his friends he was not particular as the nature of the job, so long as there was a good salary attached thereto. What he wanted was a position that paid well, with nothing to do.

Reaching Trenton—it was before the days of prohibition—he secured his coveted interview with the Governor, to whom he explained his needs, about as he had to his friends. Suddenly the Governor said to him: "Tom, your physical condition unfits you for hard work. What you need is a sinecure." Tom looked pleased. He was by no means a teetotaler. The Governor pressed a button and in less than a minute the ever-faithful messenger, Sam Gordon, was at the executive's desk. "Sam," said the Governor, "my friend from Tuckahoe wants a sinecure. Ask Mr. Croasdale if we have one to give out?" Instantly the Tuckahoe politician interjected: "Not one, Walter. You must drink with me. Make it two, Sam."

* * * *

The Annalist: "Your stories are delightful. They are gems of the first water, scattered pearls—all but the one about the devil.

Grandfather: "I have cast-out two devils—consigned them to the inferno of oblivion. You may retain the pearls."

XXXVI.

ATLANTIC CITY'S HIGH SPOT OF CIVIC BETTERMENT

STANDING in front of the City Hall, Grandfather recalled two important events in the history of Absecon Beach. It was the morning of September 1. "This day," said he, "in the year 1609, Henry Hudson, sailing along the coast, in the Dutch ship Half Moon, discovered Absegami, afterwards called Absecon Beach. Continuing northward, he entered the inlet at Barnegat and reached Sandy Hook on the 5th. There he sent his boat's crew ashore. They went some distance inland and were kindly received by the Indians. The next day five of the crew spent the entire day exploring the waters between Staten and Long Islands. In returning to their ship toward night they were attacked by twenty-six Indians in two canoes. One of the sailors, John Colman, was struck in the throat by an arrow and killed. He was buried the next day on a point of land to which they gave the name of Colman's Point. It is now known as Sandy Hook."

Looking up and down the broad avenue, evidently in admiration of the civic spirit that had changed sand dunes into massive buildings, the old man remarked:

"Next Thursday, September 6th, will be another anniversary. In 1854, on that date, the first City Council of Atlantic City held its first regular meeting. The alderman-elect, Daniel Rhodes, who had qualified the day before, at May's Landing, swore in the members of Council—Steelman Leeds, James Leeds, Richard C. Souder, Richard Hackett, John Leeds and Ryan Adams. The mayor was Chalkley Leeds and his brother Robert was treasurer. Thus there were five of the Leeds family in Atlantic City's first official family, which leads me to say something about those later officials who converted

a mud road into a beautifully paved highway. I recall that eventful day, in October, 1908, when the municipality celebrated the paving of Atlantic Avenue. It was my privilege to be the guest of honor.

"The actual work was finished on December 23, 1907, but the formal dedication was postponed until the following October 12th, when the city observed Columbus Day with a general hurrah, including a civic and military parade up and down the highway. The speaker's platform was in front of City Hall. It extended over the sidewalk and into the street. There was a civic parade, with music and bunting galore, and the various organizations were reviewed by Mayor Franklin P. Stoy. Henry W. Leeds was alderman and Walter J. Buzby chairman of the Street Committee. Mr. Buzby asked the City Hall custodian, Cornelius S. Fort, a faithful public servant, to bring the alderman's big arm chair, with its high back, from the Council Chamber and place it on the platform for my use. On my right sat Mayor Stoy and on my left Dr. Thomas K. Reed. Next to Dr. Reed sat Judge C. L. Cole and next to the mayor, during the exercises, sat Mr. Buzby. Everybody was happy. It brought to mind that splendid maxim of the Paulist Fathers: 'The highest point of achievement of yesterday is the starting point of to-day.' I said to Mayor Stoy: 'Considering this finished product, Atlantic City may well say the high spot of to-day is the beginning point of to-morrow.'

"It was a great achievement—the high spot of civic betterment, and as Dr. Reed remarked: 'It presages still greater improvements during the next fifteen years.' He had reference to the fact that the agitation for the paving of Atlantic Avenue was begun by that broad-minded and generous citizen, Frederick Hemsley, in 1893—fifteen years before its completion.

"The total cost of the improvement was $721,178, or more than four times the original cost of the first boulevard across the meadows to Pleasantville—$178,-

529.91. That highway was finished in 1905. The city's share of the Atlantic Avenue paving was $354,251. The Pennsylvania Railroad Company contributed $366,927 toward the total cost of the improvement."

From the recesses of his ever-resourceful wallet, the old man then brought out copies of stenographic reports of the speeches delivered on the day of the dedication, and indicated such portions as might properly be included in this journal of our travels.

In his opening address, Mayor Stoy said, in part:

"Twenty-five or thirty years ago Atlantic City was a struggling excursion town, with only a few loose planks on the sand where now sweeps the greatest boardwalk in the world. Our only means of conveyance along Atlantic Avenue was the refractory mule and the box car of odorous memory—great institutions in their time—and the nearest approach to paving was the wooden curb. The suggestion of a cobble stone would have made the old time tax-payer groan over the possibility of an increase in the rates.

"I recall a meeting of taxpayers about twenty years ago. It was held in one of our prominent halls. Probably fifty per cent. of the Atlantic Avenue property owners were present. The burning question was the paving of the avenue. The majority opinion was expressed by one man who said: 'Atlantic Avenue as it is has been good enough for me as long as I have been here and it will be good enough for me as long as I live.' Then a vote was taken, and the result was two to one against the paving.

"What a commentary on the past is the achievement of to-day. What great things it portends for the future. A year ago Atlantic Avenue, figuratively speaking, was a sea of mud; now it is one of the grandest highways in the country. Since my association with the official life of Atlantic City, I have aimed to foster municipal progress; and it is a matter of the greatest personal gratification to know that, after so many years of per-

sistent agitation, Atlantic Avenue is at last paved. It will be a joy and comfort to our residents and visitors for many years to come. I look forward to a greater transformation on either side of the highway. What an incentive it will be to our merchants to build up and beautify, in harmony with this improvement; an incentive, also, to our people generally to aid in keeping it in perfect condition, so that it will appeal to the millions who annually seek the pleasures of this resort.

"We will permit our local historian to record the names of those who are chiefly responsible for this improvement.* A potent factor has been the Pennsylvania Railroad, whose cash contribution was the nucleus of the fund. Let us hope that this celebration marks an epoch in the history of Atlantic City and that it may be duplicated in the near future by other great civic demonstrations, expressive of the people's desire to make ours a City Beautiful in all that the term implies."

Dr. Reed said: "Whatever disappointment the ocean may be to some, there can be none in beholding the bitulithic pavement of Atlantic Avenue. It is a consummation that challenges the admiration of mankind. Truly the marrow in the bones of those who do not shout hosannas over this achievement must be frozen. Much of the time the street of the past was in a deplorable plight. It was like an ugly wart on the nose of our fair town. Now we all rejoice that the deformity has been removed. The patient endurance of our towns-people should be commended. Their attitude towards Atlantic Avenue reminds me of David Dennis' old donkey. In

*First and foremost is the name of Frederick Hemsley, since out of his own funds he paid the Annalist several hundred dollars to write a series of newspaper articles advocating the improvement, regardless of cost. The first of these articles was published in the Atlantic City Review in 1893. Others were Dr. Thomas K. Reed, Mayor Franklin P. Stoy, Walter J. Buzby, John W. Hackney, Edward S. Lee, Charles Evans, David Fitzsimons, Allen B. Endicott, Benjamin Bacharach, Louis Kuehnle, Clarence L. Cole, Daniel S. White, Stewart R. McShea, Franklin P. Cook, James D. Southwick, Henry W. Leeds, James B. Reilly, John Murtland, Samuel W. Moore, John E. Mehrer and Gustav Kessler.

fair weather he would roam the sand dunes and grassy dells of this island, but during a northeaster he would always be found on the beach, with his tail turned to the storm. When the sky was gray and the white caps crested the waves and the rain came slanting down, he would stand in one spot, as impassive as that wooden elephant down the beach, apparently hopeful, contented and happy. There he would remain till the clouds rolled by and the sun reappeared in the heavens. Then he would resume his foraging expeditions in desolate places —now the site of fine cottages and imposing hostelries.

"Verily, this community has been rewarded for its courage and patience. The radiant day of a new era has dawned upon us. The sky has cleared and the sun, panoplied in brightness, reveals to the prophetic eye the future triumphs of our transcendant city. This celebration encourages the admirable trait of civic pride. It goes without saying that every man should love, praise and defend his home town, whether it be a humble hamlet or a great metropolis. Everything pertaining to its reputation and advancement should be dear to his heart, and to faithfully aid in its progress should be the goal of his loftiest ambition. It's a mean bird that will not crow and scratch in its own barnyard. Indeed, we must foster the sentiment of that sweetest of all songs, the tune which the band has just played—'Mid pleasures and palaces, where e're we may roam, be it ever so humble, there's no place like home.'

"When we think of the celestial city, our first thought is of its golden streets. Its jasper walls are less impressive than its glittering highways. No one can ever estimate the value of good roads and good streets. As we journeyed along our Jersey roads, in former days, every place that was five miles ahead was ten miles behind. Soft sand buried the horse's hoofs and followed the wheels of vehicles in gritty clouds. Now we have hard and smooth highways traversing every section of

the State. New Jersey has become famous for her excellent roads.

"In paving Atlantic Avenue in such superior fashion, we have shown to the world that Atlantic City is keeping abreast of the times, and that, with her beautiful avenues, she is the crowning glory of our illustrious commonwealth. The most inspiring sight I ever beheld was a marching army of 110,000 soldiers in blue—that period of real war, back in the sixties. The steady columns advanced over undulating ground with flags flying, drums beating and weapons flashing in the sunlight—infantry, cavalry and artillery. Gallant officers were mounted on mettlesome steeds, with aids and orderlies galloping to and fro. The ardent enthusiasm of battle was in the air. It was a sublime and strangely exhilarating spectacle; but the reflection that this experience will never be repeated fills my heart with gladness. Give us the arts of peace. The scenes we witness to-day, in celebrating a peaceful victory, are typical of an ideal civilization. They are more gratifying and ennobling than the pomp and circumstance of cruel war. Let us have peace. May we never have dire war, save to defend home and honor; to maintain our national unity and to repel the aggressions of a foreign foe."

Judge Cole said: "Many of you know that I am not to the manor born. Thrown among you by accident, on the night of the 4th of July, 1882, I expected to stay only over night and then, like the Arab, in the morning fold my tent and silently steal away. I had no thought when I came here of remaining, and now I have no thought of leaving. I looked around and found more that was beautiful, more that was attractive, and thought I saw something of the future of Atlantic City; and if you will pardon me for saying so, I believe Atlantic City saw in me the possibilities of usefulness and of good citizenship. I was soon wedded to Atlantic City, and while we have had our little spats and misunderstandings, and while there have been some who would have willed other-

wise, the truth remains that there has been neither desire nor occasion to invoke the laws of divorce or separation.

"I came here by way of the old narrow gauge railroad, and I came on a pass. They were happy days. I don't wonder that our councilmen and congressmen have protested so loudly since they took the pass away. It is my judgment that the building of the narrow gauge railroad marked the beginning of the remarkable life of this place. In the intervening years I have witnessed a complete transformation. On every hand we have seen improvements that have been marvelous and achievements that have commanded the respect and admiration of the people of the world. Many achievements have been wrought by pluck and energy, private and public. Among these, is the paving of this wide and beautiful avenue. It is the result of private and public pluck and energy. I congratulate you, one and all, on this achievement, and I would not overlook the work done by the Atlantic Avenue Business Men's League in bringing about this happy consummation. It is true that all of us, more or less, have done our part in this work, but certainly the Atlantic Avenue Business Men's League ought not to be overlooked.

"What has been done is a part of what is yet to be done. We must have our ideals. We must have them above and before us. When one ideal has been reached, we must have other ideals. This transformation—the paving of Atlantic Avenue—is but evidence of what men, full of purpose, can accomplish. Let us work together for greater accomplishments, having in mind that what has been done in the past can be surpassed in the future."

XXXVII.

MEMORABLE WRECKS OF THE "CRAIG" AND THE "CRYSTAL."

SEATED in the Inlet Pavilion, at the upper end of Atlantic City, watching the boats, aboard which were men and women returning from a day's sport up around Turtle Cove, Shad Island or Rum Point or down around Turtle Gut, Fiddlers Ditch or Crab Cove—watching the happy faces of those who loved to betray tawny finned fishes—Grandfather recalled a memorable shipwreck and the drowning of seven persons whose outing began perhaps at the very spot on the wharf where Captain Charlie Gale was then unloading his merry party of fishers.

"On a July morning in 1886," said he, "the schooner Sarah Craig, of Patchogue, Long Island, arrived in Atlantic City with a party of Philadelphians, including Mr. and Mrs. T. H. Stevens, Miss Mary Stevens, Misses Bessie and Emma Merritt, Miss M. F. Rettew, Mrs. H. A. Askins, Morris Bulkley, Chester Clark, Z. W. Jordan, F. W. Hall and Alfred Potter.

"The same schooner, with its load of precious freight, sailed from Atlantic City the next morning, Friday, July 30th. That evening, about six o'clock, the vessel was reported overturned off Sandy Hook, with apparently no one on board. A dispatch to Atlantic City read: 'The only hope for those on board is that they have been picked up by some passing vessel. A terrible storm prevailed in that vicinity and it is feared all were lost.'

"Unfortunately, at the very time that dispatch was given out most of the passengers, including all of the ladies, were dead in the hold of the capsized vessel. These included Mrs. Stevens and her two daughters, Mrs. Askins and Miss Stevens, the Merritt sisters, Miss Ret-

tew and Mr. Clark. The women and Clark were caught in the cabin when the Craig capsized. The most distressing account of the wreck was that of Mr. Jordan. The vessel did not fill at once, but lay on her side, so that those inside were standing in water until gradually suffocated. Mr. Jordan said afterwards:

" 'We could hear the ladies crying piteously inside and beating their hands and heads against the walls. Their prayers and moans almost drove us insane as we drifted along helpless to save them and waiting for death ourselves. But the thing that almost froze my heart was a white hand and arm stretched out of a deadlight under the water. It was one of the young ladies appealing for help. I crawled over and took hold of the hand. It clung to mine, but I could do nothing but cry. As the young lady's cries became weaker I took the ring from her finger as gently as I could. Then the hand and arm sank back and I heard an awful wail. I have the ring in my pocket. At last the yawl of a pilot boat appeared with two men aboard. They asked us to get into their boat, but we refused, for we could still hear the ladies begging for their lives inside our schooner. The mate of our boat, Mr. Ferguson, was sent with the yawl to ask one of the tugboats to help us. Then we hoisted a coat on an oar and waved it. Soon the little tug William Cramp came up to us. The captain of the tug asked us to come on board, but we said we could not leave the vessel while there were living persons on her. The Cramp threw us a line which we fastened to the traveler. The storm was so furious that the tug was driven off, but she managed to pick up one of the stewards and one of the crew, who were in the water. Next the big tug B. T. Haviland came up and threw a hawser. Captain Rutland tried to pass the line to us, but was jerked into the sea. By this time the screams of the ladies had ceased and we could hear nothing but the howling of the wind and waves.'

"That," said Grandfather, "is my recollection of an awful shipwreck and a night of horror off Sandy Hook. The pleasure seekers proposed stopping at Long Branch about the time a storm appeared in the offing.

"People living in New Jersey nearly forty years ago can recall the gloom that the wreck cast over the State. It is said that every cloud has its silver lining, and to the cloud which came with the news of that wreck there seemed to be at least a streak of silver lining. The life of one Atlantic City young lady had been providentially saved. The entire party of thirteen—seven ladies and six gentlemen—had passed the night before the wreck on board the Craig as she lay at anchor in the Inlet. Of the seven ladies aboard the boat that night, six were drowned next day. The other, Miss Jessie McClure, of Atlantic City, had passed a restless night, thinking of the desire of her mother that she remain at home, even at the risk of offending the rest of the party. The mother had made this appeal as she bade her daughter good-bye in the evening. The next morning they were to start on the trip up the coast, their destination being Patchogue, on Great South Bay, Long Island. Mrs. McClure kept a select boarding place on South Connecticut Avenue, Atlantic City. In the morning Miss McClure told her friends that she had decided to go ashore. She wished to heed her mother's request. They pleaded with her to remain. Had she listened to their appeals it is morally certain she would have shared the fate of her friends. The other members of the party were well known in Atlantic City. Mrs. Askins was the wife of Harry A. Askins, who managed the Virginia Opera Gardens for one or two seasons. This garden was on the west side of Virginia Avenue, midway between Atlantic and Pacific. He afterwards moved to Chicago, and became a well-known manager of theatres in that city.

"Strange to say, exactly ten years after the wreck of the Sarah Craig, on July 30, 1896, occurred the most

appalling railroad accident in the history of New Jersey. An incoming express train on the Reading Railroad collided with an outbound Pennsylvania train at the meadows crossing, a mile west of Atlantic City. Forty-seven lives were lost and more than one hundred excursionists were severely injured. The killed and injured were mostly on the excursion train from Bridgeton and other points in South Jersey."

* * * *

The wreck of the "Craig" was recalled in June, 1925, when a party of young people from Pleasantville, Northfield and Linwood, most of them in their teens, started on a moonlight sail off Atlantic City in the yacht "Crystal." They left the Inlet wharf about nine o'clock in the evening of June 11th, having postponed the trip twenty-four hours for the convenience of one of the girls, who graduated from the high school at Pleasantville on the 10th. An hour or so after the "Crystal" left the wharf five of the party were dead. At this writing two of the drowned are still missing. The lost were Joseph Wilson, Northfield; John Hannum, Northfield; Warren Dilks, Linwood; Deborah Knight, Pleasantville, and Martha Weist, Linwood. Miss Weist was the one for whose convenience the outing was postponed. The saved were Richard McGlyn, Paul Ake, Ralph English, Jack Linder, William Krumm, Lawrence Price, Curtis Lyle, Richard Myers, Estelle Banning, Katherine Arnold, Mary Toner, Mildred Mack, Anna Betterton and Gertrude Mollett.

When about five miles off Chelsea, an explosion of gasoline carried away the only lifeboat and nearly all of the life preservers. The flames ate through the cabin partitions and forced those within to leap overboard, with their clothing on fire. While the young people and three of the crew, including Captain William Young, were floundering in the sea, clinging to planks and bits of

debris, the "Crystal" slowly burned to the water's edge and sunk.

Badly injured and burned and almost without clothing, they floated for an hour and a quarter before a petrol boat from the Longport life saving station arrived. Twelve were rescued and taken ashore. Four other boats from the "dry navy" base at the Inlet rushed to the scene and rescued four more; also the lifeless body of Miss Knight, floating face downward. The living were Mildred Mack, Curtis Lyle, Pilot Lehman and his wife. To escape the oil on top of the water, should it catch on fire, these four, clinging to life preservers procured by Miss Mack, swam away from the boat. The current carried them out to sea, and still farther out they saw Joseph Wilson, Martha Weist and Warren Dilks, looking like "tiny specks on the water," and they heard their cries for help. Then the three disappeared and there was "silence and darkness." Still afloat and drifting seaward, they heard those near the boat singing and comforting each other. Then they saw the rescue party lift them aboard the boats and leave for shore. Their calls for help were unheard and it seemed as if they, too, would be lost. The last of the rescue boats, however, remained and after a persistent search found them some distance at sea.

John Hannum was probably killed instantly by the explosion. The bravery and presence of mind of the young people, under the most distressing circumstances, was a matter of general comment. There was no panic, no hysteria, but just a quiet courage, quick action and intelligent response, one for the other. The bravery of Anna Betterton was particularly mentioned by her companions.

On July 6th, almost a month after the accident, the body of Joseph Wilson was picked up by a passing steamer near High Hill Beach, Long Island. The next day the body of John Hannum came ashore on Fire Island, within a few miles of where Wilson's body was

picked up at sea. The bodies of Warren Dilks and Martha Weist are still missing.

* * * *

The wreck of the "Crystal" revived memories of a still earlier disaster in the yachting annals of Atlantic City. The yacht, "A. B. Thompson," Captain Francis Steelman, left the Inlet wharf on the afternoon of July 18th, 1874, with a party of eight, including the captain, for a pleasure trip to sea, intending to return the same afternoon. The passengers consisted of Daniel Offly Sharpless and his wife, Esther; Miss Caroline Sharpless, a young lady of about nineteen, and Alfred Sharpless, a lad of fourteen—all of Philadelphia; Mrs. Bettle, wife of Hon. Edward Bettle, of Haddonfield; Miss Anna W. Roberts, daughter of Edwin Roberts, proprietor of the Chalfonte, and Alfred Clark, of Atlantic City. A stiff breeze was blowing and the sea was high. Other yachtmen had refused to take pleasure parties to sea. In crossing the bar a heavy sea struck the vessel and capsized her. All on board were drowned excepting Mrs. Bettle, Mr. Clark and Captain Steelman.

XXXVIII.

RATTLE OF FLINTS AND TATTOO OF RAMRODS

"ON this October day," said Grandfather, "gilded scenes and shining prospects rise; here, also, poetic fields and woods encompass us around; and here, too, we stand on sacred ground. The glory of that October day, 1777, we may well recall on this more glorious autumn day, 1923. The first was a day of battle and triumph for our Revolutionary sires; this is a day of beauty and sunshine.

"Historians may accord the honors to Monmouth, Trenton, Saratoga and Yorktown, but the meed of praise, in equal measure, belongs to Red Bank. The cry of Major Pitcairn to the seventy-odd patriots at Lexington: 'Disperse, you rebels; throw down your arms and disperse,' had a fitting response in the reply of brave Greene at Red Bank: 'King George be d——d; we ask no quarter.'

"To preserve the history of a State whose soil was so often wet with the blood of patriots is always praiseworthy. Credit must be given to the New Jersey Society of the Sons of the Revolution for the part they have taken in this work, and no less creditable is the work of the Daughters of the American Revolution, particularly those of Atlantic, Monmouth, Gloucester, Cumberland, Salem, Burlington and Camden Counties.

"In October, 1909, the Sons of the Revolution unveiled memorial tablets on a shaft at Red Bank, marking the spot where patriotism impelled men to deeds of valor equal to any witnessed on the fields of battle at Monmouth, Trenton or Princeton. The Atlantic City Daily Press of October 23, 1909—day after the unveil-

ing—published a news item. It tells the story of the unveiling."

From the folds of his old wallet the old man brought out another clipping. It is given verbatim:

> Just 132 years after the great battle at Red Bank, when 400 American soldiers defeated 2000 British men in a strife that has gone down in history as a remarkable conquest, the New Jersey Society, Sons of the Revolution, unveiled four tablets on the monument erected by the State some months ago.
>
> The unveiling took place in the presence of about 300 people. General Alfred A. Woodhull, of Princeton, Vice-President of the Society, presided. John Whitall, a direct descendant of the old Whitall family, pulled the cord which released the four flags covering the tablets.
>
> Alfred M. Heston, of Atlantic City, historian of the Society, made an historic address, reviewing the battle fought on the grounds. A visit was made to the old Whitall mansion, where the blood-stained boards from the bleeding soldiers carried there at the time of the battle are still intact.

"New Jersey has been called the battle ground of the Revolution. No State witnessed more of the military life of that period. At Paulus Hook Light Horse Harry Lee successfully stormed the British fort; at Trenton Washington surprised and defeated the Hessians; at Princeton he struck terror into the hearts of the Red Coats; at Monmouth he gave battle to Clinton, after pursuing him across the State from Philadelphia, and at Morristown he established a winter camp second only to Valley Forge in hardships and privations. There was also the famous Battle of the Kegs, planned at Bordentown and made memorable by a Jerseyman, the gifted Hopkinson, though the battle itself was fought in front of Philadelphia, when a score or more of loaded kegs came floating down the tide.

"There was still another important engagement in New Jersey—the battle of Red Bank, where less than four hundred officers and men of the Rhode Island line defeated 2000 Hessians—all of them 'trained men of well-knit sinews;' where a band of patriots met the odds of five to one and drove them back in signal rout. In this battle only fourteen guns were mounted by the Americans within the fort, while a small fleet of galleys

in the river protected the garrison from attack in that direction. In imitation of Prescott, who directed his men at Bunker Hill to hold their fire until they could see the whites of the enemy's eyes, Greene at Red Bank cautioned his men not to waste their powder on bad aims. 'Fire low,' said he. 'They have a broad belt above the hips. Aim at that.'

"A marble shaft, whose inscription is partly obliterated, looms up gray in a nearby woodland gap. The dedication of that shaft was signalized exactly fifty years after the battle by a sham fight between four hundred of the Pennsylvania troops, representing the Hessians, and one hundred of the New Jersey militia, representing the Americans. The odds were, of course, against the Jerseymen, but they drove the enemy back over the fields and compelled him to take refuge on a steamboat at the mouth of Woodbury Creek, whence he returned to Philadelphia.

"In 1872 the Government purchased a tract of about one hundred acres along the Delaware, including the site of the fortifications and the old Whitall house, whose floors are still stained with the blood of wounded Hessians and patriots. Subsequently, about one-fifth of that tract, including the old Whitall house, was conveyed to Gloucester County by deed of trust; but while the house was made resplendent with fresh paint and new furnishings, the monument was ignored, neglected and forgotten, until July, 1904, when the Gloucester County Historical Society inaugurated a movement which culminated in a new monument and well-kept government grounds.

* * * *

"Following the defeat of Washington at Brandywine and the massacre of Wayne's three hundred patriots at Paoli, the victorious army of Sir William Howe entered Philadelphia. At the same time Sir Richard Howe entered the lower Delaware with his fleet, intending to co-

OLD WHITALL HOUSE, RED BANK

See p. 288

operate with the army of occupation in Philadelphia. Captain Hammond, commanding the British frigate 'Roebuck,' of forty-four guns, represented to the commander-in-chief that if a sufficient force could be sent to reduce the fortifications at Billingsport, three miles below Red Bank, he would take upon himself the task of opening a passage through the chevaux-de-frise, with which the Americans had obstructed the channel between Billingsport and Red Bank. General Howe at once despatched two regiments from Chester, under Colonel Stirling, for that purpose. They crossed the Delaware a little below Billingsport, marched to the rear of the unfinished works and made a furious assault upon the garrison. The Americans were dismayed at this unexpected attack, and believing themselves unable to make a successful resistance, they spiked their guns, set fire to the barracks and fled. The British thereupon demolished the works on the river front, made a passage seven feet wide through the stockades, sailed through with six light vessels and anchored in the Delaware below Red Bank.

"Howe now determined to make a general sweep of all the American works on the Delaware, and with that end in view he concentrated his entire army in the vicinity of Philadelphia. From his camp near Germantown Washington wrote to the president of Congress regarding the defences on the Delaware. 'Red Bank,' said he, 'seems by its elevation to be the only advantageous spot for annoying the enemy.' He also informed Congress that the guns of the enemy's vessels in the river, if directed upon Red Bank, would not be able to prevent the efficacy of our defence, though they might serve to make the situation of some of our galleys rather uneasy. 'This makes it worth our while to pre-occupy Red Bank,' said he, 'in order to keep it out of the enemy's hands, by erecting a small but strong fort, capable of containing about two hundred men, with six or eight pieces of light cannon and a proportionate quantity of stores.'

"General Silas Newcomb had collected a body of about five hundred Jersey militia at Woodbury, and the commander-in-chief requested that they be kept together while matters remained in uncertainty. After the men had erected the earthworks at Red Bank, Washington notified Congress that they were anxious to return to their farms, as they saw no immediate occasion for their services. He thereupon allowed them to go to their homes, believing that course better than to keep them in service and discontented.

"Meanwhile, there were desertions from the American galleys in the river abreast of Red Bank, and Washington again wrote: 'It is to be regretted that many of the officers and seamen on board the galleys have manifested a disposition that does them little honor. Looking upon their situation as desperate, or probably from worse motives, they have been guilty of the most alarming desertions. Two whole crews, including the officers, have deserted to the enemy.'

"These things were very discouraging to Washington, but he wrote to Congress, saying: 'I have determined to maintain the fort at Red Bank, if it can be done, and have detached Colonel Greene, with his regiment of Rhode Island troops, consisting of about 212 effective privates. I have also written General Newcomb, of Jersey, pressing him to give all the aid he can from the militia.'

"Captain Hammond, of the British navy, had come within range of the guns at Fort Mercer at this point and Fort Mifflin on the opposite side of the river. Then began one of the most glorious stands ever made by patriots fighting for home and country in the last ditch.

"Count Carl Emil Kurt von Donop, a brave German officer, was sent out from Philadelphia with four battalions of Hessian veterans, chosen from the powerful army of occupation. On Tuesday, October 21st, they crossed the Delaware at Cooper's ferry, marched to Haddonfield, and thence by way of a place known as Cattle-

town to the King's Highway above Woodbury and toward Red Bank. They had intended taking a more direct route, but the Americans had destroyed the bridge over Timber Creek. A portion of their route to Red Bank still goes by the name of Hessian Road, and a stream of water that crosses the road is known as Hessian run, where, no doubt, they rested and replenished their canteens. A white man named Bill McIlvaine, and a negro named Dick, the latter owned by Col. Joseph Ellis, a Haddonfield patriot, volunteered to act as guides for the Hessians, when they left Haddonfield on the morning of October 22d. Another negro known as Mitch, probably a contraction of Mitchell, at work near the Cooper's Creek bridge, was pressed into service as a guide. Years afterwards this negro had old prefixed to his name, and as Old Mitch, he described the battle of Red Bank to Dr. Charles Clark, of Woodbury. Almost fifty years ago, Dr. Clark, then about seventy-five years old, narrated some of the particulars of this battle, as he had previously gathered them from Old Mitch and others who lived in those stirring times. To the honor of Old Mitch, be it said, beneath his black skin there was the blood of a patriot, and though bully-ragged by the Red Coats, he stood by his friends and betrayed no secrets.

"Colonel Greene, energetic, obedient and patriotic, had not been idle during those October days. Washington had written him, under date of October 9th, from his headquarters at Skippack, above Philadelphia: 'You will be pleased to remember that the post with which you are now entrusted is of the utmost importance to America, and demands every exertion of which you are capable for its security and defence. The whole defence of the Delaware absolutely depends upon Red Bank; and consequently all the enemy's hopes of keeping Philadelphia and finally succeeding in the object of the present campaign. Influenced by these considerations, I doubt not your regard to the service and your own reputation

will prompt you to every possible effort to accomplish the important end of your trust, and frustrate the intentions of the enemy.'

"The fact that Colonel Greene was entrusted with the command of a post that was of the 'utmost importance to America,' and upon which the whole defence of the Delaware absolutely depended, in the estimation of Washington, is a tribute to the honor, the valor and the judgment of Colonel Greene, no less appreciable than the subsequent gift of a sword by Congress.

"Not having men to properly man the fort, Colonel Greene proposed to abandon about two-thirds, or the upper end of it; put a double board fence across the lower third; protect it with wooden pickets and the sharpened branches of trees; place the cannon in such a position as to rake the upper part of the fort; cover them with bushes, and fill the space between the two fences with hay, old lumber and such other obstructions as were at hand. The cannon were heavily loaded with grape shot and other destructive missiles. It was arranged that only a show of defence should be made at the upper end of the fort, which was to be abandoned as soon as the attack was found to be in earnest, and a retreat made to the small enclosure or main fort below. This was to be defended to the last extremity.

"The diary of Job Whitall, a Quaker and non-combatant, is interesting in this connection. Friend Whitall lived in the brick house, fronting the river and just below the fort. He kept a diary of daily incidents for twenty years, from 1775 to 1795. Under date of Tenth month, 22d, 1777, the day of the battle, he says: 'This day dawned pleasant and fair. Father and I hung the gate and then finished the stacks. Then we got the horses and waggon, and loaded our goods to move them, as we hear the English troops in the river are coming nearer.' Under the same date Friend Whitall says: 'Myself, wife and children, after eating dinner, went off to Uncle David Cooper's, near Woodbury.' He also

tells us that Cooper sent his waggon to aid in moving the goods. They also drove away twenty-one head of his cattle. 'The people in the fort,' says he, regretfully, 'drove away from father and I forty-seven sheep into the fort.'

"If Friend Whitall resented the taking of his forty-seven head of sheep by the men in the fort, what must have been his subsequent feelings toward the garrison? On the 25th, he says: 'The soldiers pressed my mare, by order of Col. Greene.' The next day, after noting the fact that he had hauled away the wheat and grain, he adds: 'Then I filled four rooms with goods,'—and the next day—'these rooms the soldiers broke open and took away some potatoes.' Five days later, they took his oxen and pigs and four loads of rye, but he himself 'got off with some of his horses.' On another day the soldiers stole some of his pigs while the family was at meeting. A few days later he killed his fat cow and in the night the soldiers came and pillaged all but the hide and hoofs.

"While the good Quaker was thus vainly guarding his pig sty and stable against the Americans, the garrison was successfully guarding the fort against the enemy. On the day of the battle they were not expecting a formidable land attack, and their sentry lines did not extend far beyond the fortification. They were in readiness for any movement by the fleet of war vessels in the river, whose spars could be seen above the ramparts of the fort. Late in the afternoon, on the 22d, the Hessians appeared before the fort. The British naval force in the river was ready to co-operate with them in the attack.

"Colonel Greene was not dismayed by the appearance of the Hessians, although the farthest sentry had dashed into the fort and said they numbered twenty-five hundred. He immediately ordered preparations for the defence. The fourteen guns were double-shotted and reprimed. Within there was the roll of drums calling to

quarters, the rattle of snapping flints, the hurrying footfalls of men forming a line along the parapets, the shouting of orders, the clash of steel and the tattoo of ramrods. Without there was the roll of Hessian drums. Then came a time of silence, when the men, we may suppose, said their prayers and examined their flints."

XXXIX.

"BULLETS A-WHIZZIN' AN' CANNON BALLS A-SIZZIN' "

"THE last preparations were made within the fort," said Grandfather. "It was near four o'clock on the afternoon of October 22, 1777. A Hessian officer and drummer rode from the woods back of Red Bank, and across the open field, bearing a flag of truce. They halted close to the ramparts and shouted: 'The king of England orders his rebellious subjects to lay down their arms, and they are warned that if they stand the battle no quarter will be given.' Colonel Greene deputized Colonel Olney to mount the parapet and fling back the taunting answer: 'We ask no quarter, nor will we give any.' One trustworthy account says the exact words were: 'King George be damned; we ask no quarter.'

"The Hessian officer and drummer rode back to their lines and the attack began immediately. A field battery was dragged up and placed half a shot away, and within the fort all were eager and busy. The Hessians opened fire with their battery, hoping to make a breach in the walls. One column, commanded by Donop, flung itself against the southern end of the works, and another column, headed by Minegerode, attacked the unfinished works at the north end. At the same time the British ships below the chevaux-de-frize began to thunder upon the little fort, but many of their balls fell too low and entered the bluff beneath the works. After cannonading for a short time the Hessians advanced to the first entrenchment. Finding this abandoned they shouted 'Victory,' waved their hats and rushed into the deserted area before the redoubt. When the first of the assailants had come up to the abatis and were endeavoring to cut away

the branches, the Americans opened a terrific fire of cannon and musketry in front and flank. Death rode in every volley. So near were the Hessians to the looped trench which flanked the enemy when they set upon the main fort, that the wads were blown entirely through their bodies. The officers leading the attack fought bravely. Again and again they rallied their men and brought them to the charge, but they fell in heaps among the boughs of the abatis and into the moat. In the thickest of the fight Donop was easily distinguished, but his example availed nothing. Repulsed from the redoubt in front, his men made an attack on the escarpment on the northwest or river side, but the fire from the American galleys drove them back with great loss, and at last they flew in great disorder to the woods, leaving many slain.

"The other column made another attack upon the south, but were repulsed, and all retreated save twenty, who were standing on the berm against the shelvings of the parapet, under and out of the way of the guns, whence they were afraid to move. These were captured by Manduit, the French engineer, who had sallied from the fort to repair some palisades. This brave Frenchman, making another sortie a few minutes afterwards, to repair the southern abatis, heard a voice from among the heaps of dead and dying exclaim in broken English: 'Whoever you are, draw me hence.' This was Count Donop. The Frenchman caused him to be carried into the fort, where it was found that his hip was broken, but the wound was not considered fatal.

"Donop was removed first to the Whitall house, below the fort, and afterwards to the house of a family named Lowe, over the dam, at Woodbury Creek, where he died of his wounds three days later. When told that his end was near, he said: 'It is finishing a noble career early, but I die the victim of ambition and the avarice of my sovereign.' To Colonel Clymer he said: 'See in me the vanity of all human pride. I have shone in all

the courts of Europe, and now I am dying on the banks of the Delaware, in the house of an obscure Quaker.'

"Weems, in his life of Washington, refers to this incident. The legs of prose being altogether too slow for this eccentric writer, he frequently invokes the wings of poetry to help him over an extraordinary occurrence. In describing the battle of Red Bank, he breaks into versification as follows:

'Heaps on heaps, the slaughtered Hessians lie;
Brave Greene beholds them with a tearful eye—
Far now from home and from their native shore,
They sleep in death and hear of war no more.'

"Dr. George W. Greene, in his book on the 'German element in the Revolutionary War,' referring to the dying words of Donop, says: 'Did these bitter words ever reach the ears of that sovereign? Not if we may judge by the cold, business-like method with which he bargained with the British King that three wounded men should count as one killed, and one killed as thirty crowns banco.'

"The defeat of the Hessians and the loss, not only of Donop, but of Minegerode, the officer second in command, demoralized them, and they retreated towards Cooper's ferry in detached bodies, begging food and shelter of those whom they had so badly treated.

"Other detachments retreated by way of Blackwood and Chew's Landing. Near the latter place they were met by a company of farmers' boys, who held them at bay for some time. This detachment had with them a brass cannon, which they are said to have thrown into the creek near Chew's Landing.

"Bill McIlvaine and the negro Dick, guides for the Hessians, being taken prisoners by the Americans, were immediately hung within the fort for divers outrages which they had committed. Old Mitch lived for many years and often told how frightened he was during the progress of the battle. Determined not to bear arms against his country, and being afraid to run away, he

got behind a hay rick and lay there, flat on his stomach, until the battle was over. 'When de hot fightin' was a-goin' on,' said he, 'I was mos' shuk dead. De bullets was a-wizzin' an' de cannon balls a-sizzin, an' when dey cum a-plowin' fru de groun' an' a-flingin' san' in ma face, I b'lieved I was a dead nigger sure.'

"The venerable Dr. Charles Clark, of Woodbury, said in 1875 that in his youth he had talked with men who had witnessed the battle, and that a number of the Americans were negroes. Judge Benjamin F. Carter, of Woodbury, in his history of Woodbury and vicinity, published in 1873, says: 'Colonel Christopher Greene, with only four hundred men from Rhode Island, all in a ragged, destitute condition, full of patriotism, indifferent to personal sufferings, a greater portion of them negroes and mulattoes, conquered the Hessian army, commanded by Count Donop, and lost only 32 men.'

"In the manuscript notes of a septuagenarian, quoted by Isaac W. Mickle, a Camden writer, in his 'Reminiscences of Old Gloucester,' published in 1845, we are told that he, the septuagenarian, was in the fort on the morning of October 23, 1777, the day following the battle, when he saw that a number of the men under Colonel Greene were blacks and mulattoes. The garrison was then busy burying the dead. General Franklin Davenport, a citizen of Woodbury, Revolutionary soldier and afterwards United States Senator, said that all of Colonel Greene's command were black men.

"As to the number of Hessians who took part in this assault some historians say 1200 and others 1500 to 2500. The New Jersey Gazette of December 5, 1777, giving an account of the battle, says the Hessians numbered 'about fifteen hundred.'

"When the Marquis de Chastellux visited Red Bank in the autumn of 1782, accompanied by Lafayette, he found near the old house—perhaps three hundred feet distant—a small elevation upon which had been placed a stone roughly lettered: 'Here lies buried Count

Donop.' Manduit, the French engineer, who was one of the party, assured Chastellux and Lafayette that they could not take a step without treading on the remains of Hessians; for, said he, 'near three hundred are buried in front of the ditch.' As to the actual number of killed and wounded, there are conflicting accounts.

"A letter to the New Jersey Gazette, dated the day after the battle, says: 'The enemy ran off with the greatest precipitation, leaving behind about ninety dead. They buried one colonel and twenty-one privates, between the fort and Cooper's ferry, and carried over the river not less than two hundred wounded; besides leaving on the field wounded, Count Donop, his brigade major, a lieutenant and about eighty privates. Most of the privates have since died of their wounds.' From this contemporary report, we conclude that the number of Hessians killed on the spot or mortally wounded was about 200. The American loss was 14 killed, 22 wounded and one man taken prisoner. Chastellux says the Hessians vainly sacrificed between five and six hundred men before the fort, but this number no doubt included the slightly wounded and the prisoners.

"Manduit, in his account of the battle, insisted that it was he who discovered the wounded Donop, that he caused him to be carried to a place of safety and that it was he to whom the Hessian commander surrendered. This claim does not agree with the statement of Major Thayer, of the American forces, who declared that he not only received Donop's surrender, but that he had him carried in a blanket into the fort.

"The battle lasted forty minutes, and during its progress a number of Americans were killed or wounded by the bursting of a cannon, fragments of which could be seen near the site of the fort as late as 1852.

"Donop was buried in the pathway half way between the old Whitall house and the lower end of the fort, the feet toward the river. Years afterwards what was left of the Hessian was dug up and distributed among vari-

ous persons as ghastly relics. Time was when men were guilty of exhibiting canes, the heads of which were set with teeth taken from the jaw bone of a count! Annalist John F. Watson, of Philadelphia, said he visited Red Bank in 1847, and at the house of Louis Whitall, grandson of Job Whitall, he saw the skull of Count Donop.

"After the evacuation of Fort Mifflin on the opposite side of the Delaware, (the remnant of the garrison escaping to Red Bank by night,) Howe sent Cornwallis with reinforcements from New York to fall upon Red Bank. With two thousand men the latter crossed the Delaware from Chester to Billingsport on November 18th. Washington had been apprised of this movement and had previously sent troops under General Nathaniel Greene to relieve the doughty garrison at Red Bank. This force was to be increased by the addition of Glover's Brigade, but Generals Greene and Lafayette, (the latter not yet recovered from a wound received at Brandywine) crossing to New Jersey, failed to connect with Glover's Brigade, and learning the strength of Cornwallis' army, General Greene went off to Haddonfield. Colonel Greene was ordered to evacuate Fort Mercer, as the British fleet, after the reduction of Fort Mifflin, had gone up to Philadelphia. He accordingly blew up and evacuated the fort on November 20th.

"The day following Greene's evacuation of the fort, Cornwallis arrived at Woodbury, and then began another series of depredations upon Friend Whitall's barn yard and pigsty, the story of which is plaintively told in his diary; nor was dame Whitall's larder overlooked by the hungry Red Coats, who carried off her bread, pies, cakes, milk, cheese, dishes, cups, spoons, etc., likewise her shirts, sheets and blankets. On November 22d, says the diarist, the soldiers took away one of his pigs and cut and hacked others. They also took his harness and potatoes. The next day they took his hay and ten of his sheep, and the day following, November 24th, 'the

English soldiers moved off in the morning from Woodbury,' going to Red Bank. After they had gone Friend Whitall walked to the camp ground and found there his big kettle and the hide of his brown ox. On his return from Woodbury, he found that they had opened his smoke house and taken five flitches. They had also used of his boards a thousand feet and burned two or three thousand of his staves.

"Deprived of his cattle, his horses, his oxen, his sheep, his pigs, his stores, his sheets and his shirts, what wonder is it that he should deprecate the horrors of war!

* * * *

"May the time soon come when the whole world will follow the example of that peaceful Quaker at Red Bank and deprecate the horrors of war. May this people and the people of other lands soon sing that beautiful song by Charles Mackay, about the 'good time coming;' when war in men's eyes shall be a monster of iniquity; when nations will not quarrel to prove which is the stronger nor slaughter men for glory's sake; when swords shall be beaten into ploughshares and spears into pruning hooks; when nation will not lift sword against nation nor learn of war any more."

XL.

MYSTERY OF SATAN AND HIS PITCHFORK

AT PENN'S MANOR, on the Pennsylvania side of the Delaware, opposite Bordentown, was the home of Colonel Josiah Kirkbride. On account of his activity in the cause of freedom, during the Revolution, this house was burned to the ground by the British in May, 1778. Colonel Kirkbride then crossed into New Jersey and built a large brick house on the wooded bluffs, overlooking the Delaware. It afterwards became a part of the Bordentown Female College.

After the close of the Revolution Colonel Kirkbride was visited by his friend, Thomas Paine, who subsequently invested in a small house on the main street, where he passed much of his time previous to 1787, when he went to Europe. He wrote portions of his "Crisis" at Bordentown.

"While Paine was a guest of Kirkbride in September, 1783, awaiting the completion of his own home," said Grandfather, "he received a letter from Washington, then at Rocky Hill, near Princeton, in which the General said: 'I have learned since I have been at this place that you are at Bordentown. Whether for the sake of retirement or economy I know not. Be it either or both, or whatever it may be, if you will come to this place and partake with me, I shall be exceedingly happy to see you. Your presence may remind Congress of your past services to this country; and if it is in my power to impress them, command my best services with freedom, as they will be rendered cheerfully by one who entertains a lively sense of the importance of your works, and who, with much pleasure, subscribes himself your sincere friend.'

"The continued interest of Washington in the author of Common Sense is evidenced by a letter he wrote the following year, at Mount Vernon. Under date of June 12, 1784, he wrote to Madison, then a member of the Virginia legislature: 'Can nothing be done in our Assembly for poor Paine? Must the merits and services of Common Sense continue to glide down the stream of time, unrewarded by this country? His writings certainly have had a powerful effect on the public mind; ought they not, then, to meet an adequate return? He is poor; he is chagrined and almost, if not altogether, in despair of relief. New York, it is true, not the least distressed, nor best able State in the union, has done something for him. This kind of provision he prefers to an allowance from Congress. He has reasons for it, which to him are conclusive, and such, I think, as would have weight with others. His views are moderate; a decent independence is, I believe, all he aims at. Should he not obtain this? If you think so I am sure you will not only move the matter, but give it your support. For me, it only remains to feel for his situation.'

"Paine's reputation at the time this letter was written was not offensive. He had not written the Age of Reason and had not been condemned for his attacks on Washington and the Federalists. In 1784 he stood well in the estimation of many eminent men, and, while regarded as a shiftless or improvident writer, was looked upon as having done great service for the country.

"Paine must have been a marble-hearted fiend, the personification of Ingratitude, to have turned against the man who thus befriended him; and yet we find him writing of Washington, only a few years afterwards, in the most malicious way. He spoke of the man who stands first and foremost in the nation's history as a hypocrite in public life and as treacherous in private friendship, adding: 'The world will be puzzled to decide whether you are an apostate or an imposter; whether you have abandoned good principles or whether you ever had any.'

"Paine was very much attached to Bordentown and in after years, when he was away from America, his letters were full of kind remembrances. Writing from London to a lady whom he had first known as Kitty Nicholson, a Bordentown favorite, but who was then Mrs. Few, he said: 'Though I am in as elegant style of acquaintance here as any American that ever came over, my heart and myself are three thousand miles apart; and I had rather see my horse Button eating the grass of Bordentown than all the pomp and show of Europe.' The friendship between Paine and Kirkbride was of the kind that is proof against absence and the opprobrium of the world. Kirkbride rejoiced over Paine's triumphs in Paris and London and sorrowed over his subsequent downfall.

"During his four years' residence in Bordentown, from 1783 to 1787, the bar room of the old Washington House was Paine's favorite place of resort, and here, it has been said: 'only brandy and atheism passed his lips.' As a matter of fact, Paine, though a deist at that time, was not an atheist.

"After Col. Kirkbride's death his house was enlarged and turned into a hotel—'an excellent location in those days,' says a local chronicler, 'as Stony Hill, the road by which the stages reached the wharf, was laid out directly in front of the house.' The house was closed for a number of years and on being re-opened, it was found that a suggestive drawing had been made upon the wall of the room once occupied by Paine. Satan was represented as carrying off the doughty deist on his prongs and pitchfork. No one knew how it came there, and the more rational suggested that it was the work of some vagrant or malicious villager, who had found an entrance into the house, while others of the town's worthies, more credulous than the rest, believed that the drawing had been made by an evil spirit sent there by Satan himself. From that day to this the origin of that pitchfork has been a mystery.

"About 1803 Paine wrote some verses deprecating Napoleon and lauding his friend Jefferson, though neither name is mentioned. The concluding stanza shows that he believed in the sovereignty of God.

Quick as the lightning's vivid flash,
The poet's eye o'er Europe rolls;
Sees battles rage, hears tempests crash,
And dims at horror's threatening scowls.

Mark ambition's ruthless king
With crimsoned banners scathe the globe;
While trailing after conquest's wing,
Man's festering wounds his demons probe.

Pallid with streams of reeking gore
That stain the proud imperial day,
He turns to view the western shore,
Where freedom holds her boundless sway.

'Tis here her sage triumphant sways
An empire in the people's love,
'Tis here the sovereign will obeys
No king but Him who rules above.

"These lines were written several years after the Age of Reason had changed the American estimate of Paine. Thomas Jefferson, the sage triumphant, was a friend who never deserted him. The verses were sung at a Fourth of July demonstration of the Republicans in 1803. Paine, as a deist, believed that any man who had trust and confidence in God, and lived a just and moral life, need not concern himself about death.

"Nevertheless, when he died, in 1809, there was much rejoicing. About that time there was a picture, in which representatives of various sects were seen assembled with more or less glee around the corpse of the assailant of the Christian system, uttering gibes or imprecations. The Rev. John Mason, one of his antagonists in controversy, a Presbyterian, was depicted shouting: 'Ah! Tom! thou'lt get thy frying in hell; they'll roast thee like a herring!' Mason was also represented as singing:

They'll put thee in the furnace hot,
And on thee bar the door;
How the devils all will laugh
To hear thee burst and roar.

"A bust of Thomas Paine, presented to the City of Philadelphia, at the time of the Centennial Exhibition in 1876, was not placed in Independence Hall until September 11, 1905. It was the intention of the donors that this bust should be placed in Independence Hall at the close of the exhibition, but the prejudice against Paine was so strong at the time that the City Councils refused to accept it, and their example was followed by the various art associations and patriotic organizations to whom it was subsequently offered. The bust, which cost $1,200, was sculptured by Samuel P. Morse, of Boston. It is of marble, mounted on a shaft of granite, with a surbase of Tennessee marble.

"Had Paine never written the Age of Reason nor the Rights of Man he would have enjoyed a very different reputation, and his memory would have been lauded for the part he took in effecting American independence. In the autumn of 1775 there were few, even among the Whigs, who were ready to avow themselves in favor of independence; but the idea of permanent separation grew in favor during the winter and spring. Public opinion was already gradually drifting toward independence when Paine's pamphlet, 'Common Sense,' made it a certainty. The effect of this pamphlet in preparing the popular mind for the Declaration of Independence cannot be over-estimated. So powerful was the impression made by 'Common Sense' that the authorship was attributed to such men as Franklin, Samuel Adams, John Adams, and others of eminence. It appealed to the high and low alike. Washington wrote, 'I find Common Sense is working a powerful change in Virginia in the minds of many men.'

"In all fairness, I must say that of those who contributed to the birth of American liberty, Paine is the least appreciated and most misunderstood. His teachings have been debarred from schools everywhere and his views of life misrepresented until his memory is hidden in shadows. He came over to the colonies at the

suggestion of Franklin, then in London, who gave him letters to friends in New Jersey and Pennsylvania, including Francis Hopkinson, of Bordentown. The result was his engagement as editor of the Pennsylvania Magazine in January, 1775.* The following year, in November, while in the company of Washington, during the memorable retreat from Fort Lee to Trenton, with the memory of the shocking depredations of the enemy, especially at Newark, he penned the first number of the 'Crisis,' beginning with the familiar words, 'These are the times that try men's souls.'

"After the adoption of the constitution in 1787, Paine decided to return to England. He, of course, sympathized with the French revolutionists, and aired his sentiments in the Rights of Man, written in reply to Burke's Reflections on the French Revolution. For the work of a furious demagogue and incendiary, it is singularly temperate in tone. Becoming unpopular in England, he went to France, where he incurred the suspicion of Robespierre, and was thrown into prison. The first part of the Age of Reason was then published, and his reputation in the United States was at once destroyed. The indignation in this country was as great as in England."

---

* In the issue of October 18, 1775, he said: "I hesitate not for a moment to believe that the Almighty will finally separate America from Britain. Call it independence or what you will, it is the cause of God and humanity. It will go on, and when the Almighty shall have blest us and made us a people dependent only upon Him, then may our first gratitude be shown by an act of Continental legislation, which shall put a stop to the importation of negroes for sale, soften the hard fate of those already here, and in time procure their freedom." The foregoing is well-worth quoting, because sequestered in it is a reference to the great problem of emancipation, engendered by Woolman and solved by Lincoln.

JERSEY PIPPIN

GODWIN'S once-famous story, "Caleb Williams," is said to have been written backwards. That is, the hero was first involved in a web of difficulties, forming the second volume, and then, for the first, the author cast about for some mode of accounting for what he had already done. Something like that has happened to "Jersey Waggon Jaunts." Frequent references to "Pippin," in the preceding chapters, may have created a doubt in the mind of the reader, either as to the propriety or significance of a name applied to Grandfather's waggon—a doubt that might have been removed in the beginning, but being overlooked, is duly considered at the close of this volume.

* * * *

Before the start, at Woodbury, Grandfather gave what he called the "finishing touches" to his new waggon. He was more than pleased with its general appearance; he was happy. "Nothing wanting now but a name," said he. "A name it must have—one suggestive of New Jersey; preferably a place or a product."

"Call it Wistaria," suggested the Annalist, the wistarias being then in bloom and the air fragrant with their perfume.

"Why Wistaria?" queried the old man.

"It suggests Casper Wistar, of Salem. Thus you have both place and product."

"No; that won't do," said he. "The Casper Wistar you have in mind is not the man of that name for whom the wistarias were named. The Philadelphia physician and botanist was a grandson and namesake of our Salem County glassworker."

"Even so, but doesn't the name of Wistar bring to mind an honorable Jerseyman?"

"True," said Grandfather. "The first Casper Wistar came from Heidelberg in 1717, settled in Germantown and bought numerous tracts of land in Salem County. He was honored by the Lords of Trade in London, who entered in their minutes, under date of July 31, 1742, that 'William Fraser, collector of the customs at Salem, in West Jersey, has informed the custom house commissioners of London that there has been erected a glass works within eight miles of that port by one Casper Wistar, a Palatine, and is brought to perfection, so as to make glass.' That was the first glass works in America." Pausing a moment, the old man continued:

"Wistaria won't do."

"Why not Kalmia?" said the Annalist, seeing the kalmias coming into bloom.

"No; that suggests calmness. Kalmia would be a good name for a sleeping car, but it don't do for the waggon of a wide-awake Jerseyman. Kalmia, you know, comes from Peter Kalm, the Swedish naturalist, who visited New Jersey before the Revolution. At Swedesboro, during the winter of 1749-50, he preached nearly every Sunday in Raccoon Church (now Trinity Episcopal) and delivered funeral sermons, so that the settlers supposed he was a traveling minister. His name is honored in the botanical name of our common American laurel, brought to perfection in the rhododendron, but Kalmia will not do for my waggon. The name is" —here he hesitated—"the name is—Jersey Pippin!"

Still polishing the running gears of his waggon, the old man continued:

"The pippin, you know, is the favorite apple of many Jerseymen. It is the parent stock, no doubt, of that $5000 apple tree of which you read a year or so ago. You remember that Lewis Mood, of Gloucester County, produced a new apple from what is called a bud sprout on a tree in his orchard. The fruit is delicious and Mr. Mood has disposed of all his bud rights to a nursery-

man for $5000. The buds are taken from a single branch of the tree, the other branches yielding another kind of apple. Think of all that money for one apple bough—a Jersey Pippin! Jersey for me!"

* * * *

In selecting the name, "Jersey Pippin," Grandfather did not have in mind any modern definition of the word "pippin." Of that the Annalist is quite sure. Doubtless, the name was suggested by certain passages in letters written by those who came over from England about 1680 and found New Jersey a land of plenty.

Grandfather admitted, confidentially, that some of the statements by his early boosters were too highly colored, but there was no highfalutin in their reference to pippins. One of these letters was written by Mahlon Stacy. He wrote to his brother Revell in 1680: "I have seen orchards laden with fruit to admiration, with their very limbs torn to pieces with the weight, and most delicious fruit to the taste and lovely to behold. I have seen an apple grown from a pippin kernel yield a barrel of curious cider, and peaches in such plenty that people took their carts and went a peach gathering."

Continuing, the old man said: "A pippin kernel, grown to a tree and bearing fruit abundantly in 1680, must have been planted not later than 1665, by some of the Dutch settlers." Then he added, with a wink: "Maybe the Indians planted those pippin kernels."

"Gabriel Thomas," he went on to say, holding another old letter in his plump hand, "wrote in 1698: 'Apples from a kernel will shoot up to be a large tree and produce very delicious and pleasant fruit, of which excellent cider is made. The cider is pressed from Pippins and Pearmains and sold commonly for ten and fifteen shillings per barrel.' "

Folding carefully those two letters and placing them in his huge wallet, the old man pulled out another, slightly torn from much handling. Said he: "If you

are still in doubt about the good cider we had in those days, I can remove the doubt. Here is the letter of John Cripps, a good Quaker, who settled at Mount Holly. He wrote to his brother and sister in England, hoping to induce them to emigrate to New Jersey: 'The springs of this country do yield excellent water, of which we make good beer and ale, and there is also wine and cyder.'"

He handed me the letter, saying: "Read it yourself, Son." I took the paper in my hands, read it with interest and noted the date. It was April 19, 1678. Then folding it carefully, I handed it to Grandfather and saw him place it in his wallet. Then he turned and looked me straight in the face. I wondered what was coming, for Grandfather is sometimes austere to a degree that excites fear. I almost trembled as he said, gravely, with both of my hands in his:

"The cider in those days, Son, was good. It was made of Pippins and those Pippins were lovely to behold! That is why I call my waggon 'Jersey Pippin.' It is good and lovely to behold!"

* * * *

I have recorded these things—trifling in themselves, perhaps, if we think only of the bibulous habits of the early inhabitants of New Jersey—have quoted from the writings of well-disposed settlers, in the belief that unless I can give a good reason for Grandfather's selection of so fantastic a name, the reader of this book of travels will be inclined to criticize the old man for calling his new waggon "Jersey Pippin."

* * * *

These jaunts were made during 1923 and 1924 and the early months of 1925. The chapters do not follow the order of our itinerary, for as the old man once said: "Itineraries are like rules—made to be broken." In the text, whenever possible, the author has referred to him-

self as "the Annalist." Necessarily, in narratives of conversation, there must be two parties, but always, in these chapters, the writer has endeavored to subordinate self to Grandfather.

ALFRED M. HESTON.

Atlantic City, 1925.

ATLANTIC COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY

1925

President
ROBERT L. RACE, Pleasantville

Honorary Vice President
MRS. MARY R. M. FISH, Pleasantville

First Vice President
MRS. MARTIN V. B. SCULL, Somers Point

Second Vice President
MRS. STEWART ROSS MCSHEA, Atlantic City

Third Vice President
MISS LORINE BOICE, Pleasantville

Corresponding Secretary
MRS. CHARLES WESLEY BLAKE, Pleasantville

Recording Secretary
MRS. JOHN GODBOU THOMAS, Pleasantville

Financial Secretary
MRS. SIDNEY SCULL, Somers Point

Treasurer
MISS MAE F. CORDERY, Absecon

Curator
MISS LIZZIE J. PRICE, Northfield

Assistant Curator
MISS JESSIE FRENCH ADAMS, Atlantic City

EXECUTIVE BOARD

MRS. ROBERT L. RACE, Pleasantville
MRS. SAMUEL JOHNSON, Absecon
MRS. CHARLES E. ULMER, Atlantic City
MRS. SAMUEL BARBASH, Atlantic City
MRS. IDA WILVERT, Pleasantville

TRUSTEES

MR. HUBERT SOMERS, Atlantic City
MR. WALTER ROSS MCSHEA, Atlantic City
DR. SAMUEL BARBASH, Atlantic City
MR. ABSALOM H. HIGBEE, Somers Point
*MR. HENRY S. SCULL, Atlantic City
MR. JOHN F. RYON, Pleasantville

EX-PRESIDENTS

MRS. L. DOW BALLIETT, Atlantic City, 1913–1915
MRS. ROBERT WILLIS, Pleasantville, 1915–1917
MRS. CHARLES WESLEY BLAKE, Pleasantville, 1917–1919
MRS. SAMUEL JOHNSON, Absecon, 1919–1921
MRS. JOHN G. THOMAS, Pleasantville, 1921–1923
MRS. MARTIN V. B. SCULL, Somers Point, 1923–1925

* Deceased

The Atlantic County Historical Society was organized by Mrs. Mary R. M. Fish, at the home of her son, Dr. Clyde M. Fish, 7 West Washington Ave., Pleasantville, N. J., on July 23d, 1913.

CHARTER MEMBERS

Mrs. L. Dow Balliett
Mrs. Mary R. M. Fish
Mrs. Samuel Johnson
Mrs. Martilla Price Ketchum
Mrs. Job Stebbins
Miss Lizzie J. Price
Mrs. John G. Thomas
*Miss Sarah A. Risley
Mrs. Charles T. Collins
*Mr. John F. Hall
*Mrs. Samuel Somers
Mrs. Warren Somers
Mrs. John F. Ryon
*Miss Cornelia Cook Frink
Mrs. Thomas E. Scull
Mrs. Anita F. W. Leech
Miss Hannah Frambes
Mrs. D. E. Collins
Miss May Elizabeth Irelan
Mrs. Carl A. Hopf
Mrs. Mary Bowen Tomlinson
Mrs. S. J. Fifield
Mrs. Helena Simkins
Mrs. Susan Baily Ireland
Mrs. George H. Adams
Mrs. James E. Steelman
Mrs. Susan Somers Dubois
Mrs. William Lear
Miss Harriet I. Frambes
Mrs. T. George Middleton
Mrs. Sarah Somers Tilton
Mr. Hubert Somers
Mrs. Hubert Somers
Mrs. Anna B. Wilson
*Hon. Allen B. Endicott
Mrs. Elizabeth Boice Nourse
Mrs. Martha Denny Scull
Mrs. Nettie C. Leeds
Mrs. Stella P. Kapella
Mrs. Irene C. Imlay
Mrs. Emeline E. Collins Race
Miss Margaret Sarah Race
Mrs. Robert M. Willis
Mrs. Richard S. Collins
Mrs. Preston B. Adams
Arthur Adams, B. D., Ph. D.
Mrs. Emily Steelman Fisher
Mr. Alfred M. Heston

HONORARY MEMBERS

*Hon. Champ Clark
Mr. Alfred M. Heston

LIFE MEMBERS

*Hon. Allen B. Endicott
Hon. Walter E. Edge
*Mrs. Hannah Somers Hayday
Walter J. Buzby
*Emery Marvel, M. D.
Henry W. Leeds
*Stewart Ross McShea
Mrs. Stewart Ross McShea
*Hon. John J. Gardner
Hon. Harry Bacharach
Hon. Carlton Godfrey
*Daniel Myers
Alexander Weintrob
Hon. E. A. Higbee
Mrs. Elizabeth Boice Nourse
William H. Bartlett
*Mrs. Laura Williams Colwell
Hubert Somers
Mrs. Hubert Somers
Hon. Charles S. Moore
Frank H. Stewart
Samuel Barbash, M. D.
Mrs. Samuel Barbash
Charles Wesley Blake
Mrs. Emily Steelman Fisher
Robert M. Willis
Edward Ryon
Howard C. Kears
*Sarah A. Risley
Jesse L. Risley
Martin V. B. Scull
Mrs. John G. Thomas
Mr. John S. Weaver
Mrs. John S. Weaver

MEMBERS

Abbott, Della (Mrs. Clark)
Adams, Arthur, B. D., Ph. D.
Adams, Mrs. George H.
Adams, Mrs. Preston B.

* Deceased

Adams, Reuben
Adams, Mrs. Reuben
Adams, Miss Jessie French
Allman, David B., M. D.
Anderson, Walter J.
Anderson, Edith Mathis
(Mrs. Walter J.)

*Bates, Tillie
(Mrs. Richard P.)
Babcock, Mrs. Reuben L.
Balliett, Mrs. L. Dow
Barrett, Clark
Blake, Georgianna Collins
(Mrs. Charles Wesley)
Blake, Miss Mida C.
Beidelman, Mrs. Lavinia T.
Boice, Charlotte Conover
(Mrs. Harry B.)
Boice, Miss Lorine
Bowen, Carrie Mathis
(Mrs. Oscar)
Bowen, Harry L.
Bowen, Margaret Sahl
(Mrs. Harry L.)
Bowen, Lydella Smith
(Mrs. Baker)
Bowen, Lizzie B.
(Mrs. Clark)
*Braddock, Mrs. Mary
Brockett, Mrs. Hattie Nourse
Burroughs, Mrs. Mina

Cake, G. Lafayette
Chenoweth, Mary North
(Mrs. Arthur S.)
Clark, Minette Turner
(Mrs. Walter)
Clark, Marette Frambes
(Mrs. Lewis)
Collins, Adaline S.
(Mrs. Richard S.)
Collins, Flora Stebbins
(Mrs. Charles T.)
Collins. Lizzie Ryon
(Mrs. Daniel L.)
Collins, Miss Martha K.
Cobb, Mrs. Mary E.
Conover, Mrs. Chester
Cordery, Miss Mae Fleming
Corson, Miss Mary L.
Craighead, Naomi
(Mrs. Robert)
Crane, Mrs. H. S.
Crawford, Thomas F.
Crawford, Mrs. Deane B.
*Conover, Miss Nellie

Denges, Mrs. Georgene
Dickerson, Lottie Sheppard
(Mrs. Charles)
Doughty, Dr. Edward
Doughty, Mrs. Edward
Duberson, Mrs. Hannah M.
Donaldson, Mrs. Mae Elizabeth Irelan
Davie, Miss Ethel M.
*Doughty, Miss Sarah N.

Edge, Willimina Scull
(Mrs. William)
Effron, Mrs. Alice Blackman
Ely, Emma White
(Mrs. Alfred W.)
Evans, Lewis
Evans, Maria S.
(Mrs. Lewis)

Farrell, Miss Laura
Farish, James
Farish, Mrs. James
Fish, Clyde M., M. D.
Fish, Mrs. Mary R. M.
Fleming, Mrs. Anna C. Collins
Flick, Mrs. William
Frambes, Miss Hannah
Frambes, Miss Harriet I.
Frendlich, Mrs. Roxanna
*Frink, Miss Cornelia Cook

Gardiner, Mary B. Lake
(Mrs. William F.)
Gardner, Mrs. John J.
Garton, Mrs. Sarah Steelman
Giberson, Thomas D.
Giberson, Mrs. Parthenia

Haines, Mrs. Mary
Hammell, Miss Ethel
Hammell, Charlotte
(Mrs. A. L.)
Hayse, Mrs. Florence Sooy
Herrick, Miss Elizabeth Adams
Higbee, Absalom H.
Higbee, Mrs. Absalom H.
Higbee, Miss Ella
Higbee, Miss Clara
Higbee, Lida E. McCollum
(Mrs. Enoch A.)

* Deceased

Higbee, Sallie
(Mrs. Mark)
Hill, Miss Jessie

Johnson, Emma Cordery
(Mrs. Samuel)
Johnson, Mrs. Frank
Johnson, Mrs. Harry E.
Johnson, Virginia A.
(Mrs. Smith)
*Jones. William B.
Jones, Mrs. William B.

Kappela, A. Somers
Kapella, Mrs. A. Somers
Keates, Anna M. Jefferies
(Mrs. George M.)
Ketchum, Mrs. Martilla Price

Lake, Amanda E.
(Mrs. John H.)
Lake, Mrs. David R.
Lake, Simon
Lee, Mrs. Mary Steelman
Leeds, Agnes
(Mrs. Curtis)
Leeds, Mrs. Nettie C.
Leeds, Miss Sarah A.
Leeds, Mina Higbee
(Mrs. Lardner)
Lear, Mrs. William
Loudenslager, Mrs. William B.
*Lippencott, Mrs. Samuel C.

Madden, Miss Hannah
Mann, Mrs. A. J.
Marston, Mrs. Almerin
Martz, Miss Ella S.
Mathis, Miss Alice V.
Mathis, Charles
Mathis, Mrs. Charles
Mathis, Frank
Mathis, Rebecca Bell Souder
(Mrs. J. Frank)
Mathis, Ella
(Mrs. William H.)
Mathis, Hiram
Mathis, Dora
(Mrs. Hiram)
Mathis, Miss Dorothy
Mathews, Mrs. Josephine
McCarter, Mrs. Janet Ashley
McShea, Walter Ross
McShea, Mrs. Walter Ross
McMullin, Charlotte S. Glenn
(Mrs. John D.)

Middleton, Margaret S.
(Mrs. T. George)
Miller, Mrs. Mary
Morris, Miss Georgia
Morse, Silas R.
Morse, Mrs. Silas R.

Oxley, Mrs. William

Price, Miss Lizzie J.
Pitney, Mrs. Charlotte
Amanda
Parks, Mrs. Mary A. D.

Race, Robert L.
Race, Margaret Garwood
(Mrs. Robert L.)
Reed, Miss E. Pauline
Reed, Miss Florence
Reed, Miss Matilda M.
Reed, Mrs. Garnett
Reinboth, Mrs. Annie E.
Relyea, Mrs. William A.
Riley, Amy Penhallow
(Mrs. E. D.)
Risley, Agnes S. Leeds
(Mrs. Walton)
Risley, Miss Evalena
Risley, Miss Medora
Robinson, Miss Flora
Rogers, Miss Blanche
Rose, Teresa Ashley
(Mrs. Norman)
Ryon, Miss Caroline Leeds
Ryon, Miss Edna
Ryon, Elizabeth
(Mrs. Lewis B.)
Ryon, John F.
Ryon, Mayme H.
(Mrs. John F.)
Ryon,
(Mrs. Warren)
*Read, Washington D.
Read, Mrs. Washington

Sanders, Mrs. John
Schaible, Miss Cora
Scott, Mrs. Catherine E.
Scott, Mrs. Robert W.
*Scull, Harry S.
Scull, Miss Maie E.
Scull, Miss Emily
Scull, Florence Somers
(Mrs. M. V. B.)
Scull, Anna M.
(Mrs. Thomas E.)

* Deceased

Scull, Edna Higbee
(Mrs. Sidney G.)
Scull, Martha Denny
(Mrs. James G.)
Seaman, Marian Chamberlain
(Mrs. Milton E.)
Sharrock, Mrs. Emeline L.
Sharrock, Mrs. William
Shinn, Emily G.
(Mrs. Stewart H.)
Shreve, Caroline R.
(Mrs. E. G.)
*Sickler, Mrs. Sallie A.
Simms, Eleanor T.
(Mrs. Floyd C.)
Smith, Carrie Endicott
(Mrs. Lewis R.)
Smith, Isaac
Smith, Lena Boice
(Mrs. John B.)
Smith, Mary Channell
(Mrs. Norris)
Smith, Rosina C. F.
(Mrs. Ira)
Sooy, Mrs. Clara Anderson
Sooy, Irwin
Sooy, Waltr C.
Sooy, Lurelda
(Mrs. Walter C.)
Sooy, William A.
Sooy, Mrs. William A.
Somers, Isora Blackman
(Mrs. Warren)
*Somers, Mrs. Judith
*Somers, Mrs. Samuel
Sparks, Mrs. Mary
Stebbins, Anna M.
(Mrs. Charles)
Stebbins, Hester A.
(Mrs. Job)
Stadler, Inez Deane
(Mrs. Ferdinand)

*Steelman, Miss Edith
Stewart, Miss Jessie
Strickland, Grace
(Mrs. Elias)
Stutzbach, Miss Helena
Sweet, Miss Eloise M.
Sweet, Mrs. Esther L.

Taylor, Mrs. William
Thomas, Miss Dorothy
Thompson, Miss Eliza S.
Thompson, Hattie
(Mrs. Kenneth)
Thompson, Isabella L. Phillips
(Mrs. Joseph)
Tilton, Margaret Evans
(Mrs. Charles P.)
Townsend, Armenia L. L. Risley (Mrs. Allen)
Townsend, Willanna Boice
(Mrs. James B.)
Townsend, Mrs. May Madden
Tomlinson, Mrs. Mary A.
Bowen
Turner, Cordelia G.
(Mrs. Franklin G.)
Turner, Emily Irelan
(Mrs. Charles)

Ulmer, Helen G. Smith
(Mrs. Charles E.)

Willis, Lavinia Thomas
(Mrs. Robert M.)
Wilson, Mrs. Anna B.
Wilvert, Ida
(Mrs. Edward E.)
Wick, Miss Jane G.
Wright, Georgia Barstow
(Mrs. William)

* Deceased

INDEX

Abbott, Albert C., 185.
Absecon, 26, 71, 130, 179, 205, 251, 252.
Absecon Beach, 25, 175, 200, 245, 255, 273.
Absegami, 173, 179, 254.
Adams, L. G., 261.
Israel S., 261.
John, 224, 306.
Jonathan, 25, 26.
John Quincy, 168.
Ryan, 273.
Samuel, 306.
William B., 261, 262.
Adamson, Anthony, 94.
Ades, Mary, 130.
Walter, 130.
Advertiser, Poulson's, 136.
Ake, Paul, 283.
Alden, John, 9.
Alfred the Great, 116.
Allen, Horatio, 101.
Allenwood, 112.
Aselin, Geoffrey, 37.
Amaronk Indians, 173.
American House (Haddonfield), 237.
Andrews, Edward, 194.
Anne, Queen, 116, 161.
Applegate, John S., 64.
Arnold, Katherine, 283.
Asa, 37.
Askins, Harry A., 282.
Mrs. H. A., 280.
Asolf, Peterfitz, 37, 38.
Atlantic City, 29, 73, 81, 195, 209, 215, 242, 245, 273, 274, 275, 280.
Atlantic City Public Library, 206, 247, 253.
Atlantic City Daily Press, 286.
Atlantic City Review, 276.
Atlantic County Historical Society, 242, 262.
Atsion, 178, 252.
Atsionk Indians, 173, 178.
Atwood, Edward Stanley, 67.
Audubon, John J., 186, 187, 188.

Babcock, Mary, 261.
Reuben L., 142.
Babcock's Creek, 266, 267.
Bacharach, Benjamin, 276.
Bacon, John, 199.
Bainbridge, William, 240.
Baker, Daniel, 258, 261, 262.
Bakersville, 258, 261, 262.
Banning, Estelle, 283.
Barbash, Dr. Samuel, 142.
Bargaintown, 186, 261, 252, 265.
Barnegat, 99, 273.
Barnegat Bay, 137.
Barnegat City, 199.
Barnes, John, 261.
Bartlett, Charles A., 210.
Barton, Clara, 246.
Stephen, 246.
Captain John, 61.
Basse, Jeremiah, 161.
Basset, Sybil, 37.
Bates, Benjamin, 196, 197.
Bathsheba (Queen), 126, 128.
Batsto, 178, 202, 252.
Batsto Iron Works, 202.
Batsto River, 264.
Battle of the Kegs, 287.
Bayonne, 96.
Beasley, Rev. Frederick, 87.
Beatty, John, 48.
Bedloe's Island, 93.
Bedott, Hezekiah, 80, 110.
Widow, 80, 110.
Beecher, Henry Ward, 69.
Beesley's Point, 263.
Belleplain, 178.
Belleville, 99.
Bergen, Christopher A., 236.
Benham, Gurney, 147.
Bentley (Ship), 93.
Berkeley, Helen, 156.
Lord John, 61, 91, 92, 139.
Berlin, 25.
Bernadou, John H., 61.
Bernadotte (King), 137.
Bernard, Governor, 206, 208.
Betterton, Anna, 283, 284.
Bettle, Mrs. Edward, 285.
Beyer, Robert L., 142.
Billingsport, 289, 300.
Billup, Christopher, 93, 95.
Bingham, Henry H., 49.
Bingham Family, 137.
Birkin de Adam, 37, 38.
Black Horse Pike, 183, 195.
Blackburn, Anne, 239.
Blackwood, 23, 24, 241, 297.
Blackwood, Samuel, 267.
Blair, William A., 185.
Blatchford, Rev. William W., 210.
Bliss (Stage driver), 10.
Blue Anchor, 173, 178, 251, 252.
Bodine, J. Alfred, 195.
John F., 195.
William H., 195.
Boggs, George, 270.
Bond, Elijah, 14.
Borden, Joseph, 164.
Bordentown, 61, 73, 76, 78, 81, 83, 84, 88, 90, 129, 132, 133, 136, 137, 151, 152, 153, 172, 241, 242, 243, 246, 250, 287, 302, 304, 307.
Bonaparte, Charlotte, 152, 169.
Joseph, 77, 83, 87, 101, 131, 151, 154, 166, 226, 227, 242, 246.
Jerome, 88.
Lucien, 88, 227.
Napoleon, 131, 133, 153, 169.
Zenaide, 227.
Boudinot, Elias, 24, 45.
Bonhampton, 99.
Boteler, Dr., 72.
Boyer, Charles S., 142.
Braddock, Isaac, 191.
Bradford, William, 145.
Bradley, Joseph G., 61.
Branchport, 69.
Brick, Joseph, 112.
Bricksburg, 26.

Bridgeton, 25, 33, 61, 62, 184, 185, 238, 282.
Briggs, John C., 251.
Brigantine, 190.
Brissot de Warville, John Peter, 143, 165.
Brotherton, 126, 207, 208.
Brown, Dr., 12.
Frances, 87.
John, 55.
Mrs. W. D., 270.
Brown's Mills, 114, 128, 186.
Browning, Abraham, 72.
Brunyate, John, 178.
Bryan, William Jennings, 224.
Bryant, Lewis T., 43, 226.
Buchanan, James, 236.
Buck's Tavern, 183, 240.
Buck Family, 240.
Buckshutem, 25.
Budd, John, 255.
Thomas, 160, 245.
Buena, 185.
Bulkley, Morris, 280.
Burlington, 147, 165, 178, 198, 200, 212, 263.
Burns, Robert, 228.
Burns, Dr. William, 84, 86, 164.
Burr, Aaron, 61.
Buzby, Walter J., 43, 174, 226, 274, 276.
Byllinge, Edward, 35.
Byron, Lord, 125.

Caesar, Julius, 136.
Cadwallader, Dr. David, 13.
Caldwell, Rev. James, 61.
Mary Gwendolyn, 89.
Camden, 25, 42, 48, 51, 73, 79, 121, 171, 195, 213, 238, 251, 252.
Campbell, Duncan, 94.
Camp Dix, 173.
Canning, George, 143.
Cape May, 25, 26, 58, 100, 161, 171, 172, 178, 250.
Carlyle, Thomas, 147.
Carroll, Charles, 24.
Carman, Alexander, 153.
Carre, Sir Robert, 92.
Carret, James, 166.
Carter, Benjamin F., 298.
Carteret, Sir George, 61, 91, 92, 139.
Carteret (town), 91.
Cathcart, James S., 60.
Cattletown, 290.
Caux, de Constance, 37.
Cedar Brook, 112.
Chambers, Lucretia E., 67.
Chapman, Dr., 136.
Charles I, 30, 191.
II, 92, 190.
Charlotte (Princess), 137.
Chastellux, Marquis de, 298, 299.
Chatham, Earl of, 163.
Chelsea, 283.
Chestnut Neck, 62, 142, 190, 200, 203.
Chew's Landing, 23, 24, 240, 297.
Chew, Jeremiah, 24.
Chew, Sinnickson, 20.
Chicohacki, 172, 178.
Child, Lydia Maria, 232, 233.
Christopher (Prince), 64.
Cinnaminson, 71, 72, 81, 82.
Clamtown, 193.
Clara Barton Memorial School, 246.
Clark, Alfred, 285.
Dr. Charles, 291, 298.
Champ, 18.
Chester, 280.
Clark, Elijah, 200.
J. Hampton, 18
Ruth, 17.
Sarah Parker, 17.
Thomas, 17, 253, 255.
Clark's Landing, 253, 255.
Clary, Julie, 227.
Clay, Henry, 117.
Clayton, 25, 183, 195.
Clay Pit Creek, 105, 178.
Clemens, Samuel L., 30.
Clement, Gregory, 30, 191.
James, 30, 31.
John, 31, 232.
Samuel, 30, 31.
Clementon, 24.
Cleveland, Benjamin N., 40.
Grover, 40, 107, 215.
Ichabod, 40.
Joseph, 40.
Moses, 40.
Clinton, 287.
Cloud, Howard R., 185.
Clymer, Colonel, 296.
Crab Cove, 280.
Crane, Robert, 53.
Crane, Stephen, 73.
Creighton, Hugh, 237.
Cripps, John, 140, 311.
Cromwell, Oliver, 190.
Cross, Rev. Thomas J., 142.
Cross Keys, 195, 241.
Crosswicks, 77, 135, 163, 172, 179, 207.
Coffin, William, 58.
Coffin, William, Jr., 251.
Cold Spring, 26.
Cold Spring Swamp, 200.
Cole, Clarence L., 215, 216, 274, 276, 278.
Lida, 233.
Coles, Abraham, 73, 212.
Cole's Landing, 232, 233, 234.
Cole's Mill, 178.
Collins, Esther, 82.
Francis, 232.
Sarah, 232.
William, 79.
Colman, John, 273.
Colman's Point, 273.
Columbus (town), 83, 139, 163.
Comfort, John, 140.
Colt's Neck, 66, 71.
Colwell, Stephen, 58.
Concord Coach, 247.
Conestoga Waggon, 247.
Connecticut Farms, 61.
Conover, Peter and John, 256.
Constantine (King), 64, 156.
Constitution (Frigate), 242.
Cook, Franklin P., 276.
William, 33.
Harry B., 41.
Cooke, Rev. Samuel, 64.
Cooper, Daniel, 232.
David, 292, 293.
Richard M., 238.
William, 232.
James Fenimore, 36, 73, 80, 94.
Cooper's Ferry (Camden), 267, 290, 297, 299.
Cooper's Creek Bridge, 291.
Cooper's Point, 121.
Corbin City, 271.
Cordery, Rebecca, 261.
Cornbury, Lord, 7, 11.
Corson's Inlet, 254.
Courtauldt, Samuel, 165.
Covenhoven (Conover), Peter, 256.

Coxe, Arthur Cleveland, 73.
Dr. Daniel, 160.
Croasdale, Francis E., 180, 272.

Da Costa, John C., 58.
Daily Press, Atlantic City, 21, 180.
Daniel Cooper's Ferry,
Davenport, General Franklin, 298.
Davis, Captain John, 196, 197, 198.
Dayton, General, 24.
Decatur, Stephen, 240, 241.
De Fleury, Louis, 60.
Delanco, 140.
Delaware Bay, 196.
Dellaman, Owen, 11.
Dempster, John, 270.
Dennis Hotel, 43.
Dennis, Timothy, 130.
Deptford, 31.
de Vries, David Pieterzen, 254.
Dewey, Admiral George, 265.
Dick (negro slave), 291, 297.
Dilks, Warren, 283, 284, 285.
Dix, Camp, 129.
Doane, Bishop George W., 212.
William C., 212.
Dominique, l' Allemand, Henri 167.
Dom Pedro (Emperor), 129.
Double Trouble, 113.
Doughty, Edward, 131, 256.
Enoch, 59.
John, 58, 59.
Douglas, Captain, 196.
Douglas, Stephen A., 44.
Douglass, George, 164.
Dover Forge, 113.
Dows, Hester Symons, 256.
Dred Scott decision, 41, 43, 44, 60.
Drummond, Sarah, 73.
Dryden, John, 36.

Earl, Walter, 138.
East Orange, 73.
Eatontown, 65.
Edge, Walter E., 62, 272.
Edgepelleck, 207.
Edwards, Ann, 82.
Egg Harbor, 73, 196, 198, 203, 205.
Egg Harbor City, 27, 265.
Egg Harbor Township, 31, 262.
Eldridge, Jeremiah, 250.
Elizabeth, 96, 102.
Elizabethtown, 34, 61, 257.
Ellis, Colonel Joseph, 250.
Ellis Island, 93.
Elmer, Dr. Jonathan, 61.
Judge L. Q. C., 238.
Elsinboro Township, 42.
Elwood, 25, 160, 173, 199.
Elwood, Rev. Robert Arthur, 190.
Emlen, Samuel, 148.
Emmons, Lucretia, 67.
Endicott, Judge Allen Brown, 25, 264, 276.
Allen B., Jr., 264.
Paul, 264.
Thomas P., 264.
Governor John, 74, 256, 263.
Joseph, 263.
Zerubbabel, 256.
English Creek (village), 160.
English, Dr. Thomas Dunn, 73, 80.
Ralph, 283.
Estaugh, John, 229, 231, 232, 233, 234, 238, 239.
Estell Manor, 268.
Estellville, 268.

Eyren Haven, 24, 129, 130, 186, 253.
Evans, Charles, 276.
Nathaniel, 73.
Rebecca, 82.
Evelin, Robert, 254.
Everett, Edward, 85.

Fabre of the Insects, 46.
Fairnsworth, Thomas, 164.
Farish, James, 52.
Fesch, Cardinal, 136.
Ferguson, Patrick
Fisherville, 26.
Fitch, John, 100, 115.
Fitzrandolph, Nathaniel, 99.
Fitzsimons, David, 276.
Fleming, William, 58.
Folsom, Joseph F., 73.
Ford, Paul Leicester, 80.
Forester, Frank, 47.
Forks of the Mullica, 113.
Fort, Cornelius S., 274.
Foster, Nathaniel, 168.
Fowler, Henry B., 31.
Fox, George, 178.
Fox, Gilbert, 73.
Fralinger, Joseph F., 27.
Franklin, Benjamin, 11, 52, 130, 136, 164, 165, 166.
Temple, 165, 166.
William, 166.
Fraser, Caroline, 83, 87, 88, 89, 90.
William, 84, 86, 87, 90.
Frederick the Great, 16.
Freehold, 178.
Frelinghuysen, Theodore, 117.
Freneau, Philip, 73, 76.
Fulton, Robert, 115.

Gale, Captain Charlie, 280.
Samuel, 256.
Gallow's Hill, 200.
Galloway Township, 31.
Gannet's "Blessed be Drudgery," 147.
Gazette, Pennsylvania, 130.
Gazette-Review, 44, 180.
Gardner, John J., 236.
Giberson, William, 196, 197, 198.
Gilder, Jeannette, 73.
Richard Watson, 73, 77.
Giles, William B., 24.
Gill, Ephraim T., 191.
Gillian, William, 64.
Gillott, Joseph, 51.
Girard, Stephen, 146, 167.
Ginsberg, Louis, 73.
Glassboro, 25, 102, 172, 183.
Gloucester, 71, 183.
Gloucester County Historical Society, 288.
Gloucester Militia, 196.
Gloucester Township, 31.
Glover's Brigade, 300.
Gordan, Samuel, 272.
Grant, General U. S., 129.
Grassy Bay, 190.
Gravelly Run, 187.
Great Egg Harbor, 129, 176, 178, 188, 263, 267.
Great Egg Harbor River, 252, 256.
Green, Dr. Ashbel, 222.
Charles F., 27.
Walter W., 172.
Green Spring Farm, 91.
Greenwich, 62.
Greenwich Township, 31.

Greene, Colonel (Christopher), 288, 290, 291, 292, 293, 295, 298, 300.
Dr. George W., 297.
Gen. Nathaniel, 300.
Gregory, George, 269.
Greyhound (Brig), 62.
Grellet, Stephen, 146.
Guffin (Ship), 253.

Hackensack, 248.
Hackett, Richard, 273.
Hackney, John W., 32, 41, 276.
Haddon, Elizabeth, 30, 41, 229, 230, 231, 232, 233, 238, 239.
John, 30, 229, 230, 231, 232, 239.
Haddon's Field, 232, 234.
Haddonfield, 31, 191, 229, 230, 232, 233, 235, 236, 237, 238, 241, 251, 252, 290, 291.
Halleck Fitz-Greene, 167.
Hall, Rev. Edward W., 214.
Hall, F. W., 280.
Halstead, William, 117.
Hamilton, Alexander, 61, 97.
Andrew, 11.
George, 267.
Hamilton Township, 31.
Hammond, Captain, 289, 290.
Hampton, James G., 238.
Hammonton, 26, 205.
Hannum, John, 283, 284.
Harding, Jasper, 58.
Warren G., 60.
Harding Highway, 183.
Harrison, William Henry, 117.
Harte, Bret, 79, 80.
Harrison, Samuel, 267.
Hay, Andrew K., 58, 60.
Haynes, Elwood, 184.
Landon Carter, 236.
Head, John, 148.
Hedges, Job E., 214.
Hemsley, Frederick, 274, 276.
Henry, Joseph, 101.
Henderson, Jacob, 270.
Peter, 106.
Charles E., 64.
Herbert, Henry W., 47, 48.
Herd, ————, 95.
Hessian Road, 291.
Heston's Glass Works, 25.
Heston, Alfred M., 287.
Hewitt, Abram S., 49.
Hill, John, 45, 49.
Hoboken, 99, 100, 101.
Hood, Robin, 169.
Holmes, Oliver Wendell, 46.
Hopkins, Ebenezer, 239.
Elizabeth Estaugh, 239.
John Estaugh, 239.
Hopkinson, Frances, 73, 76, 182, 287, 307.
Joseph, 73, 76, 77, 136.
Horan, Captain, 188, 189.
Hornblower, Joseph C., 61.
Joshua, 99.
Hotel Traymore, 185.
Houston, William C., 62, 200.
Howarth, Ellen Clementine, 213.
Howe, Sir Richard, 288.
Sir William, 288, 289.
Huddy, Joshua, 66, 99, 104, 105.
Hudson, Henry, 273.
Hunt, Abraham, 164.
Hyer, Jacob, 224.

Indians, Algonquin, 203, 204.
Amaronk, 173.
Indians, Atsionk, 173, 178, 205.
Lenni Lenape, 203.
Minisink, 207.
Mullica, 117, 205.
Pompton, 207.
Rankokas, 173.
Tuckahoe, 178, 205.
Turtle, 203.
Unami, 203.
Wapings, 208.
Yacomanshags, 205.
Indian Claims, 207.
Indian Fields, 173.
Indian King Tavern, 229.
Indian Education, 246.
Indian Trails, 263.
Indian Queen, Bathsheba, 208.
Inskeep's Ford, 178.
Iona, 183.

Jackson, Andrew, 55, 168, 230.
Jacobstown, 172.
Jefferson, Thomas, 15, 48, 86, 181, 305.
Jennings, Samuel, 194.
Jersey City, 25.
Jester, David, 180.
Joachim (King), 88.
Johnson, Dr. Samuel, 20, 22.
John Knisell's Ferry, 251.
John Woolman Tea House, 140.
Jones, Jenkin, 130.
Jordan, Z. W., 280.
Jumping Point, 65.

Kalm, Peter, 116, 309.
Kearny, General Philip, 71, 80.
Keith, Rev. George, 64.
Kern, Dr. Maxmilian, 186.
Kessler, Gustav, 276.
Key of Calmar (ship), 253.
Kilmer, Joyce, 73.
Kings Highway, 229.
Kirkbride, Colonel Josiah, 302, 304.
Kittatinny Mountains, 26.
Klos, Charles, 270.
Knight, Deborah, 283.
Knox, General, 34, 223.
Krumm, William, 283.
Kuehnle, Louis, 276.

Lafayette Chapter, D. A. R., 142.
Lafayette, Marquis, 299, 300.
Lake's Bay, 203.
Lake, Simon, 102, 115.
William, 267.
Vincent, 115.
Lakewood, 26, 112, 185.
Lamb, Charles, 143.
Landisville, 183.
Lane, Henry, 196, 197.
Lawrence, James, 240.
John, 240.
Leeds, Chalkley, 273.
Daniel, 30, 64.
Henry W., 30, 64, 274, 276.
James, 273.
Japhet, 130.
Jeremiah, 37.
John, 273.
Robert, 273.
Sarah W., 56, 172.
Steelman, 273.
Thomas, 64.
Thomas de, 37, 38.
William, 64.
William Bateman, 64.

Leed's Devil, 268, 269, 270.
Leeds Family, 105.
Leeds Point, 62, 130, 173, 175, 252, 271.
Lee, Edward S., 31, 32, 276.
Light Horse Harry, 287.
Thomas, 117.
Leaming, Thomas, 267.
Lehman, Pilot, 283.
Linwood, 52, 226, 283.
Lincoln, Abraham, 217, 218, 242, 307.
Lippincott, Richard, 67, 99.
Linder, Jack, 283.
Little Egg Harbor, 176, 178, 197, 191.
Little Silver, 65.
Livingston, William, 249, 250.
Lloyd, Frank T., 142.
Locke, John, 136.
Long-a-Coming (Berlin), 25, 173, 251, 252.
Long Beach, 192.
Long Branch, 58, 69, 282.
Long Island, 273.
Longfellow, Henry W., 79, 81, 230, 232, 233, 234.
Longport, 73.
Lord, John A., 242.
Sarah, 239.
Loudenslager, Henry C., 236.
Lucy (Sloop), 268.
Lower Bank, 253, 264.
Lyle, Curtis, 283, 284.

McClure, Miss Jessie, 282.
McCormack, Mrs., 269.
McGlyn, Richard, 283.
McIlvaine, Bill, 291, 297.
McKee City, 266.
McKeone, A. J., 27.
McKnight (Lawyer), 83.
McLean, John, 60.
McShea, Stewart R., 276.
McShea, Walter Ross, 41, 142.
Mack, Mildred, 283, 284.
Macaulay, Lord, 145.
Mackay, Charles, 301.
Madison, Dolly, 238.
James 237, 238, 303.
Mailliard, Adolph, 155.
Eloi D., 152.
Malaga, 183.
Manchester, 113.
Manduit (Engineer), 296, 299.
Mannahawkin, 197.
Manning, Daniel, 107.
Margate, 62.
Mans, Jacob, 40.
Marlborough-Blenheim (Hotel) 42.
Mars (Schooner), 271.
Marryott, Samuel, 267.
Marshall, James Wilson, 103.
John (Chief Justice), 24, 75, 85.
Martin, Henry, 53, 55.
Mason, Rev. John, 305.
Richard, 268.
Masonville, 147.
Matawan, 81.
Matinicunk Island, 102.
Matthews, A. E. 124.
May, George, 266, 267.
John, 267, 268.
Sarah, 268.
Mayhew, John, 250.
Mays Landing, 26, 61, 113, 160, 173, 185, 195, 200, 251, 252, 265, 267, 268, 273.
Maurice River, 172.
Matson, John, 10.
Meade, General George G., 242.
Medford, 172, 173, 264.
Mehrer, John E., 276.
Mellen, Rev. Dr. Henry Merle, 213, 214, 215.
Mendham, 73.
Metoachen, Indian Chief, 93, 96.
Metuchen, 93.
Merchantville, 146.
Mercury, American, 33.
Merritt, Bessie, 280.
Emma, 280.
Methuselah, 10.
Mickle, Isaac W., 298.
William, 239.
Middletown, 178.
Mifflin, Warner, 143.
Millet, Madame Geraldine Reed, 64.
Mills, Mrs. Eleanor R., 214.
Millville, 25, 184, 185.
Minch, Bloomfield H., 184.
Minegerode, Colonel, 295, 297.
Minicunk Island, 176, 178.
Mitchell, Dr. S. Weir, 80.
Mitch, Old (negro guide), 291, 297.
Mollett, Gertrude, 283.
Monmouth, 286, 287.
Monroe, James, 168.
Mood, Lewis, 309.
Moore, Thomas, 77, 235.
Samuel W., 276.
Moorestown, 82, 146.
Morgan, Colonel, 202.
Morland, Henry, 80.
Morris, Lewis, 64, 65, 67, 68.
Richard, 67.
Morristown, 101, 287.
Morse, Samuel P., 101, 306.
Mott, Joseph W., 172, 174.
Mount Ephraim, 23.
Mount Holly, 140, 143, 144, 163, 170, 256, 264, 311.
Mount Misery, 114, 127.
Mountwell, 232.
Mount Vernon, 303.
Muhlenberg, F. A., 24.
Mullica, Eric, 178, 253, 254, 255.
Mullica, Forks of, 25, 27.
Mullica Hill, 238, 254.
Mullica Indians, 177.
Mullica River, 199, 254, 264.
Mullica Township, 254.
Mulliner, Joseph, 200, 201, 202.
Murat, Caroline, 88, 89.
Joachim Napoleon, 89.
Madame, 83, 87.
Prince, 151, 155.
Prince Lucien, 83, 84, 87.
Princess, 101.
Murdock, James E., 79.
Murtland, John, 276.
Myers, Richard, 283.

Napoleon (Emperor), 152, 305.
Navesink, 65, 94, 99, 178.
New Brunswick, 61, 73, 100, 214, 215, 248, 250.
Newark, 40, 73, 213, 248.
Newbie, Mark, 42.
Newcomb, General Silas, 290.
New Egypt, 128.
Newfield, 242, 262, 283.
New York Times, 230.
Newton, Sir Isaac, 136.
Newton Township, 35, 232.
Newtonville, 251.
Nicholls, Admiral Richard, 92.

Nicholson, Kitty, 304.
Samuel, 229.
Newman, Cardinal, 29.
Norcross, Samuel, 251.
Uriah, 251.
William, 251.
North, Dr. James, 73.
Nye, Charles M., 87.
James Warren, 87.

Oberholzer, Ellis P., 73.
Sara L., 73.
Oceanville, 190.
Odenheimer, Bishop, 108.
Offly, Daniel, 285.
Esther, 285.
Ogden, Samuel, 250.
Ogle, Mrs. H. M., 56.
Olga, Princess, 64.
Olney, Colonel, 295.
O'Neil, Arthur E., 265.
Ovid, 36.
Oyster Island, 93.

Paine, Thomas, 302, 303, 304, 305, 306, 307.
Palisades, 23.
Palmer, Roy, 47.
Pancoast, David J., 31.
Parker, James, 117.
Parkertown, 71.
Parnell, Annie, 243.
Charles Stewart, 243.
Mrs. Delia Stewart, 243, 244.
John, 243.
Parry, William, 72.
Partridge, Reuben, 115.
Passaic Falls, 196.
Passaic River, 248.
Patcong Creek, 187, 256.
Paterson, 73, 102.
Paterson, William, 24.
Patrick's Half Pence, 42.
Pauline, Bonaparte (Princess), 156.
Paulus Hook, 25, 248, 250, 287.
Payne, Dorothy, 237.
John, 237.
Pearce, Joseph, 253.
Pemberton, 173.
Penn, William, 50, 75, 231, 238.
Pennington, 235.
Pennington, Dr. B. C., 57.
Pennsbury, 238.
Penny Pot, 251, 252.
Pepys, Samuel, 91, 92.
Perth Amboy, 94, 95, 96, 131, 250.
Peterson, Charles E., 80.
Phillipsburg, 25.
Phillipe, Louis, 154.
Phillpots, Richard, 130.
Platt, Martha, 99.
Pitcairn, Major, 286.
Pitney, Dr. Jonathan, 57, 58, 59.
Pitney Road, 190.
Plato, 144.
Platt, Charles D., 79.
Pleasant Mills, 25, 27, 173, 196, 252.
Pleasantville, 203, 215, 251, 258, 274, 283.
Pohatcong Creek (Mill Creek), 194.
Point Breeze, 226, 227.
Polk, James K., 117.
Porter, Joseph, 58.
Port Republic, 142, 190.
Port Republic Station, 190.
Potter, Alfred, 280.
Poulson's Advertiser, 136.

Powell, Richard, 196, 197.
Powles Hook, 25.
Press-Union Company, 180.
Prescott, William, 288.
Price, Lawrence, 283.
Priestman, Thomas, 150.
Princeton, 224, 248, 260, 287, 302.
Princeton College, 222.
Prince Charles, 227.
Proctor, Thomas, 25.
Punch Bowl, 202.

Quaker Bridge, 264, 265.
Quakers, Hickory, 199.
Quincy, Josiah, 85.

Racoon Church (Trinity Episcopal), 80.
Rahl, Colonel, 164.
Rammell, Simon, 171.
Rancocas, 140, 166.
Rancocas Creek, 139.
Rankokas Indians, 173.
Randall, Joseph F., 117.
Robert R., 96.
Thomas, 97.
Raritan Bridge, 248.
Raritan River, 207.
Rape, Christopher, 252.
Read, Charles, 208.
T. Buchanan, 73, 77.
Reading, John, 35.
Recklesstown, 83.
Red Bank (Gloucester County), 286, 287, 288, 289, 290, 291, 295, 297, 300, 301.
Red Bank (Monmouth County), 35, 62, 64.
Red Bank, 64, 76, 81, 241.
Redman family of Philadelphia, 239.
Reed, Mrs. Caroline G., 54.
George, 24.
Dr. Thomas K., 59, 168, 206, 274, 276.
Refugees, 196, 197, 198, 199, 200, 202.
Reilly Academy, 235, 236.
Reilly, James B., 276.
Retter, Mrs. Lucy J., 226.
Rettew, Miss M. F., 280.
Rhodes, Daniel, 273.
Riccins, Miss Sadie F., 246.
Richards, Jesse, 202.
Richards, Samuel, 59.
S. Bartram, 59.
Richardson, John, 263.
Stephen, 164.
Richland, 185.
Ricketts, Mrs. Emily, 244.
Rinehart, Mary Roberts, 33.
Risley, Richard, 2.
Thomas, 2.
Riverside, 212.
Riverton, 82.
Rives, Amelie, 80.
Robespierre, 165, 307.
Roberts, Miss Anna W., 285.
David, 82.
Robin's Reef, 93.
Rockford, Lord, 164.
Rocky Hill, 302.
Roebling, Emily Warren, 49, 50.
John A., 49.
Washington A., 49.
Roosevelt, Theodore, 104.
Rostand, Edmund, 46.
Royden, William, 232.
Rumson Neck, 135.
Rusling, James Fowler, 151.
Rustling's Siding, 137, 151.

Russell, ————, 64.
Ryon, Edward C., 261, 262.
Emeline, 261.
John F., 262.
Pardon, 261, 262.

Sailor Boy, 25.
Salem, 25, 103, 250, 270, 308, 309.
Sandy Hook, 64, 196, 273, 280, 282.
Savage, Annette, 133.
Sayre, Elizabeth, 165.
Stephen, 163.
Scheyechbi, 127, 204, 205, 206.
Schoepf, Johann David, 248, 250.
Scopes, John T., 224.
Scotch Plains, 73.
Scott, John, 256.
Scull, Peter, 256.
Scullville, 105.
Scott, William, 94.
Scovel, James M., 170.
Scull, Henry S., 59.
Phoebe, 267.
Sea Isle City, 254.
Seven Islands, 176.
Seven Mile Beach, 254, 255.
Shad Island, 280.
Shamong, 246.
Sharpless, Alfred, 285.
Miss Caroline, 285.
Sheppard (cobbler), 241.
Shinn, Mrs. Emily Scull, 105.
William N., 117.
Shivers, Dr. C. H., 186.
Shore Road, 203, 226, 251, 262.
Short Hills, 40.
Shrewsbury, 26, 61, 64, 65, 250.
Simpson, Matthew (Bishop), 129.
Sinnickson, Bobby, 20.
Thomas, 267.
Smiths Landing, 251.
Smithville, 62.
Snell, Samuel, 267.
Snowden, William, 133.
Socrates, 145.
Somers, James, 186.
John, 263.
Dr. Job B., 226.
Commander Richard, 226, 240.
Hubert, 142, 261.
Richard, 267.
Samuel, 129.
Warren, 261.
Somers Point, 61, 129, 175, 187, 226, 251, 263.
Souder, Richard C., 273.
Southwick, James D., 276.
Spencer, Elizabeth, 154.
Spicer, Jacob, 208.
Squankum, 25, 195.
Stacy, Mahlon, 33, 310.
Revell, 310.
Standish, Miles, 17.
Starr, Lewis, 142.
Staten Island, 273.
Stedman, Edward C., 80.
De Steigner, Rear Admiral, 242.
Steelman, Andrew, 198, 199.
Catherine, 261.
Charles, 267.
Frederick, 262.
Andrew, 255, 256.
James, 255, 256.
Sarah, 262.
Captain Francis, 285.
Steelman family, 262.
Steelmanville, 187.
Stevens, Mary, 230.
Mr. and Mrs. S. H., 230.
John, 99, 100.
Robert L., 99.
Stewart, Charles, 61, 240, 241, 242, 243.
Captain, 246.
Frank H., 23, 241.
Stirling, Colonel, 239.
Stockton, Frank R., 80.
Richard F., 103.
Stokes, Edward C., 142.
John, 268.
Stone Harbor, 254.
Story, Joseph, 85.
Stoy, Franklin P., 32, 233, 274, 275, 276.
James, 251.
Stratton, Charles C., 117, 238.
Stuyvesant, Peter, 74, 257.
Sutter, John A., 103.
Sweedesboro, 25, 64, 309.
Sweetwater, 27.
Swimming Over Point, 264.
Sykes, George, 238.
Sybrants, Alye, 256.

Taney, Roger B., 43, 60.
Tansboro, 251.
Tapken, Henry, 27.
Taylor, Alfred, 235, 236.
Jeremy, 22.
Robert, 235, 236.
Zachariah, 60.
Captain, 271.
Tennent, Gilbert, 214.
Thacher, Dr. James, 34.
Thayer, H. B., 103.
Major, 299.
Thomas, Gabriel, 45, 71, 75, 310.
Josyntee, 256.
Thompson, Frank, 138.
Susanna, 267.
Thorn, Anthony, 155.
Thorsby, Ralph, 36, 37, 116.
Timber Creek, 291.
Tinton Falls, 65, 178.
Todd, Dolly, 237, 238.
John, 237.
Tompkins, Daniel D., 97.
Toms River, 67, 163.
Toner, Mary, 283.
Trenton, 60, 61, 71, 86, 100, 102, 121, 132, 133, 151, 164, 172, 200, 250, 271, 286, 287, 307.
Trevalyon, George Macaulay, 145.
Trowbridge, J. T., 26.
Tucker, Ebenezer, 191, 193.
Nancy, 9.
Stephen, 191.
Reuben, 191, 192.
Tuckers Beach, 26, 58, 191, 192.
Tuckerton, 191, 192, 193, 197, 198, 264, 265.
Tuckerton Bay, 197.
Tuckerton Landing, 197.
Tuckahoe, 25, 26, 196, 205, 271.
Tuckahoe Indians, 178.
Tuckahoe River, 172, 271.
Turnersville, 241.
Turtle Cove, 280.
Turtle Gut, 280.
Twain, Mark, 29.
Tye, Colonel, 66, 67.
Typewriter, first, 50.

Van Buren, Martin, 117.
Van Courvenhoven, Wolpert Garretson, 256.
Jacob, 256, 257.
Garrett, 256, 257.
Peter, 256, 257.
Van Derdonck, Adrian, 253.
Van Der Veer, Jacobus, 223.
Van Sciver, J. B., 180.
Vail, Alfred, 101.
Ventnor, 59.
Vick, Henry, 89.
Villeneuve, Countess de, 159.
Vincentown, 173.
Vineland, 184.
V-Nick in Collar, 131.
Voelker, Carl, 52.
Mrs. Carl, 52.
Carl M., 53.
Christian, 53.
Voorhees, Foster M., 32.
Von Donop, Count Carl Emil Kurt, 290, 295, 296, 297, 298, 299, 300.

Walker, Thomas, 115.
Wall, Garret D., 117.
Waller, Benjamin, 22.
Wallace, General Lew, 79.
Walton, Isaac, 72.
Wanamaker, John, 129.
Wanaque, 258.
Warner, William, 35.
Warrington, Henry, 82.
Warville, John Peter Brissot de, 249, 250.
Washington, George, 15, 23, 24, 34, 40, 73, 136, 141, 144, 218, 287, 288, 290, 291, 292, 300, 302, 303, 307.
Washington, Fort, 61.
Waterford Township, 31.
Watkins, J. Elfreth, 103.
Watson, Elkanah, 248.
John F., 300.
Webster, Daniel, 18, 75.
Noah, 124.
Weekstown, 252.
Weist, Martha, 283, 284, 285.
Well, Peter, 267.
Wescoat, Colonel Richard, 62, 200, 266.
Wesley, John, 20, 145.
West, Benjamin, 30.
George, 261.
Joseph, 261.
West Collingswood, 270.
West Creek, 198.
West Jersey Society, 267.
Westville, 23, 183.
Weymouth, 160.
Weymouth Iron Works, 251, 252.
Wharton, Joseph, 100.
Robert, 100.
Whitall, Job, 292, 298, 300.
John, 287, 300, 301.
Louis, 300.
Whitall Mansion, 287, 288, 298, 299.
White, Allen K., 43.
Charles D., 43.
Daniel S., 172, 179, 276.
Mrs. D. S., 172, 179.
John J., 43.
White Horse Pike, 195.
Whitings, 128.
Whitman, Walt, 73, 75, 77, 79, 80, 213.
Wild fowl of Egg Harbor, 254.
Williams, Israel, 195.
John, 195.
Williamstown, 25, 172, 178, 195, 241.
Willis (Surveyor), 232, 233.
Thomas, 231.
Wilson, Alexander, 142, 186, 187, 188, 244.
Mrs. Anna B., 261, 262.
Edmund, 64.
Joseph, 283, 284.
Woodrow, 16, 84.
William the Conqueror, 38.
Winder, General, 118.
Winslow, 178.
Winslow Glass Works, 251.
Winston, Mrs. Rebecca Bourgeois, 268.
Wister, Casper, 308, 309.
Witherspoon, Dr. John, 181, 224, 260.
Wood, John, 123.
William, 123.
Woodbury, 25, 61, 240, 241, 250, 290, 291, 292, 298, 300, 301, 308.
Woodbury Academy, 240.
Woodbury Creek, 241, 288, 296.
Woodbridge, 95, 98.
Woodhull, General Alfred A., 287.
Woodhill, George S., 170.
Woodmansie, 114, 128.
Woodstown, 25.
Woolman, John, 140, 141, 142, 144, 210, 265, 307.
Woolwich, 31.
Wright, Frances, 226.
Wray, Joseph, 261.

Yellow Brook, 81.
Yacomanshag Indians, 173.
York, Duke of, 30.
Yorke, Thomas, 270.
Thomas Jones, 117.
Young, Captain William, 283.
Young homestead, 205.

S0-BTN-728